

IN NOMINE

REVELATIONS I: NIGHT MUSIC



STEVE JACKSON GAMES



IN NOMINE

REVELATIONS I: NIGHT MUSIC

**By Derek Percy, James Cambias,
Sam Chupp, S. John Ross and
John Tynes**

Additional Material by Scott Haring,
Micah Jackson and Steve Jackson

Edited by Scott Haring
Cover by Rogério Vilela
Illustrated by Dan Smith
Map by Ann Dupuis

Christopher and *Furfur* based on the original French
game by Siroz

In Nomine was written by Derek Percy
based on the original game by CROC,
under license from Asmodée

Scott Haring, Managing Editor

Mike Sullivan, *In Nomine* Line Editor

Production by Gene Seabolt, Bruce Popky,
Diana DeFrancesco and Lillian Butler

Print Buying by Monica Stephens

Art Direction by Diana DeFrancesco

Woody Eblom, Sales Manager

Playtesters: Chris Blohm, David Edelstein,
Hunter Johnson, John Karakash, Elizabeth McCoy,
Steve Kenson, Steve Long, Chris Pramas,
Mike Sullivan and Ross Winn

In Nomine is a trademark of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated. *Pyramid* and *Illuminati Online* and the names of all products published by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated are registered trademarks or trademarks of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated, or used under license. *Night Music* is copyright © 1997 by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

ISBN 1-55634-289-6

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

NIGHT MUSIC

REVELATIONS I:

A PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

BY DEREK PEARCY 4

SUPERIORS

LAURENCE, ARCHANGEL

OF THE SWORD 7

BY S. JOHN ROSS

History 7

Personality and Outlook 9

Priorities 9

Politics 11

The Chapel of St. Joseph 12

New Servitor Attunements 12

Higher Distinctions 14

The Bodhisattva 14

Sample Servitors of Laurence 14

Mother Wilkinson 14

Joshua 15

CHRISTOPHER, ARCHANGEL

OF CHILDREN 16

BY DEREK PEARCY

Dissonance 17

Choir Attunements 17

Servitor Attunements 17

Distinctions 18

Relations 18

Basic Rites 18

SAMINGA, DEMON PRINCE

OF DEATH 19

BY S. JOHN ROSS

History 19

Storytime Land 20

Personality and Outlook 21

Priorities 22

Politics 23

New Servitor Attunements 23

Higher Distinctions 24

Sample Servitors of Saminga 24

Tania 24

Avery 25

FLEURITY, DEMON PRINCE

OF DRUGS 26

BY DEREK PEARCY

Dissonance 27

Band Attunements 27

Servitor Attunements 28

Distinctions 28

Relations 28

Basic Rites 28

MORTALS

SOLDIERS OF GOD 30

BY JAMES CAMBIAS

Becoming a Soldier of God 30

Forces and Characteristics 31

Body Points for Mortals 31

Resources and Attunements 31

Discord and Dissonance 33

Soldiers as NPCs 33

Soldiers as Servants 33

Soldiers as Adversaries 33

Soldiers as PCs 34

The All-Soldiers Campaign 34

The Life of a Soldier of God 35

Soldiers and Celestials 36

Soldiers in the World 37

Soldiers and Tethers 37

Choirs and Their Soldiers 38

Organizations 38

The Muradi Sufis 38

The Purifiers 39

Relics of the Vatican 39

The Seagull Society 40

Sample Soldiers of God 42

SAINTS 44

BY JOHN TYNES

The Saintly Impulse 44

The Saintly Petition 44

The Saintly Character 45

The Saintly Life 45

Saints and Superiors 46

The Saintly Career 47

SOLDIERS OF HELL 48

BY SAM CHUPP

The Big Lie 49

Welcome to the Dark Earth 50

A Day in the Dark 51

The Darkest Army 52

The Fallen and the Damned 52

The Legions of Hell on Earth 53

The Hellforce 53

Hellfire Productions 54

The Constantine Society 55

Midnight Screamers 55

The Simonson Group 56

Lone Soldiers 56

Turncoats and Renegades:

Double Agents in the War 56

Redemption 57

And the Bands Played On 57

Campaign Ideas 58

THE UNDEAD 59

BY JOHN TYNES

Undead PCs 59

The Mummy 60

The Zombi 61

The Vampire 63

RESOURCES

BY DEREK PEARCY

NEW DISCORDS 65

Corporeal Discord 65

Ethereal Discord 65

Celestial Discord 65

POISONS, DISEASE & DRUGS 66

Poisons 66

Disease 67

Drugs 67

IN NINE HUSTIN

BY DEREK PEARCY

THE U.S., TEXAS & AUSTIN 71

History 71

New Celestials 71

Climate 72

Culture 73

Map 73

Weapons 73

MAP OF AUSTIN 74

Meeting and Greeting 79

FAVORED SERVITORS

AND AREA TETHERS 79

ANGELIC SERVITORS 80

Druiel 80

Tomas 82

Disturbing the Symphony in Austin 83

Zara 84

DEMONIC SERVITORS 86

Lauren 86

Hugo 88

Wrenchial 90

AREA TETHERS 91

Enchanted Rock 91

Mitrah, Seneschal

of Enchanted Rock 91

Maxine Newcastle 91

Hill Country Catacombs	93
Frexindetious, Seneschal of the	
Hill Country's Catacombs	93
Hippie Hollow	95
John "J.R." Reed, Seneschal of	
Hippie Hollow	95
The House That Pain Built	96
Mackie, Seneschal of The House	
That Pain Built	97
<i>The Hookah of Pain</i>	97
Treaty Oak	98
The Old Guy,	
Seneschal of Treaty Oak	99

THINGS TO DO IN AUSTIN WHEN YOU'RE CELESTIAL .. 100

ARCHANGELS	100
Blandine	100
Moses Austin	100
Christopher	101
Reaux	101
David	101
George Santos	102
Dominic	102
Bartholemél and Karadael	102
Eli	102
The Tangle-Bearded Man	103
Gabriel	103
Janus	103
James Maloy	103
Jean	103
Darius	104
Marius	104
Jordi	104
Laurence	104
<i>When You Got a Job To Do</i>	104
Trent	105
Marc	105
Michael	105
Doc Jo (Jo-Beth Franklin)	106
Nurse Run (Running Water Jones)	106
Novalis	106
Yves	106

DEMON PRINCES	107
Andrealphus	107
Asmodeus	107
Billy Bob Buford	108
Baal	108
Beleth	108
Belial	108
Haagenti	108
Kobal	109
Kronos	109
Lilith	110
Malphas	110
Nybbas	111
Powers Long	111
Marlena d'Enfer	111
Saminga	111

ABOUT *IN NOMINE*

Steve Jackson Games is committed to full support of the *In Nomine* system. Our address is SJ Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) any time you write us! Resources now available include:

Pyramid. Our bimonthly magazine includes new rules and articles for *In Nomine*, as well as information on *GURPS*, *Illuminati: New World Order*, *Car Wars*, *Toon*, *Ogre Miniatures* and more. It also covers top releases from other companies – *Castle Falkenstein*, *Traveller*, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Shadowrun* and many more.

New supplements and adventures. *In Nomine* continues to grow, and we'll be happy to let you know what's new. A current catalog is available for an SASE. Or check out our Web site (below).

Errata. Everyone makes mistakes, including us – but we do our best to fix our errors. Up-to-date errata sheets for all *In Nomine* releases, including this book, are always available from SJ Games; be sure to include an SASE with your request. Or download them from the Web – see below.

Q&A. We do our best to answer any game question accompanied by an SASE.

Gamer input. We value your comments. We will consider them, not only for new products, but also when we update this book on later printings!

Internet. Visit us on the World Wide Web at www.sjgames.com for an online catalog, errata and hundreds of pages of information. *Illuminati Online* supports SJ Games with discussion areas for many games, including *In Nomine*. Here's where we do a lot of our playtesting! Dial 512-448-8950 at up to 14.4K baud (28.8 users should dial 512-448-8988) – or telnet to io.com. We also have conferences on Compuserve and America Online.

Mailing List. Much of the online discussion of *In Nomine* happens on our e-mail list. To join, send mail to majordomo@lists.io.com with "subscribe in_nomine-l" in

Undead Headless and	
Legless Lacquered Torsos	111
<i>Austin in Summation</i>	112
Valefor	112
Vapula	112
Wilson	112

THE DEMON PRINCE OF ROCK AND ROLL

BY DEREK PEARCY

PLEASED TO MEET	
YOU	114
Getting Started	115
<i>What If the PCs Meet Lucifer?</i> ...	116
Superior Opinions	117
It's All in the Timing	118
<i>Where the Hell is Tomas?</i>	119
The Austin Clique	119
THE SHOOT	120
The Band	120
THE FIRST NIGHT	120

THE SESSION	121
THE SECOND NIGHT	121
THE SHOW	122
Getting In	122
The Green Room	122
Druiel Snaps	122
The Song	122
Lucifer	123
WRAPPING IT UP	124
SUPPORTING CAST	124
Donna Moore	124
Furfur	125
FURFUR, DEMON PRINCE	
OF HARDCORE	125
Dissonance	126
Band Attunements	126
Servitor Attunements	126
Distinctions	126
Relations	127
Basic Rites	127
INDEX	128

A PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

The five celestials arrived at the concert early to get a good spot. They passed the time by lounging on beach towels or in folding chairs, exchanging gossip and letting the tension of the day slip away. It was a remarkably civil evening.

"So what's on the schedule tonight?" asked Lauren, the demon of Strippers.

"Mozart, I think," replied Tomas, the angel of Catchy Tunes, fanning himself with a notepad. The Texas spring had been especially brutal – it was going to be a hot summer.

"Oh man," she moped, tousling her hair while surveying the teeming crowd of humanity assembled in the park to enjoy the live orchestra. "That's not right. You can't dance to that."

The small group of people around her either furrowed their eyebrows and frowned or nodded in agreement. One of the latter, an older woman with beautifully cornrowed graying hair, piped up.

"Depends on how you're dancing," she said, not looking at anything in particular as the words rolled slowly out her mouth. "When dancing for fun, you can dance to anything. If you're whoring your dance for twenty bucks a grind –"

"Oh look," said Tomas brightly, quickly changing the subject when he saw Lauren's eyes flash. "There's Druiel." He waved his notepad over his head, trying to draw the attention of a cute, somewhat sheepish-looking teenager stumbling around on the far side of the grassy hill. "Yo," he called out. "Drew!"

Druiel wore a black leather motorcycle jacket two sizes too large, made even more ludicrous by the muggy spring heat. A blonde girl in a white dress and black combat boots stomped up behind him, full of the energy and confidence of youth.

"Hey, everyone," said Druiel, the angel of Teenage Death. "This is Sara." Sara made a sarcastic curtsy, frowning and rolling her eyes at the strange assembly.

"So who are these people?" she asked Druiel, jerking a thumb at the weirdoes.

"They're some friends of mine," he replied smoothly, blushing slightly.

"Oh," she said. "Cool, I guess."

"This is, um, Tomas, in the chair. Zara – nice hair, by the way." He gestured to a large, hulking figure, hiding in the shadow of a tree. "This is, um . . ."

The figure walked into the setting sunlight, a broadly built old man with a peaceful smile. Sara's hand disappeared in his enormous grip. He shook it gently.

"I'm the Old Guy," he smiled, twinkling his eyes. Druiel relaxed considerably.

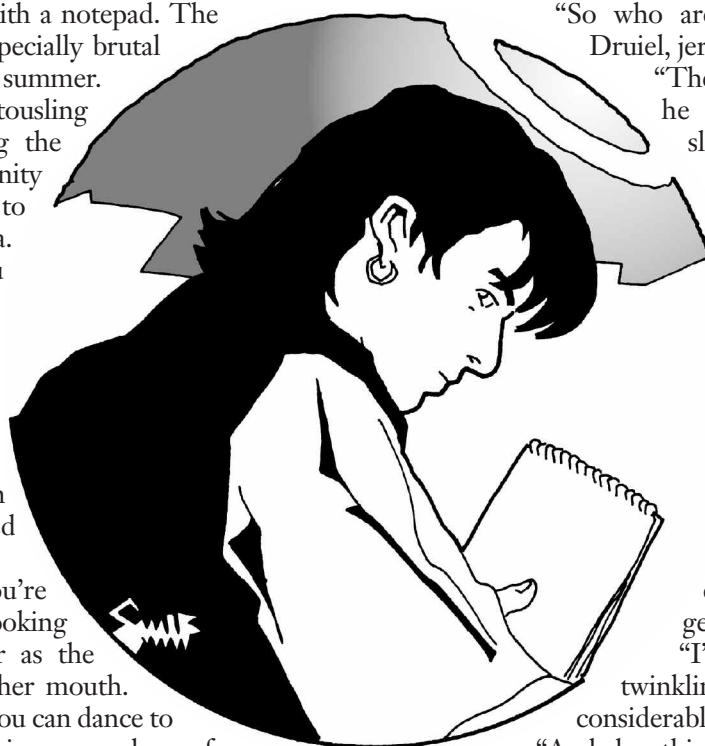
"And also, this is Lauren. And Hugo."

"Nice to meetcha," said Hugo, a demonic Servitor of Drugs. "We're all friends around here, and a friend of Drew's is a friend of mine."

"Charmed," Sara said.

"I'm sure," said Lauren, narrowing her eyes.

"So what are you guys doing this weekend?" asked Tomas from his half-reclined position in the cheap fold-



ing chair, steering the conversation back to what he hoped would be safety.

"Oh man," said Sara, her young eyes lighting up. "We're gonna go camping out at Enchanted Rock! Doesn't that just sound like so much fun or what?"

The assembled celestials grew quiet, their smiles faltering. The Old Guy drifted back into the shadows of the tree, and Zara busied herself folding a blade of grass.

"That's great," said Tomas after a pause. "I hope . . ." He let out a slight chuckle and shrugged.

"Exactly," said Sara, obviously giving him a thumbs-up. "You know it."

"Sara," said Drew, letting the jacket fall from his back, catching it around one arm. "Hey, would you mind putting my coat back in your car? I thought it was going to be a cool night, but it's still pretty hot."

"Groovy cool. And I'll check in with my friends," she said, kissing him on the cheek before trotting off. Druiel's friends stared in different directions, at different things, but not at him.

"What?" he said.

"Just don't bring them around here," Tomas said quietly, "okay? I think I'm speaking for everyone when I say that I don't want to see their faces, much less know their names."

"Sorry," Druiel mumbled, shoving his hands in his pockets and shuffling his feet across the grass.

"This death crap really creeps me out," said Zara, holding up one of her small fists.

"Amen, sister," said Lauren, touching fists with the angelic Servitor of Flowers.

"I do have some news," Druiel said with a sigh.

"Lay it on us," said Hugo, closing his eyes and stretching out on a tie-dyed beach towel.

"There're some new . . . angels . . . coming to town." He let that sink in for a second. The celestials on the grass grew acutely aware of the Old Guy's presence behind them, but no one made a move.

"Let's toast our new comrades," said Hugo, keeping his eyes closed and raising his hand with what he hoped was a nonchalant air of dismissal. "Would the Old Guy like to grab the cooler? I had to leave it in the van; it was too heavy for me."

"I'm your man," grinned the Old Guy with a simple trusting smile. He grabbed Hugo's keys off the grass and lumbered off through the crowd toward the cars beyond.

"So I guess what we're all wondering," said Hugo, still reclined, "is are these 'your' kind of angels who're passing through town, or are these 'my' kind of angels?"

"Both, actually." The celestials shared a brief shudder.

"I don't even want to know who you've been talking to," said Zara, pulling in her legs and wrapping her arms around them as if she'd suddenly grown cold.

"It's your responsibility to handle the Old Guy," Lauren said, punctuating her remarks with a sharply poking finger. "If he finds out that there're demons in town. . . . Hell, if he finds out there're *already* demons in town –"

"He took an oath!" interrupted Hugo, suddenly sitting upright, wide-eyed and manic. "He took a goddamn oath that he'd never suffer an 'evil' to live." He crossed his arms and grimaced, looking around to see if anyone heard his outburst among the bustle of humanity assembled on the grassy slope.

"I'm not lying to him," said Druiel, similarly crossing his arms.

"Yeah," snorted Hugo. "You think about that the next time you want to use my wares to knock off a prom queen."

"Hey, hey, hey," said Tomas. "These things happen from time to time, and we always get through it. Peace has been kept in Austin for more than a decade – and before that, almost three decades. I'll help out with the Old Guy. This can work. I know it can."

"Maybe," said Zara, raising her eyebrows, "it'd be more convincing if we threw the Old Guy a demon every once in a while. Not any of you, just some random Diabolical passing through town."

"No way," said Lauren, almost snarling. "No way. I'll kick all of y'all's asses before I see one of my own kind thrown to a Malakite just to protect our little mutual-admiration society."

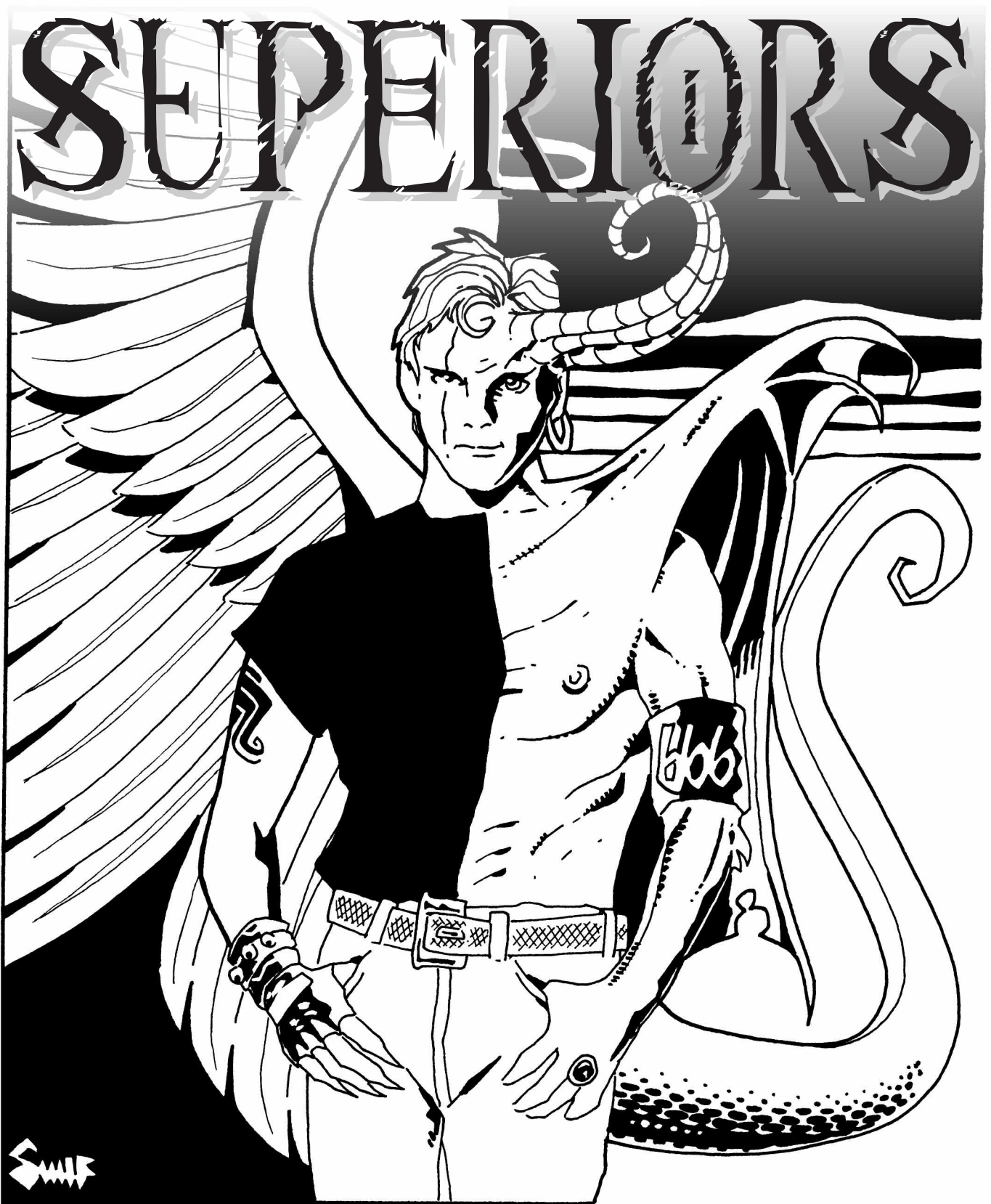
"You'd like to try," said Druiel, narrowing his eyes. "I don't think you've got the stomach for killing. I think –"

"Hey, ho," said the Old Guy, returning with the cooler. "Beer, here."

A quick round of meaningful glances silenced everyone. The Old Guy played host, passing out beers, joking and smiling, patting the backs of the people he thought were his friends.

Mentally sharpening their knives for later, the mixed group of celestials took a few deep breaths, tried to relax, and settled back in the damp grass to enjoy – however briefly – the calming strains of a little night music.





6

SUPERIORS



LAURENCE

ARCHANGEL OF THE SWORD

"Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

— Matthew 26:52

HISTORY

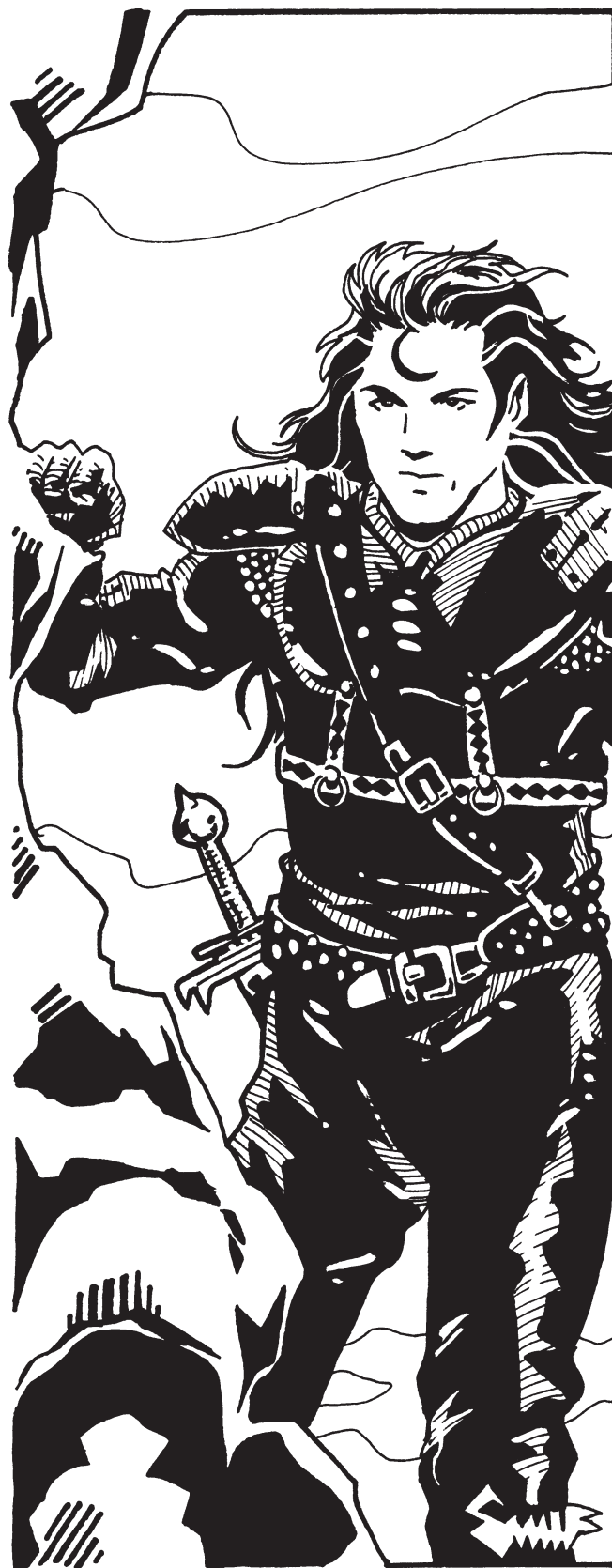
He was created long after the Fall, a gleaming Malakite. He was made for war, and the War was all he knew. From the first day of his existence, he shone like a blade.

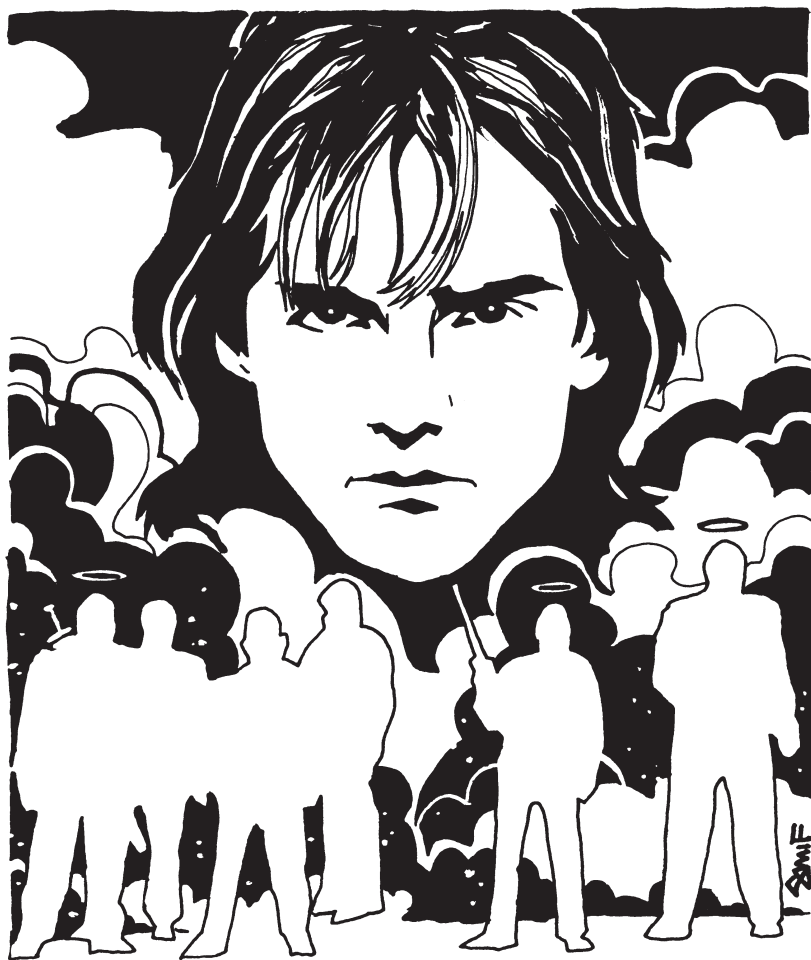
Laurence never knew a demon as anything but a foe. He became a demon-hunter, serving Uriel, the Archangel of Purity. His quests took him to the ends of the Earth, sheathing his blade in thousands of Hell's finest. In the fullness of time, he was recognized as virtuous even among the Virtues, and granted a Word: he became the Angel of the Sword.

In 715 A.D., the course of the War was altered forever. Uriel ordered the destruction of the beasts of myth – gryphons, harpies, dragons and the res. He saw the creatures of fable as a force that Hell too often used – and that it was time to create a new age in the wake of collapsing Rome, in which what was *possible* and what was *not* would be clearly defined. Conceptual purity was the goal; mass bloodshed against innocent creatures was the result. Some of the mythic beasts could travel freely from Earth to the Marches, and they, too, were hunted – a grim and sober exercise in extermination, which forced Blandine to protest to the rest of the Host, and to God himself . . . but Uriel's ideals of Purity had already triumphed. The dragons and gryphons were no more.

Laurence played a key role in this "cleansing," following his orders with deadly drive and focus. The Seraphim Council convened to try Uriel, but couldn't decide whether to punish his followers or reward them. After all, they had only done their master's bidding, and did so excellently.

Ultimately, the decision was taken out of their hands, when God made His will known to the Council. Uriel was taken to the higher Heavens, and seen no more among Archangels. Laurence, faithful servant of Purity and Angel of the Sword, was to become an Archangel, and join the Council himself. Once again, he was asked to be a strategist and not a fighter. Laurence became the chief general in the War,, charged with forming the Heavenly Host into a new Sword. Among all the angels, only Yves and Dominic seemed unsurprised.





Laurence was shocked, but settled into his new role with eagerness. Moving his center of operations from the Castle of Purity to the Eternal City, he took stock of all the weapons Heaven could bring to bear, from its legions of angels, saints, soldiers and others to more abstract concepts such as organized faith, divine right of rulership and even commerce. To Laurence, each facet of the War reflected the others; it was a complex game, but with finite principles and pieces involved. Earth was in turmoil at the time, with Rome surviving by sheer inertia, Byzantium on the rise and conflict in the East. Laurence was quick to settle into patterns that would define his strategies for centuries to come. His approach was methodical and thorough, engaging the enemy on every level. It was this very precision and predictability that would hamper him as a strategist. Fortunately, Michael, David and others were there to help, and still are.

For nearly eight centuries, Laurence organized, and Laurence frequently won. He had a good eye for where each Archangel needed to place his resources and when. Except for his noticeable tendency to exclude Novalis from his plans, it worked most of the time. When it did-

n't, it was because the angels weren't as perfect in reality as on his planning table, or because Hell didn't fight fair. Hell won a lot more fights with *individuals*, and often individual *humans*, than with hordes of demons. Hell was bloody sneaky, and Laurence (still the idealistic knight, underneath it all) found that aspect of the War frustrating. On the one-on-one level of the hunt, things had been much simpler . . .

In the first years of the 16th century, the Earth was undergoing dangerous changes, skyrocketing out of the Dark Ages. Hell was bringing new weapons to the battle: technology and scientific *divisiveness*. Uriel's ideal of a world where the possible was clearly defined had come true – and backfired. The faithful began questioning their God as “impossible,” and became distracted with new sciences and new questions. Within a few decades, much had happened to the faithful, from Torquemada in Spain to a new rise of “Humanism.”

Laurence was frustrated even further. He considered the Church of Rome one of his most valuable tools for organizing and protecting humanity. But from the book-burnings of 1501 to the sale of indulgences, the Church was threatened from within. The harder they tried to hold on to the hearts of the faithful, the harder it got.

This set the stage for Laurence's single most important lesson in dealing with human beings – he decided to beat the demons at their own game. Hell manipulated mortals into key positions to alter the course of human events. Laurence decided he would develop the same art, from the side of light.

In 1516, Laurence approached the Church of Rome from the *outside* for the first time. He believed that by showing a charismatic and respected Doctor of Divinity the errors that needed correcting in the Church, he would reinforce the Catholic faith from the outside in. He set to work on his doctor, with cunning and subtlety, and then turned him loose.

In less than 15 months, the entire plan went wrong. His chosen agent, Martin Luther, hadn't been let in on the game, so he did things his *own* way, nailing his challenge to the door of the Palast Church in Wittenberg. Laurence watched in horror as the Church of Rome continued to crumble, and the Protestant Reformation began to slowly spread across Europe.

From that point onward, Laurence had a new attitude towards humanity, mentally dividing them into innocents to be protected, sinners to be rescued and agents to be cultivated – openly and consciously. If the humans were going to be so stubbornly *individual*, Laurence decided, then they should be willing agents, not manip-

ulated dupes. The War, he realized, was *for* and about *them*, and they should have a more active role in it.

Michael and the other Archangels allowed their hopes to rise a little. Now, if only their war-leader could learn to respect his own angels' individual natures as much as he did that of the humans. Unfortunately, that hasn't happened . . . in the quiet meeting-places where angels gossip, Laurence's mistake with Martin Luther is known as Laurence's Last Lesson.

With his newfound respect for mankind, Laurence took upon himself the role of overseeing the training of *all* soldiers, as well as the coordination of the bodhisattva, but continued to treat his fellow angels more like chessmen than like independent creations of God. And he still pines for the individual action of old. As the 20th century nears its close, more and more voices in the Seraphim Council are asking whether the Archangel of the Sword is wasting his greatest talents, doggedly planning when he should be carrying the banner against the foe.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Those who deal directly with Laurence for the first time frequently mistake his passion for anger. His intensity, his insistence on strict adherence to orders and his demands for unswerving courage can take even a seasoned veteran of the War aback.

Archangels, while powerful, have no special hold on their emotions, and Laurence knows his share of fear. He is at the center of the maelstrom, riding the storm as best he can, organizing a war that no one except God himself (and perhaps Yves) truly understands. He knows that his

strategies in the past have been flawed, but he's determined not to let the stain of past failures ruin his present (or future) plans.

Laurence is all Malakite, dedicated to combat, genuinely noble. He would, if duty called, sacrifice himself in an instant to see Hell defeated. He is also – perhaps flying in the face of reason – an optimist, secure in the knowledge that light *must* defeat darkness, ultimately, that the God that created it all can't *possibly* be defeated by an upstart fallen angel and his hordes of unpleasant goons.

When portraying Laurence, keep his sharp edges in the light, but color his implications with the much more complex angel beneath. In many ways, Laurence is the perfect picture of the noble knight, home at last and fighting with his last breath to prevent his own disillusionment.

PRIORITIES

Laurence has a lot on his plate. In addition to being the Archangel in charge of organizing the Host against the infernal enemy, he rules the Eternal City, the center of Heaven. He oversees the Halls of Worship, the gathering-place where all religions meet. He trains Soldiers, often hand-picking humans with the right kind of potential and drive, and assigns them to the other Archangels for service. Along with the Seraphim Council, he coordinates the movements of the bodhisattva in their constant cycle of reincarnation. And as the patron angel of Christianity, he plays (honorable) politics, jockeying to edge out “extraneous” religions and finally organize mankind under a single banner of faith.



Laurence's Word

As Uriel's Angel of the Sword, Laurence was given authority over his own kind – the questers and demon-hunters and among the Host, set with the direct task of sinking bronze, iron or steel into the damned flesh of the Fallen on Earth. In 745 A.D., that changed.

No longer is Laurence's Word taken quite so literally. His "sword" is now the combined might of Heaven – a metaphor for every weapon the forces of light might bring to bear against the crawling darkness, from Marc's

ous Halls of Worship. This symbolism was Laurence's deliberate choice, emphasizing the importance of human beliefs. The Halls are a gigantic network of cells and corridors of what might be the essential soul of marble, granite, brushed concrete, fresh bamboo and dark terra cotta. The exact nature of the structure seems to depend largely on the observer, and the light filtering down from the high windows carries with it more colors than the light on Earth could ever contain.

It is there, in the Halls of Worship, that the heavenly representatives of every belief gather, and where Laurence walks, openly expressing his desire for Christianity – the Church of Rome, in particular – to eventually occupy it all.

Laurence and the Church of Rome

Archangel Laurence really *likes* the Pope, and is happy with the directions the Church has taken over the last century. The pontiff *travels*, working hard to expand the reach of the Church into the far corners of the world, and eager to keep the United States spiritually joined to Europe (a difficult task). From tripling the number of Catholics in Korea to his surprise

appearance at a youth summit in Denver, Pope John Paul II has pleased Laurence greatly. Laurence also knows that the Fisherman's Ring must soon pass to another, and while he looks forward to speaking with John Paul more directly and asking his advice, he worries about where "his" Church will go under a new leader.

Still, while Laurence may have had his doubts in earlier centuries about the destiny of the Catholic Church, he has none now. He would, most of the Host believes, risk everything for it. The other Archangels work quietly to make sure this remains one of Laurence's strengths, and not a weakness to be exploited by Hell. In the meantime, the humblest of parish priests are fighting the good fight in a way that few angels could, and that, at least, pleases all of Heaven.

Saints, Soldiers and Enlightened Ones

Over the centuries, Laurence has steadily increased his interest in the non-angelic resources of Heaven – Soldiers of light, saints and the bodhisattva, as well as ordinary humans. He spends a good deal of time in the Council Spires these days, often in private conference



financial wizardry to Novalis' powers to calm hearts (though Laurence usually prefers more *direct* ways to "calm" a heart). As the *Archangel* of the Sword, it is his duty to array all of these resources on the multifaceted battlefield, coordinating angels, humans and others in the struggle against the Pit.

The Eternal City and Halls of Worship

A glittering gem at the heart of Heaven, the Eternal City is an invigorating blend of the fresh and the ancient. Right now, Laurence is its ruler.

The City *is* a city, home to millions of saintly, angelic and other souls. Seen in a mere three dimensions, it would remind an onlooker of ancient Ch'ang-An, with unbelievably broad avenues and large parks, and the greatest days of Rome. The more cynical visitors would add modern Mexico City and Tokyo, but no soul visits the Eternal City without being, on some level, touched deeply by the sight.

Laurence's own halls of state are dwarfed in both importance and dimension by their neighbor, the glori-

with Dominic over the placement and empowerment of the mortal servants of Heaven. He spends just as much time in the Groves, conferring with David and Michael and speaking with the bodhisattva who are currently “between incarnations,” learning more of the human perspective on the War.

Organization

Laurence organizes his own angels like an army, with each General commanding a different segment of his forces, and a distinct chain of command under each General. His own angels are hunters and questers, as he was – angels of the Sword.

His organization of the War as a whole is very different. Laurence has no authority over the other Archangels – his job is to determine strategy and make plans. It is up to the individual Archangel to interpret their part in Laurence’s game and act on it.

Of course, it is to the benefit of the entire Host to act in an organized fashion, and there is very little dissent – just a lot of creative additions. Each Archangel has his own Word to protect, after all.

POLITICS

Laurence’s role as the chief strategist in the war against Lucifer (and as the Archangel in charge of training and assigning Soldiers) requires that he be diplomatic with the entire Host, walking a strand of razorwire few other celestials would touch. It would be fair to say that his (relative) youth and idealism are what keep him going. While his harshest critics say openly that he is incapable of looking facts in the face, that just might be necessary for the job. Here is Laurence, in the eyes of his fellow Archangels:

Blandine: “His influence on man shapes more dreamscapes than he knows. Some of them aren’t on my side of the Marches, but Yves trusts him, and I trust Yves. I prefer him to Uriel.”

David: “Steadfast. Determined. Focused. It’s fair to say I admire the youth, and we’ve worked well together. His Soldiers and mine mesh nicely; they do good work, permanent work. I do wish he would spend more time considering the realities that his plans ignore. I could do better, and he knows it. But Laurence has an edge on his soul that puts his sword to shame, and we need that.”

Dominic: “The Malakite of the Sword . . . He is valuable, well-suited. Incorruptible as only his kind can be, and he moves with purpose to bring order and purity to the humans, with his favored Church. His sword is still touched by the designs of Uriel, in so many ways. I approve.”

Eli: “Laurence? He seemed to be doing fine, last time I saw him; that was a while ago. Why, is he okay? He used to send me some great guys, you know. Really into their work. Have you tried the Greek pizza here? I’m thinking of ordering that. The girl I’m crashing with says it’s really good.”

Gabriel: “He is the pup-servant of Dominic, I think. No one else seems to notice. His passions burn, but it is his ignorance that will consume him. He is not fire. He is *fuel*.”

Janus: “I dislike his predictability. We don’t need some idealistic demon-hunter lining the Host up to be smacked by Hell and blinding them with glorious speech. We need to move more quickly, inside and behind and under and above . . . Michael understands. Why isn’t Michael there? Tell me that!”

Jean: “We don’t work that closely together. He leaves my angels to their work, and that’s fine.”

Jordi: “There was a pack of Demons, killing the big



A SAMPLE TETHER: THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH

The Cathedral Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul is located near the crossing of Massachusetts and Wisconsin avenues NW in the District of Columbia. Directly beneath the nave crossing, on the crypt level, is the Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, one of the earliest completed chambers in the church. This chamber, sunken a foot or so below the crypt-level proper and featuring a somber mural depicting Christ's entombment, is a tether connecting directly to the heavenly Halls of Worship. It is a common gathering place for quiet discussions of vital matters for angels operating near the nation's Capitol.

The tether's seneschal, Armenta, is word-bound to the chapel itself. Preferring (and empowered) to remain in her celestial form at all times to avoid alarming the church's mundane visitors, she is a Mercurian Friend of the Lord's Troops, and enjoys company. She frequently reaches out to the minds and hearts of those wandering down into the cathedral crypt, drawing them in to visit her. Her love of humanity is laced with a strong love of human diversity, and while she serves Laurence dutifully, she does not share his desire to see Catholicism alone rule the hearts of

man. She influenced the building of the Cathedral itself, infusing it with the same sense of diversity of praise that the Halls of Worship (Armenta's former home, as a minor custodian) exemplifies. The Cathedral itself is not Catholic, but administered by the Episcopal Church, and the seat of the Washington bishop. When Armenta speaks to visiting angels, she often does so through the images in the chapel's painted mural.

Angels assigned to the mid-Atlantic corridor know that many of the groundskeepers and administrators at the cathedral are human servants of Armenta, and know to go to them if they need access to the chapel when the cathedral is locked at night.

The Chapel of St. Joseph has no special properties, and its seneschal is of relatively low rank, despite her vigilant protection of a Tether in the nation's capital, a hotbed of infernal corruption. It is whispered in the Halls of Worship that Laurence's crusade for the primacy of the Church of Rome has, in this case, slighted an angel worthy of much greater distinction. Armenta doesn't seem to mind, keeping her thoughts on her Word.

cats in Siberia. For fun. Laurence came to hunt those demons, and fought them. I fought next to him, and the demons were destroyed. He wasn't an Archangel yet . . . he fought so well. To this day I am sure he didn't know it was me."

Marc: "He understands the role of commerce . . . he isn't just about his blade, and I respect him for that. I've heard some unpleasant talk about his strategies; I don't repeat it. Bad for morale, bad for the whole team. I *like* his strategies; he remembers that there are a million fronts, and that not all of them involve blood. Perhaps he wishes it were otherwise, I don't know. But he does his job. He needs to learn about Vacation Time, though."

Michael: "He is brave and noble. His talents seem wasted in the Eternal City, though. He should be down there carving up the vessels of Lucifer's servants, not moving our warriors around like chessmen. He's a terror, or can be . . . but he expects mechanized perfection from the angels, and as much honor from Hell as he has himself. His sight is keen, but his vision blurs when he looks at the War from a distance. We elders try to counsel him, and we try also to remember that he must have been given his post for a reason."

Novalis: "Mmm . . . He doesn't like me. I like his intensity: it's bright and it's warm. He loves his fights, and I don't, but he *is* what he *is*, you know? He has so

much to learn, still. He's never learned to let his hair down except to dry the sweat and blood from it. He's never let himself see that we can *win* just by bringing humanity a little peace . . . Happy people don't invite demons in. I don't think Laurence knows that. And I think he's pretty much alone, inside."

Yves: [Smiling, looking off into space, or perhaps time] ". . . It won't be long, now, until his fitness for his position becomes apparent."

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following Servitor Attunements may be reserved as gifts for excellent service, or be allowed to starting characters, at the GM's option.

Scabbard

This attunement lets the angel "sheathe" any number of weapons just outside of normal space, concealing them utterly until needed. Drawing a scabbarded weapon (the angel simply pulls it out of thin air) doesn't require a combat round – it may be done instantaneously. Weapons stored with this attunement must be ones that the angel can personally wield – it can't be used to hide field artillery. An M-60 is about the practical limit.

Purity of Purpose

The angel may speak to a group of humans assembled before him, calming them and quieting any distractions in their minds. The listeners will lay aside arguments, unseemly passions and fears, and their thoughts will focus on the goal or problem that the angel presents. The effect always lasts for as long as the angel speaks to the assembly. Beyond that, it's up to the quality of the speech and the assembly. A group of decent men and women, addressed eloquently with a serious concern, will stay rallied and focused until the job is *finished*. A group of drunken Marines, shouted at for being rowdy, will shut up long enough to listen, and go back to their revelry when the speech is over.

Holy Fortitude

The angel may invest Essence into a dying vessel (including his own) to stave off physical death for a short time. The vessel must be within sight of the angel so attuned, who must spend 2 Essence *instantly* at the point when death would occur. The victim makes an immediate d666 roll against Will to stay alive (effective Will is *tripled* for someone who is currently striving towards a sincere and righteous goal). He will stay alive for a number of combat rounds equal to twice the Check Digit, *regardless of injuries sustained during that time*.

Divine Silence

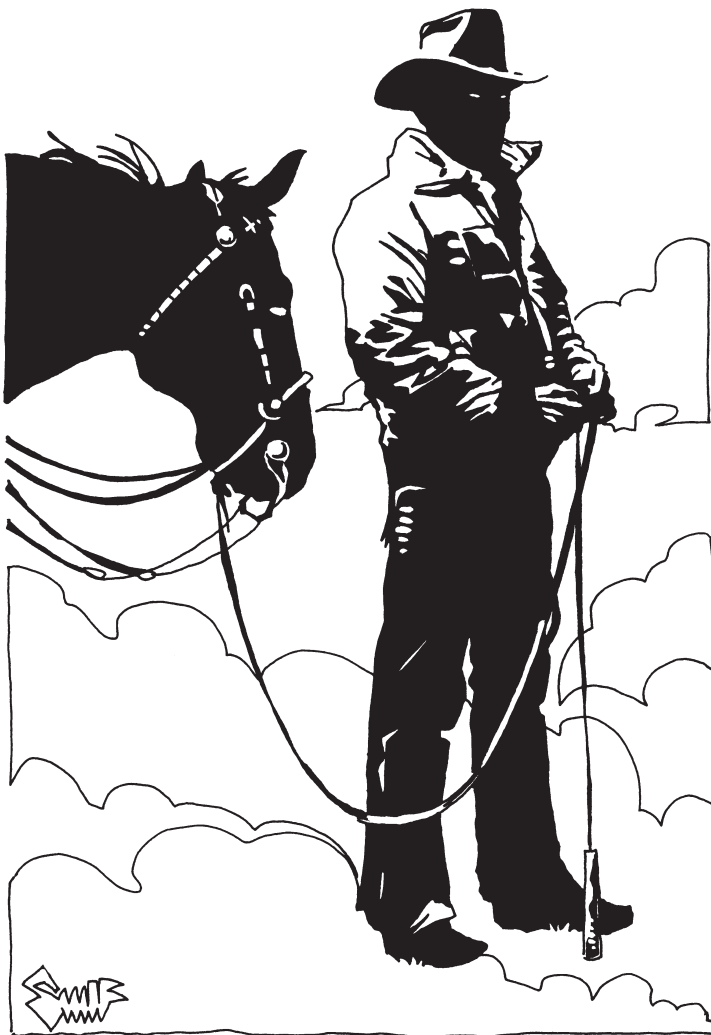
The angel may absorb the jarring screech of Dissonance in others. When another angel in the company of one so attuned does something Dissonant, the attuned angel may elect to *absorb* the dissonance into himself in the form of Celestial injury – *soul hits*.

This choice must be made before the Dissonance roll is made, and it must be made *without coercion or even request*. This must be roleplayed; even so much as a beseeching glance across the gaming table will negate the possibility of absorption.

The Dissonance simply does not happen; it is negated. To determine the number of soul hits taken by the protecting angel, the GM should roll four dice and total them. Soul damage taken in this manner heals at a rate of one per hour when the angel is resting in one of Laurence's Tethers. Otherwise, it may only be healed by long waiting or the Celestial Song of Healing (see p. 64 of *In Nomine*).

Note to the GM: Angels making use of this attunement are doing the equivalent of tossing themselves on a grenade to save a friend, and may well deserve gifts of Essence and other perks for such brave sacrifice . . . provided, of course, that the angel did not request, expect or (preferably) even consider the possibility that there might be a reward.





HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Beyond Master of the Armies of God, Laurence grants higher distinction only to those who not only have distinguished themselves in his service, but who have taken on responsibilities of leadership. Laurence's majors, colonels and generals each hold sway over important segments of the active armies of the Host, and are each respected, Word-bound "power players" in their own right, capable of simultaneously navigating Celestial politics and the real shooting war down on Earth. It should take a lot of serious roleplaying for player-character angels to attain these distinctions.

Angels earning a higher Distinction from Laurence use it proudly. For example, the Angel of Righteous Vengeance, a colonel in Laurence's hierarchy, is known as the Colonel of Righteous Vengeance – certainly not someone to be casually trifled with.

Laurence's higher Distinctions carry with them no special powers. An angel who receives such a Distinction may be shown a unique Rite, however – the better to handle his new responsibilities, of course. The higher in Laurence's hierarchy an angel gets, the less time he will spend on Earth.

THE BODHISATTVA

Living among the angels in the Eternal City and Groves of Heaven are the *bodhisattva*. Named for the Buddhist concept of a soul that elects to continue its reincarnation to Earth until the last human soul attains enlightenment, the bodhisattva are among the kindest and most giving of all mortal souls. And, as their name implies, they remain involved in the fate of the mortal plane, continuing to do good long after their appointed time.

This is all in spite of their earned place in the higher realms of Heaven; each of the bodhisattva may elect to travel upward to their divine reward at any time. Each chooses instead to help mankind. Some remain in Heaven, giving Laurence and his generals the benefit of their human perspective on the War. Others return to Earth again and again, often in the role of priests and other holy men. These are the Saints (p. 44), and they are a powerful tool in Laurence's arsenal.

Between reincarnations, saints spend their time industriously in Heaven, learning the songs of the angels and the details of the War. They return to Earth as infants, and in each new childhood they do not recall their true natures. Once each child is exposed to the world, an event of some sort (often traumatic) will open the memory of the soul to its past . . . and then they remember who they are, the Songs they can sing and their purpose.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF LAURENCE MOTHER WILKINSON

Saint

Corporeal Forces – 2	Strength 3	Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 3	Intelligence 7	Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 2	Will 4	Perception 4

Vessel: Human/2

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Fast-Talk/3, Medicine/2, Singing/2, Swimming/1

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/2), Healing (Corporeal/4), Projection (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Purity of Purpose.

While the majority of saints are holy men and women, highly placed in a position to reach as many souls as possible, a dedicated few prefer to work closer to "ground

level,” and Mother Wilkinson is numbered among those.

Her name is a nickname – not a title. She lives in a small trailer park in South Carolina, where she takes in runaways, does her level best to keep the local kids away from drugs and temptation, and gives crash space to bikers, transients and others floating outside the clean stream of life.

Rarely is she accused of being holy, but everybody that knows her loves her. She’s *kind*, in a way that only a very human woman can be kind. This is her second incarnation; her first was as a barroom girl in St. Louis who died in 1868.

Mother Wilkinson acts passively . . . trouble comes to her, not the other way around. Her house, a small mobile home sandwiched between others near a sand-flea-infested bog just north of Beaufort, has been a place of rest and healing for nearly 20 years, and is seriously close to becoming a Tether someday. Angels and Soldiers alike know it as a stopping point – and a place to send humans who need personal attention or a place to hide out when the War gets too close to them.

“Ma,” as most people call her, makes her living waiting tables at a local diner. She can be encountered in any number of ways; if there’s something going on within an hour or two of her house, she makes a point of finding out about it. She has a network of telephone-tag informants that could put the intelligence agency of a small nation to shame.

She is also a balanced starting-level saint, and could be used as a player-character.

JOSHUA

Mercurian Servitor of the Sword

Corporeal Forces – 2	Strength 3	Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 4	Intelligence 5	Precision 11
Celestial Forces – 3	Will 5	Perception 7

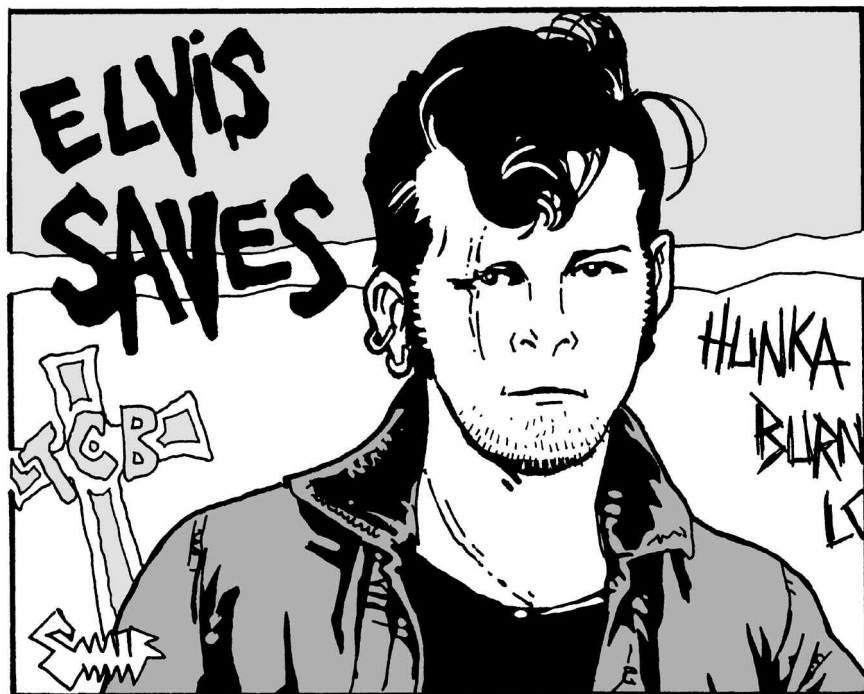
Vessel: Human/3

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Dodge/4, Driving/1, Language/1 (Spanish), Lockpicking/1, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Running/2, Seduction/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Tracking/2

Songs: Form (Ethereal/2), Light (Ethereal/2), Tongues (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Mercurian of the Sword

Living out of a hotel room in Dana Point, California, Joshua is an angel busy with his hunting. In the last sev-



eral years an increasing number of Lilim and Balseraphs – most in the service of Andrealphus – have been infiltrating the choicest tourist traps and resorts of Southern California. Joshua, after losing his human lover to the blade of a spiteful Lilim, has made it a personal goal to put a bullet in the brain of every demon in the region.

His haunts are typically bars and nightclubs – every bar in Dana Point has live music of some sort at night, and they fill to capacity with parties of drunken revelers, spending their money with the vigor of youth or the desperation of middle age. The demons are there, behind the bars and on the dance floors, waiting on tables with a smile or seducing onlookers from behind drum kits and guitars on stage . . . and Joshua is there as well, working with a few human friends, trying to kill them all.

Joshua has developed something of a problem. The young demon-hunter hasn’t been as subtle as Laurence might like him to be, and there has been the occasional witness. The detectives don’t have a suspect, but they have seen the pattern in the killings and disappearances. While they haven’t found much of use, they’re becoming more and more of a bother – and there are at least two grinning Balseraphs in the local media, and a Shedim hanging around the local police forces, egging them on, demanding results.

What started as a minor crusade for justice is turning into a hot spot, and Laurence has expressed his concerns. Where it goes from here is anybody’s guess.

Joshua is a balanced beginning character, suitable as a PC or as an NPC plot-book.

CHRISTOPHER

ARCHANGEL OF CHILDREN

"Education is not to fill a vase, it is to light a fire."

— Monataigne

The world is a child, clumsily growing. Treat it well and tomorrow will be a better day for all.

The role of this Archangel, and his Servitors, is to supervise and educate the children of Earth, and to guard all the things that childhood means. Children are also the visible sign of a Destiny beyond our own, a hope for tomorrow.

As holder of the Word of Children, Christopher does far more than guard babies. The essence of childhood is an important part of human nature, and children are good examples for the rest of us. Christopher works to enhance the best parts of childhood – innocence, cheer, energy and zest for learning – in all mankind. And most people will act selflessly to help children; this is another part of his Word – the ability to inspire parental feelings.

Christopher is relatively new on the Heavenly scene. He has had great success at improving children's lives over the past few decades in many ways. Effective child-labor laws, increased awareness (and lower tolerance) of child abuse, special programs for teen runaways, better access to child care for single parents and many other programs are the direct result of his work. Children are more protected, more *valued* in many countries than ever before in history. Christopher is doing a very good job.

Occasionally, some of Christopher's plans have become twisted in ways that hurt parents more than they help children. Some of this is demonic interference; some is the remarkable human ability to foul things up.

Christopher, a Cherub, began his career many centuries ago as a Servitor of David, Archangel of Stone. As he advanced through the ranks of Stone, he began to see that his Word, at least in the modern world, had less and less in common with David's warlike approach to helping people primarily in a physical sense, and more to do with intellectual enlightenment – both for children *and* their caretakers. He has lately been spending a lot of time taking counsel with Yves, Archangel of Destiny. Whether Christopher sought out Yves for his wisdom, or Yves sought him out because of the influence children have on the future, is a matter of much celestial gossip.

On Earth, Christopher typically appears as a short, joyful young man, sometimes carrying a giant sack from which toys and various candies continuously spill. He and his Servitors are natural jokers, never missing the



opportunity to take playful stabs at the politics of other Archangels. Because of this, and because he doesn't care to take a more serious role against the Diabolicals, he's mistrusted by some – most notably Michael, who's generally mistrustful of any plot originating with Yves.

DISSONANCE

It's dissonant for a Servitor of Christopher to patronize a child. These angels must speak to children plainly and in a straightforward manner, only lying when it is absolutely necessary – such as to preserve a child's sense of wonder and hope in the world.

Harming a child for any reason, even through negligence or poor decision-making, also creates dissonance.

CHOIR ATTUNEMENTS

Seraphim

Seraphim of Children are the ultimate teachers. Pedantic and truthful, they can detect falsehood in any child merely by hearing his voice. Consider the Seraph's resonance roll to be an automatic success, with a check digit equal to the angel's Ethereal Forces.

Cherubim

Christopher's Cherubs may automatically perform the Ethereal Song of Form (*In Nomine*, p. 80) without an Essence expenditure, while in the presence of a child to whom they're attuned. The Song will last for a number of hours equal to the angel's Corporeal Forces.

Ofanim

These angels truly comprehend how time dilates for children, how an hour for a child can pass like a day for an adult. With the ability to make time slow about them, the Ofanim of Children may add their Corporeal Forces to any resonance roll made in the presence of children.

Elohim

Insightful angels of patience, Elohim serving Christopher may use their resonance to discern a child's

innermost desire. With a successful Resonance Roll, the Check Digit indicates the complexity and difficulty of fulfilling that desire. A 1 might mean the child wants a favorite toy returned, while a 6 would mean the child's innermost desire is for his divorced parents to reunite. If an EloHITE fulfills that desire, he regenerates Essence equal to the original check digit! Failure has no penalty.

Malakim

These Malakim may use their resonance to automatically discern the honor of children. Use the Malakite's number of Ethereal Forces as the check digit. They make excellent school principals and youth parole officers.

Kyriotes

Kyriotes serving Christopher may add their Corporeal Forces to any Will roll made to possess the vessel of a human or – preferably – pet who genuinely loves a child, but are forbidden from possessing a child. Possessing the body of a child creates dissonance.

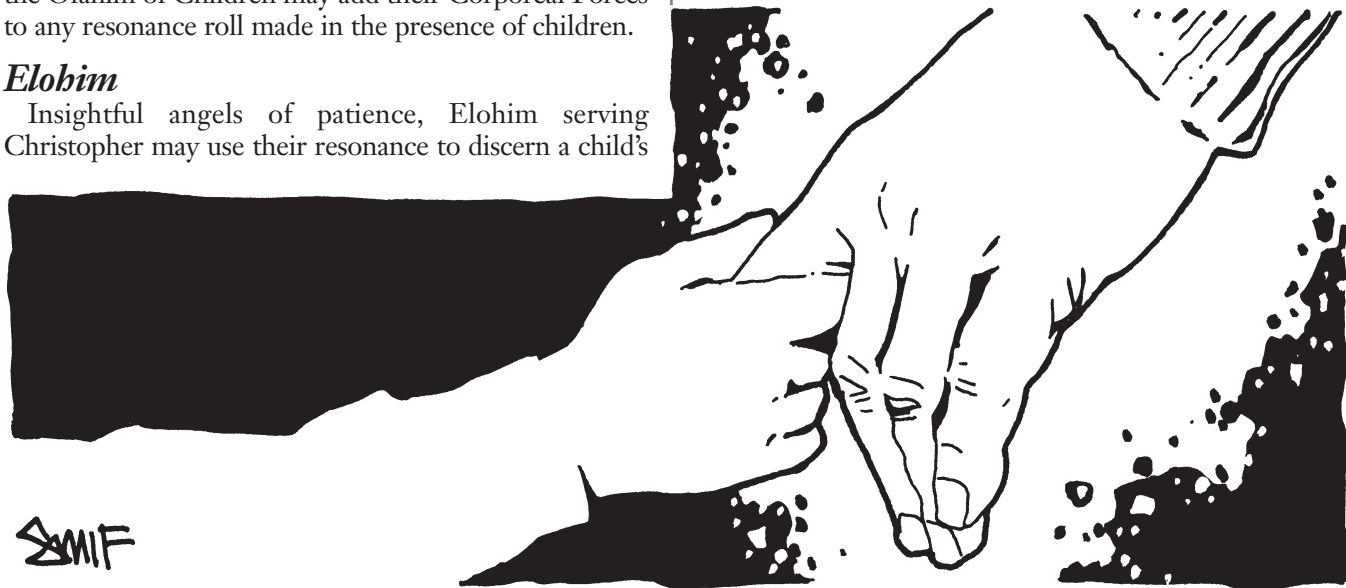
Mercurians

The Mercurians of Children have a special attunement for the lives of children. They may use their resonance to discern what mundane problems a child has, e.g., abusive parents, threatening bullies, etc. This works even if the child isn't aware of the problem or cause, or even if the problem is caused by a demon.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Memories of Youth

This attunement evokes a child's innocence, cheer, sense of wonder and energy in an adult mortal. Angels may use it at no cost once per day, or additional times by





spending 1 Essence per usage, to temporarily lift the spirits of someone who is angry or depressed. The effects last in inverse proportion to the intensity of the mortal's emotions – someone in a bad mood will have his spirits lifted for the rest of the day, while someone suicidally depressed may only improve for a couple of minutes.

By spending additional Essence above the base cost (if any), an angel can put the target in such a good mood that all reaction rolls made while the attunement is in effect have a +1 bonus per point of Essence spent.

Luck

If there's one thing that can be said about children, it's that they're lucky. Tapping into the power of children, this attunement allows the player of an angelic character, once per game session, to withdraw a result of the d666 (unless it was an Intervention) and roll it over again. The player may choose which roll sticks (unless the second roll was an Intervention – that roll sticks).

DISTINCTIONS

Vassal of Kids

This distinction allows an angel to gain the complete and total confidence of any child less than 11 years old.

Friend of Infants

This distinction allows an angel to comprehend babies' babblings and talk with them in kind. Observers

who are not Friends of Infants will understand nothing more than "Can go ba ma?" at best.

Master of Clowns

This distinction allows an angel to amuse any human child, and – by roleplaying childish innocence or silliness – to make adults laugh. Adults get a Will roll to resist.

RELATIONS

Aligned with Yves, Christopher holds the same associations as the Archangel of Destiny, and the same enemies as well, with two exceptions: Christopher is allied with Novalis (they're both Cherubs more interested in protecting Creation than

destroying it in a glorious war, and have grown quite close) and associated with Jordi (what children and animals do for each other supports both their Words). On the infernal side of things, Christopher has a particular enmity for Nybbas, perverter of the media and a tremendous negative influence on children, and Kobal, who instigated the grand joke that was the Children's Crusade (though Christopher wasn't an Archangel at the time).

While these two Princes are a bit out of Christopher's league, he satisfies himself with battling the corrupting force of Fleurity, Prince of Drugs – though it's obvious who's growing in power more quickly.

BASIC RITES

- Spend 4 hours resting in a toy store
- Spend 2 hours playing games with children

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 2

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 The smile of a genuinely happy child
- +2 A safe electronic experiment kit
- +3 An entire collection of one line of action figures, being played with
- +4 A math workbook, completely filled out
- +5 Introducing a child to toy building blocks
- +6 A playground full of happy children

SAMINGA

DEMON PRINCE OF DEATH

"Death did not first strike Adam, the first sinful man, nor Cain, the first hypocrite, but Abel, the innocent and righteous."

— Joseph Hall

HISTORY

Saminga was one of the first angels, small and frail, formed when the Symphony was still tuning up. He was also one of the first *demons*, rebelling with Lucifer's cadre and spinning into the void in the very first Falling . . . and for time beyond measure, he was in Hell, being kicked and spat on and used. A small and almost powerless demon, Saminga was little more than a servant to his more promising companions, discarded by master after master as they became bored with him. It took him a *very* long time just to get to Earth – and then he spent more millennia acting as the whipping-boy of diabolical agents among the humans, instead.

His only pleasure, in all that time, was watching people die.

He had a lot to watch. In the early days, before mankind had begun to make much that was permanent to warn future generations, some of the demons on Earth were very bold. Some few even became rulers of empires, and where there are emperors there is usually plenty of blood and plenty of suffering. And there are also servants and whipping-boys, and so there was Saminga, mopping up the blood in rags and clearing away the bodies. Some of them he kept, to play with.

And then, when the angels would come to fight the demons, there was more death – humans serving both sides, often in total ignorance of the real nature of the fighting – bodies stacked like soft cordwood and rotting in the moonlight and smoke when the fighting was done. Saminga watched and smiled.

The pyramids were new when Saminga's travels first brought him to Egypt. He had been busy up until then watching the death wrought by Gilgamesh, and by the scholarly, hypocritical "sage kings" of China. When he arrived in Egypt, there was war with Palestine. It was a trifling matter of trade-route disputes that had begun the war, but there was *plenty* of death to be had. More bodies, more fear and more pain, and – since he was such a despised little servant – the demons he served rarely wanted him around. So he wandered. One day, he wandered away. Nobody cared.



A SAMPLE TETHER: STORYTIME LAND

Along the old highway just south of Tifton, Georgia, there is an abandoned children's park. Built in the late 1950s as a roadside trap for motorists' money, it's maybe 200 feet from the blinking neon of two ratty motels. When Interstate 75 was built, taking traffic away from 41 and making Tifton little more to the motorist than a stop for gas or waffles, the motels got rattier, and Storytime Land hit hard times.

The park was never impressive – a few acres of pine forest, half-cleared away in order to put large cement-and-plaster storybook scenes where the trees were, with gravel paths connecting them. Bored housewives in ridiculous dresses would pick up extra cash watching over a flock of plaster sheep or cowering from the cement Big Bad Wolf for the alleged amusement of young children. After paying the admission and snapping a few photos of their kids sitting on Humpty Dumpty's wall, parents were usually eager to leave and get drinks.

In the early 1970s, Storytime Land was sold to Staff Sergeant Ron Banks, a U.S. Marine stationed at Albany. Banks was back in country from what he liked to call “an all-expenses-paid vacation to Vietnam,” and he used Storytime Land to set up shop for one of the hobbies he'd picked up in 'Nam: torturing the young, and dedicating their deaths to Saminga (under his Vietnamese name).

Staff Sergeant Banks ran the place with a few buddies and their wives, and most of the buddies were in on Banks' real motive. Kids actually *visiting* the park were off-limits

except in emergencies – an emergency being if Banks' “quota” of one child per month were somehow threatened (Banks believed that failure to meet this goal would result in his own death – the result of the dire warning of a Vietnamese sorcerer). Kids were kidnapped from anywhere in Sowega that the partners could manage, but sometimes the quota was endangered, and in 1979, a police investigation shut down Storytime Land. By then, the Marine buddies had tortured and killed more than 70 children. The probe came to nothing, but by the time the park closed its gates, the connection to Hell had opened, and the demons were there. Overgrown with grass and still filled with cracked concrete idols to the Brothers Grimm, Storytime Land is now a tether to Abbadon.

The tether's seneschal is Haw, the same demon that had followed Sergeant Banks from Vietnam to the States. In his human role as Chip Lauer, the live-in manager for the motel that now owns the park property, Haw delights not only in serving his Word as the Demon of Storytime Land, but occasionally reliving the days he spent with his old Marine chums. Haw/Chip sports a greasy Georgia Bulldogs cap that he never removes; the entire staff of his hotel serves Saminga knowingly.

Any servant of Saminga, demonic or otherwise, who harms a child on the grounds of Storytime Land regains 2 Essence. Laurence finds this tether particularly offensive, and is making plans to sever it, with even more “extreme prejudice” than usual.

It was a fine time to live in Egypt, if you liked death. The pyramid of Cheops was being finished, and the great sphinx. For the first time, Egypt was enjoying the concept of the *Pharaoh*, and that, along with all the slave-intensive architecture, meant more dying. Saminga began making lists of ways people could die – exposure, starvation, whipping, stabbing, diseases by the scores – Saminga now had a *bobby*, and (while he was never the brightest of demons) he had something to learn about.

The Egyptians had been making mummies for many centuries, and – with a diabolical song here and there, and some much-practiced wheedling – Saminga got himself closer and closer to the mummy-makers, and eventually became one of them.

As a demon, Saminga had been a back to write on, a forehead to clean a blade on, a side to kick and a face to laugh at. As a preserver of corpses in ancient Egypt, he was *somebody* (many somebodies, actually – flitting from host to host and learning as he went). Alone in his cool chambers, amid the pots of *natron* and resin, surrounded

by the dead eager to be dried and wrapped, he was the king of all he could survey. That he could only survey dead bodies pleased him immensely: they let him win arguments, and would listen to him rant without complaint. He had the ear of royalty – eventually. And by the time he had their ears, they were silent and obedient.

Saminga dwelt in Egypt for many centuries, advancing his adopted science by occupying the bodies of both the preservers and those he wanted to become preserved. The forces of Hell were amused by his efforts, and let him play, even granting him his Word. Slowly, Saminga became powerful.

The human brain retains a lot, even after death, and Saminga had been determined to find out how much, and for how long, and if the right mixture of salts and Song could make it stay a little longer. With the combined force of his own obsession and the wisdom of the humans, he made it work, and his first undead servants came to be. He taught them Songs, and made more.

A few wise and brave Egyptians began to notice the

existence of something that was Saminga – they feared him, and they hunted him, with the help of Heaven. Saminga was forced into the deserts by himself, but he took his work with him. By 1500 B.C., the Egyptians had undone much of Saminga's work there – the new mummification process included the *removal of the brains* to prevent the awakenings that Saminga had taken advantage of. The old methods, in which the brain was preserved within the body, were discarded.

It was the time of Saminga's rise to power, riding the shoulders of the human dead. In less than 300 years, Saminga's horde of mummies and vampires and zombis and worse were occupying more of the Heavenly Host's resources than any two Demon Princes put together, and Lucifer was intrigued. The Shining One granted rulership over Abbadon to the mad Demon of Death, and a new Prince was born. Saminga returned to Hell with a gloating smile that, all by itself, won him several new enemies.

Most of the infernal princes considered Lucifer's gesture to be one of irony – a curious manifestation of his unfathomable sense of humor. Abbadon was then as it is now – a gray waste.

Saminga, on the other hand, looked upon Abbadon with shining (if putrescent) eyes, and the bone citadel was constructed. Then the slow stripping of Forces from the dead began. Saminga at last had his throne, and his true destiny could become manifest. While the "lesser princes" (his favorite term for the assembled royalty of Hell) toiled to shift mankind towards selfish freedoms from Heaven, Saminga could bring about the *true* conversion of mankind – from living to dead.

Throughout the centuries, Saminga has cycled through phases of obsession. While his ultimate goal is still to have all of humanity reduced to undead servitude, their souls stripped and wasted in Abbadon, his *methods* have changed, influenced by the desires of other Princes (most of whom find the vain and none-too-bright

Saminga easy to mold), by the needs of Lucifer himself, and by the artistry of the demons working for him. New diseases are a favorite, along with 30-year peaks in the suicide rate, steady increases in the speed limit to encourage auto accidents and so on. Many of Saminga's servants are capable of great subtlety, even if Saminga himself is not.

In the last century or two, a few of the Princes (notably Andrealphus, although Kronos seems a likely candidate these days as well) have begun to directly plot against Saminga, seeing the Zombi Earth as a less than ideal goal to strive for, and personally despising Saminga for a number of good reasons. So far, Saminga has managed to avoid attempts to destroy or discredit him, frequently through sheer stubborn ignorance.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Wearing his disdain for the rest of Lucifer's court like a cloak, Saminga is a demon so villainous he frequently dips into wretched self-parody. A run-of-the-mill paranoid megalomaniac is positively sane by comparison. Those that deal with him on a daily basis learn to smile, nod and get the hell out.

Saminga's connection with reality can charitably be called tenuous. He's *entirely* dedicated to Death, his Word . . . When it comes down to it, he really cares very little about Lucifer's philosophies or diabolical ideals. He enjoys fighting Heaven (there are a few Archangels, Laurence in particular, that brighten Saminga's day by playing heroic foil to his cackling villain), but if Heaven vanished overnight, it wouldn't change his lifestyle much. To him, an Earth filled with undead slaves is really the only thing to shoot for. Saminga likes zombis more than people because they do what he says, not for any deeper reason.

Saminga is mad, and not really bright. He is, however, both focused and active, never resting in his pursuit of more human suffering and demise (dead angels are fun,





too). His greatest strength is also his greatest weakness, and that's that he lives in a universe of his own, where Death and Evil are synonyms, and he is both, and everything else is trivial, even Lucifer.

When roleplaying Saminga (usually only necessary if someone successfully invokes him), stress his paranoia, his boundless enthusiasm for Death and his absolute arrogance. If you come across as slightly campy, that's okay – that's exactly the quality of Saminga that sets the teeth of the other Princes on edge.

22

PRIORITIES

Death, and the Undead, are Saminga's principal concerns. A handful of side-interests distract him every

decade or so, but Saminga is probably one of the most *direct* demons ever to walk the cursed sands of the Pit. Only the Heavenly Host provide him with any concerns not about death: he is fought bitterly by many angels, and thus forced to spend *some* of his princely attentions on the threat of Light. But he doesn't mind, really – it gives him an excuse to snarl and stink and be villainous.

Saminga's Word

Saminga's enjoys all *kinds* of death: assassinations, executions, genocide, disease, disaster, serial killers, suicide, accidents, animal attacks, even old age. If Saminga can truly be said to have a "sideline" at all, it's the *trappings* of death, from funeral ceremonies to methods of cremation.

Saminga is concerned with both quality and quantity. He likes *lots* of death, but he's very concerned with its *nature*. One of the few uses he has for living humans at all can be found in Saminga's fascination with *man's* fascination with death. Saminga watches with considerable curiosity as death cults thrive in the corners of society, and gets a sickly smile from the many rituals that death – or the fear of it – inspire. Saminga works hard to make sure that each death he or his demons cause is *special* . . . full of fear and pain. Saminga likes death to be memorable, to have a sense of occasion.

Saminga and the Undead

The servants of Saminga, and their dark Prince as well, have many human servants, but most of them are the soulless undead. Many of the undead begin as human Soldiers of Darkness, and voluntarily accept their immortal existences as mummies (see *In Nomine*, p. 193). Many others are simply zombies, created using a crude form of cut-rate sorcery practiced by many, if not all, of Saminga's sorcerers.

Every method of producing the undead was developed originally by the Egyptians, a culture still unparalleled in this kind of science (largely due to the diligence of the Host). Saminga and his brood have simply refined and expanded on old ideas, and put the forces of the undead to work for them.

Some of the undead become very powerful, and Saminga in fact encourages sorcery among them. But if any begin getting delusions of grandeur, Saminga usually just commands their destruction.

Saminga and Genocide

The Holocaust of World War II really, *really* irks Saminga. He didn't think of it. His demons didn't engineer it. It sits there, a black stain on history, as large and terrifying as anything he ever planned, and *mocks* him. It reminds him that, when all is counted and stacked,

SUPERIORS

human beings are capable of being a good deal sicker and deadlier than he. He *hates* that. And ever since the Holocaust ended (it brought him a few new tethers that he happily uses), he's been obsessed with topping it.

There is no Demon of Genocide. There have been a few who have been stupid enough to accept the Word eagerly, but they're gone now, stripped of their forces and removed forever from the Symphony. Saminga is so obsessed with the job that anyone trying to do it is either labeled an incompetent dolt or a would-be usurper. In this area, Saminga's paranoia boils hot.

POLITICS

In the rotting eye of the Prince of Death, infernal politics is a game reserved for those petty princes who *need* more power and distinction. If it isn't about Death, Saminga doesn't care, and he doesn't lower himself to struggle for what he already thinks he has. As far as he's concerned, he is the Ultimate Evil, having earned his rightful place in Hell.

When he does any deals at all, it's with Kobal (who appreciates a fatal punch line as much as anyone) or with Baal, who has learned the relatively simple art of ego-based Saminga-manipulation.

Here's how Saminga seems to the rest of Lucifer's diabolical court:

Andrealphus: What an ugly, idiotic simp. He has no concept of what *any* of it is about. His efforts are ruinous and he himself is both repulsive and ridiculous. It would benefit us all if he would finally taste of his *own* demise, instead of sitting in his citadel cackling like some kind of parody of the rest of us. Inelegance gilded with displeasure and mounted on stupidity.

Asmodeus: He's just so rarely a concern for me. He's far too wrapped up in his own fantasies to consider disloyalty to Lucifer, and his servitors rarely go renegade. Self-indulgent waste, that's what he is, but he's not my problem.

Baal: He's valuable, far more so than some of my fellow Princes realize. Andrealphus is pointlessly hostile to him, for instance – the fool thinks that we can win humanity by keeping them all writhing happily in their beds. Some of them have to die. Fear is vital, death is essential, and Saminga produces both.

Beleth: His terror is simple, too shallow. I don't like him.

Belial: I'd just as soon see him burn. It's amusing to see how the others use him . . . but he appreciates the purifying power of immolation nearly as much as I.

Haagenti: He hates the others as much as I do! He laughs loud and loves his work! And he makes lots of *meat*.

Kobal: The joke is often on him, I fear. But he's got a

great sense of fatal irony. Death, pain, fear – comedy is *about* death, pain and fear. Saminga sits at the heart of the good stuff, and manages to be pretty funny himself without meaning to.

Kronos: His insignificance is almost entirely eclipsed by his absurdity.

Lilith: Hmm. He's a good negotiator, and that is the *only* fun thing about him; he negotiates with real energy . . . the fear of Death is too often used to steal freedom, though.

Malphas: I want him out. Destroyed will do fine. Cast down at the feet of his betters will do fine. Either one will happen soon enough. The others can be turned against him at need. I'm thinking of doing it *soon*. The arrogant little worm is an irritant.

Nybbas: Death sells, sure, if it's *packaged* right. Saminga is the wrong wrong *WRONG* way to go about it. That Word of his is a *gold* mine for the Diabolicals as a whole, and we have some kind of stupid *B-Movie* prop running it for us? I don't *think* so. Freak shows don't sell tickets these days, babe, death needs style and it needs to be *sexy*. Saminga is a flop.

Valefor: Grave-robbery is the least interesting kind! What good is it to bring conflict and corruption to mankind if Saminga just wants to *kill* them all? An Earth full of zombis isn't worth fighting for. There's no freedom in what he wants.

Vapula: Death is acceptable as a testing tool, but the dead don't like my toys, and I don't like Saminga. And I think that's really *it*, too. I just plain don't like him.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following attunements are available to any servitor of Saminga, but the GM may, at his option, reserve them for in-play rewards for good service in the name of Death.

Sanctuary of the Dead

By spending 3 Essence, the demon may enter the resting place of any human who has received a proper "burial" of some sort – anything from a sealed coffin six-feet underground to a full-scale tomb. There is no sign of passage: the demon simply melts into the ground, through walls, whatever is necessary to end up sharing space with the dead. By invoking this attunement a *second* time, the demon may exit in a similar manner (or he can find some other way out . . .)

Note that this attunement doesn't create any extra *space* for the demon to occupy. Urns are out of the question unless they're really *big* ones, and caskets can get pretty crowded. Some of Saminga's demons use this as a quick (if Essence-intensive) method of escape. Some just think that it's *fun*.

Natural Causes

The demon may invoke this attunement to make any fresh corpse lose all traces of what killed it – bullet holes will disappear, knife wounds will vanish, poison will evaporate, even *cancer* will be posthumously “cured” (Saminga *loves* the irony in this). The effect is permanent, and the deceased in question will simply appeared to have passed on from “natural causes.”

There is a cost in Essence proportionate to the changes necessary to pull this off. A single point of Essence is paid if death was caused by a single bullet or puncture wound. Two points of Essence are paid for somebody lacerated and bled to death, riddled with machine-gun fire or such (also 2 Essence for bodies dead of internal causes such as disease). Three points are paid for anything more severe (mangled and dismembered corpses and so on – but the entire corpse must be present).

Rotting Curse

Another little trick stolen from the Egyptians, this attunement never brought Saminga much political clout – but he greatly enjoys seeing it used inventively.

With a touch, and for the exorbitant cost of 7 Essence, the demon may place the Rotting Curse on any human (or animal, if he really wants to). It doesn’t work on the vessels of Celestials. The Rotting Curse doesn’t kill, not immediately. Rather, the victim’s body begins to *decay as though it were dead*. In the right climates, it can take days before it starts to become noticeable. After a little while, flesh becomes loose and rancid, and bits start to fall off. The victim takes 1 hit of damage per day until he finally dies (at which point his corpse still counts as “fresh” for purposes of the Zombi attunement).

Any disturbance to the Symphony made by the mortal’s unnatural passing occurs at the time and place of death. The only way to save the victim is the Corporeal Song of Healing. *Any* application of this song removes the Curse.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Beyond Baron of the Undead Kingdom, Saminga grants higher distinction to those demons who have made a *serious* difference in the number of dead and dying on Earth, and who have organized demons beneath them into an effective force for Saminga’s Word. Saminga’s marquises, counts and dukes are Word-bound demons of great power, demons who enjoy the not-so-subtle interplay of infernal backstabbing as much as they do torturing humans and bringing them to their doom. Some control vast undead armies, others special cadres of demons.

The full title of demons bearing these distinctions is derived from their Word. The Demon of Disease, a duke in Saminga’s hierarchy, is titled the Duke of Disease, a powerful ruler of much of Abbadon, who himself coordinates the action of many demons beneath him, from the Demon of Heart Failure to the Demon of Brain Cancer.

Saminga’s higher Distinctions carry with them no special powers. A demon who receives such a Distinction may be shown a unique Rite – the better to handle their new responsibilities, of course. The higher in Saminga’s hierarchy a demon gets, the less time he spends on Earth.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF SAMINGA

TANIA

The Demon of Suicide

Balseraph Baroness of the Undead Kingdom

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/4 (Charisma +1)

Role: Doctor/6 (Status 5)

Skills: Chemistry/4, Climbing/3, Detect Lies/4, Driving/2, Emote/6, Lockpicking/2, Medicine/6, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Running/2, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/5

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Dreams (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Entropy (Ethereal/2), Form (Corporeal/3), Light (Ethereal/5), Shields (Corporeal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/4)

Artifacts: A razorblade which, if a human slits his own wrist with it, absorbs that human’s Essence. Tania (or the demon who owns it, if it ever changes hands) can draw out the Essence at will by touching the blade; it holds up to 6 Essence.

Attunements: Balseraph of Death, Zombi, Vampiric Kiss, Impudite of Death, Baron of the Undead Kingdom

Special Rites: As the demon of Suicide, Tania regains 1 Essence every time she drives someone to their willing demise. If the death itself is especially painful or drawn-out (a botched self-hanging, for instance, where the victim hangs for several minutes while slowly strangling), she regains 2 Essence, instead.

A relative newcomer to her Word (Tania has been Word-bound since the 1930s), Tania has very little sense of humor when it comes to her work. She is icy, determined and always busy.

She is the demonic “patron” of suicides and suicidal everywhere on Earth, and still likes to see as many suicides personally as possible.

Previous holders of her Word have, throughout history, spent their time convincing miserable people that it's OK to kill themselves, and they have succeeded admirably. With that work done, Tania is directing her servants toward removing the barriers society has placed on suicide; if she can convince people to just not interfere, to respect suicide as a "lifestyle choice," then she'll really be rolling in bodies.

She's had quite a bit of success already – the "right to die" movement is one of her best pieces of work. She's also fond of starting up fringe religious cults and then driving them to massive acts of self-immolation or self-poisoning, then spin-doctoring afterward to make their activities, if not admirable, at least understandable. Another weapon in her arsenal is the romanticization (and subsequent additional fame) of celebrity suicides, sort of suicide as a career move. If Tania can convince a few more irrational souls that suicide is the best way to get their artistic message across, then she'll really be moving up the ranks.



But while she makes her grand schemes, Tania also has time for the more satisfying one-on-one work. She maintains a Role, Dr. Debora Wakefield, working out of a hospital in Ft. Thomas, Kentucky (a Cincinnati suburb). Wakefield is young and social, and this allows Tania to blend in with many social circles full of confused and depressed twentysomethings, where she inspires a dread of life in dozens every year, using methods ranging from encouragement of drug abuse to seduction-and-abandonment schemes stretching out over months. The corpses frequently become new zombi servants for Saminga, who distributes them through his demonic networks at need.

Tania is a powerful demonic character, suitable as a campaign foil or villain for an angelic campaign, or as an NPC encounter for demons.

AVERY

Habbalah Servitor of Death

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 10 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/3

Skills: Chemistry/2, Driving/1, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/6 (Spicy Food), Lying/2, Move Silently/2, Swimming/1

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Corporeal/2), Entropy (Corporeal/2), Projection (Corporeal/2), Tongues (Corporeal/2)

Discord: Damaged Sense/2 (Taste/Smell)

Attunements: Habbalah of Death

Avery hasn't always served Death. In his debut on Earth less than 60 years ago, Avery rose, in a very short time, to relative greatness (as a Word-bound Captain in the service of Gluttony), fell into disgrace, lost his hard-earned forces and found himself pawned off.

Avery was (and still is, in his own mind) the Demon of Hot Sauce. Like all of Haagenti's demons with a Word of food, his job was to get people to overindulge, using his particular food to do it. Those free baskets of chips and hot sauce you get at Mexican restaurants so you stuff yourself *before* your order even arrives? Avery's idea. When salsa replaced ketchup as the most-used condiment in America, Avery seemed on a golden track. But his rapid rise gained him a few enemies, who decided to take him down – a little frame-up, a little humiliation, and a long drop from Word-bound Captain of Gluttony to kicked-over nobody. After he whined a lot, Haagenti threw him out, offering him to Saminga as a token trade for a few zombi suckling pigs. (Haagenti gets the most *exotic* cravings at times.) Stripped of his attunements and pride, Avery wandered into Abaddon and started work.

Avery still obsesses on hot sauce. His Word, while no longer *his* (or anybody's, right now), rings strong in his personal Symphony – only now, he generates Dissonance if he *feeds* anybody. A bully to the last, Haagenti played a very cruel joke on him (Haagenti and Saminga's mutual ally, Kobal, may have had his hand in it).

Avery has tried to respond to his plight creatively. Recently sent back to Earth, he still feeds people. But, to avoid generating Dissonance, he makes sure their dinner is their last. The details aren't pretty, and now Avery is jockeying to become the Demon of Fatal Indigestion – he travels the globe, finding new methods of spicy murder from Louisiana to Thailand. He's got a long way to go before he earns any rank, much less a Word, but he's got a *lot* of hot sauce, and the will to use it.

Avery is a balanced starting character, as written. He would also make an amusing (or disturbing) NPC encounter.

FLEURITY

DEMON PRINCE OF DRUGS

"It's hard to be socially conscious when you're not physically conscious."

The world is a drug, and I am, as they say, The Man.

Fleurity is just the most recent in a long line of demons holding the Word of Drugs. He's not one of the nicer ones, either; he's a Habbalite party demon if there ever was one, and the more people get hurt, the better the party. He obtained his Word while working with the British in China in the latter 1800s, but promoting crack cocaine was what marked him as a Prince to reckon with.

Fleurity sees his Word as a tool for freedom – the ultimate freedom to alter your personality and even reality itself. "Drug" means more than heroin and cocaine – it also means Prozac and Valium. He has found many ways to make drugs serve the cause of Hell. Not only do users become degraded and selfish, but they tempt opponents into overreaction bringing its own evils. The Columbian cocaine cartels are Fleurity's – so is the War on Drugs.

He's risen quickly. From a minor player in the game, Fleurity has become a rising star, someone to watch out for. Even though he's a minor Prince, the other members of Hell's royalty are careful about what they say to his face. While it doesn't appear as though his power level is going to skyrocket, as Nybbas' did, it certainly doesn't look as though it'll be waning any time soon. Other Princes envy Fleurity because, in just a couple of hundred years, he has made drugs near-universally condemned *and* near-universally desired. Thus, millions of people consciously want something they believe to be evil – a deliberate choice for Hell. Lucifer is pleased.

Few demons who held the Word of Drugs in the past lived long enough to reach Princedom. The Prince of Sloth (under whom the Word once served) used to take them out before they became a threat. After Haagenti ate the Prince of Sloth, Lucifer gave him domain over the Word of Drugs. Needless to say, the Prince of Gluttony doesn't care about restraining his minions. He's all into overindulgence. Even today, Haagenti and Fleurity get along just fine, even though Fleurity has aligned himself with Saminga since achieving Princehood.

When on Earth, Fleurity appears as a robust young Arabic man, with a shaved head, a crisply trimmed goatee and a twinkle in his eye. He assigns his demons to specific cities and has them stay there, only reassigning them after their corporeal vessels have been destroyed.



DISSONANCE

Demons of Drugs earn Dissonance if they discourage drug use, and if they do not *actively* promote it at least once per day. They don't have to use drugs themselves, but serving as an example is common and effective.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

In addition to the attunements below, Fleurity's Servitors begin with a number of contacts in the drug underground equal to their Corporeal Forces; what drugs are available is left to the GM's discretion.

Balseraphs

Balseraphs are Fleurity's favorite tools. They may use their powerful Wills to impose a temporary psychological Addiction (see p. 65) upon an unsuspecting victim, at a level equal to the check digit of the demon's successful resonance roll. The Addiction may be for anything normally ingestible by a human, from wild heron to brown heroin. It will last for a number of hours equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces. If the victim gets hooked in the course of obtaining his fix (unlikely, in the case of wild heron), then the Addiction will remain.

Djinn

A Djinn serving Fleurity may attune himself to any significant amount of drugs with a touch – from tobacco to crack – and use his resonance to follow its distribution across the globe. His resonance will even lead him to its users up to 24 hours after they've taken the drug.

Calabim

A Calabite of Drugs can imbue any edible substance with the power of his destructive resonance. The substance must be a single item or in an individual container – a hamburger or a carton of ice cream or a jug of milk could be affected, but not a truckload of produce or the entire contents of a refrigerator. For a number of days equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces, anyone ingesting the substance will take Body hits equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces times the check digit of the roll. Because the substance seems otherwise wholesome, a victim may ingest it repeatedly, but will only be affected once per day. The victim may make a Strength roll to resist. This damage does not disturb the Symphony.

Habbalah

The demons of emotional projection who work for Fleurity may ingest any drug (below the level required to overdose) and use their diabolical resonance to project the effects, including any addictive side-effects, upon a victim. If the demon is unsuccessful in projecting the drug, he will suffer (or, alternately, enjoy) its effects – but the failure will never generate dissonance.



Traces of the drug may be found in the victim's bloodstream. If the victim becomes addicted to a drug he's never taken himself, he probably won't recognize his withdrawal symptoms or know he has an addiction – though a medical checkup might answer a few questions.

Lilim

Since Lilim rarely work for the freedom-restricting Prince of Drugs, especially considering his alignment with Saminga, he automatically grants them his Knight distinction, below.

Shedim

Fleurity's Shedim reduce a host's Will roll against taking drugs by their Ethereal Forces. This bonus doesn't apply toward making the target take a drug in a way to which the target is unaccustomed. For example, non-

smokers will resist smoking anything as strongly as they would otherwise; people who aren't used to needles will be similarly resistant to shooting up.

Impudites

Impudites of Drugs need not charm drugged (above the legal level of intoxication) victims before attempting to steal their Essence.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

OD

Demons with this attunement may cause someone who is freely taking drugs (i.e., under no *outside* celestial influence, but because of an addiction is OK) to overdose. The target must be currently using the drug. The demon must first win a contest of Wills.

Score

Demons with this attunement know the fastest and cheapest way to get any drug they desire. They seldom need to rely on this power, since they generally know all the major dealers in town, but it still comes in handy.

When invoking this attunement, which may be done a number of times per day equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces, he may choose to focus on quantity, quality or accessibility.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Addicts

This distinction lets demons instantly detect someone's addictions, from caffeine to cocaine. They can also tell, at a glance, what substances a person has consumed recently, from citric acid to lysergic acid, and how much.

Captain of Chemistry

Fleurity's Captains may alter the active components in any amount of drug by touching any part of it, from total neutralization to *doubling* its strength. For example, he can stick his finger in a beer and neutralize the drink's alcohol. It will taste the same, but it won't get anyone drunk. Similarly, the demon may stick his finger in a vat of beer and double the alcohol level of all of it!

Baron of Good Trips

These Barons can ensure the first-ever use of a drug goes *great* – with no side-effects, hangover or other ill effect. In fact, it will be the best that drug will *ever* make that person feel – no matter how many more times he takes it, seeking to repeat that elusive first experience . . .

RELATIONS

Once in service to Haagenti, Fleurity has aligned with Saminga, who's easier to manipulate. Fleurity sold Saminga on his Word's relation to death, but actually uses Saminga to protect him from more powerful Princes as he forges other alliances. This pact has earned him the ire of Andrealphus, who dislikes Haagenti and loathes Saminga. The Prince of Lust sees Fleurity as a major threat. Intense rivalry flares between demons of Drugs and those of Lust.

As much as Christopher rails against him, Fleurity has found Eli his main enemy among the Host. Eli – who approves of some drugs in moderation for their mind-opening and mood-altering properties – seems to hold Fleurity in the most contempt, for perverting the nature of his "sacraments." For similar reasons, he's on

Novalis' special hate list for making people forget the healing powers of some of nature's most potent flora and instead focus on their other aspects.

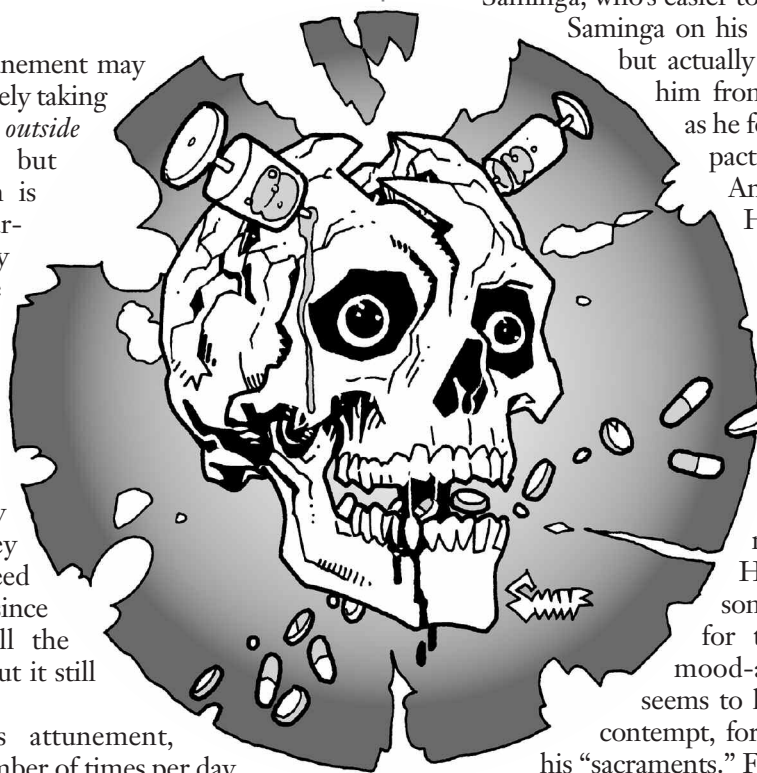
BASIC RITES

- Provide drugs (even cigarettes or alcohol) to at least 15 people who aren't hooked yet, and see them used.
- Smuggle at least a pound of some illegal (or taxed) drug into a country, and give it away afterward. (+2)

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 1

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 Any amount of an illegal drug
- +2 A well-used bong
- +3 A personalized syringe kit
- +4 A drug in the hands of a child
- +5 A person shooting up for the first time
- +6 At least 25 people out of control on drugs



MORTALS



SWIR

29

MORTALS

SOLDIERS OF GOD

"We're on a mission from God."

— Elwood Blues, in *The Blues Brothers*

Soldiers of God are the supernaturally-enhanced mortal agents who fight alongside the Heavenly Host in the eternal war against the legions of Hell. In an *In Nomine* campaign, Soldiers of God can be player characters, allies, enemies or all three.

BECOMING A SOLDIER OF GOD

All beings are made up of a combination of the three basic Forces. In most humans, five or fewer Forces are balanced in a stable configuration. But some humans have the potential to gain extra Forces, and form a new, stable alignment of 6 or more Forces. It has been suggested that such humans must have a trace of Grigori blood, but this has never been proven.

There are three ways for such a human to gain additional Forces. The first is to have one or more Forces added to his or her being by supernatural means. The Diabolicals must use twisted rites to do this, but an Archangel can increase a human's Forces with a thought.

This is only done for valiant mortals who have proven themselves worthy by exceptional service in the War. The human must still have a natural alignment of Forces capable of expansion.

The second (and more common) way is for the mortal to acquire an extra Force through rigorous training and spiritual growth. Of course, a good way to get this rigorous training is to participate in the War and associate with angels. Very occasionally a traumatic or moving event will cause a human to gain an extra Force. The shock of losing a loved one, or a moment of transcendent joy, can turn a human with potential into a Soldier.

The third way – and by far the most rare – is to simply be born with six Forces. Such a mortal is greatly valued by both sides, because he can be hidden (even from one's own superiors!) and used as an "ace in the hole" when the time is right.

Soldiers aren't just more powerful than humans. They are also better at using their power. Most humans can't spend Essence with any subtlety. They blow whatever they have in a single burst. Soldiers gain the power to consciously control Essence expenditure. They can tell how much Essence they have in reserve, and can spend it in precise amounts the same way Celestials do.

Most Celestials can't recognize Soldiers of God just by looking at them. Kyriotes and Shedim can automatically "read" the pattern of Forces in a possessed mortal and thereby tell if a subject is capable of becoming a Soldier of God. Seraphim servitors of Eli also can automatically spot potential Soldiers, as can servitors of Yves or Kronos with the Divine Destiny or Fated Future attunements. Of course, a Soldier using Songs or Attunements is obviously no normal human.



A few angels are on full-time assignment to locate humans with the natural potential to become Soldiers of God. Most of these are Cherubim with orders to protect the mortals until they can get the proper training. Needless to say, Diabolicals are also constantly on the lookout for such humans. Some can be recruited to serve Hell; more often the demons try to prevent potential Soldiers from falling into the hands of the angels. The preferred method is to make sure the human becomes hopelessly corrupt and evil. If the potential Soldier resists the efforts of the Diabolicals, the demons may have their own mortal agents arrange a fatal accident. A person like that is too dangerous to leave running around loose.

Creating Soldier of God Characters

Soldiers of God are generated using the standard character-creation method described in the *In Nomine* rulebook on p. 27. There are a few minor differences in the character-creation process.

FORCES AND CHARACTERISTICS

Soldiers of God are built from 6 Forces (a few exceptional Soldiers may have 7 or more, but these are not starting characters). They must have at least 1 Force of each type, and must have at least 2 Corporeal Forces. Since all beings have Essence equal to their basic Forces, Soldiers have more than ordinary mortals. Moreover, they can control their Essence use the same way Celestials can, to affect die rolls or power Songs.

Humans regenerate 1 point of Essence every day at noon. In addition, a talented human can create new Essence by doing something extraordinary. When a mortal succeeds at a skill roll on a skill known at Level 6 or better, that creates a point of Essence. Only 1 point per day can be created this way, so the maximum any human can gain is 2 Essence per day. Soldiers of God and other mortals cannot learn Rites in character creation, but may be given them by a Word-bound angel as a reward for faithful service.

Soldiers of God are still mortals, so their Characteristics should remain within the limits of human possibility. Few Soldiers have any Characteristics over 8, and none has any greater than 10. A Soldier may use character points to improve Characteristics to Celestial



levels after adventuring, but may not begin with superhuman attributes.

Humans don't have Celestial forms, nor – technically – do they have vessels. Humans have bodies, awarded for free at birth. Humans may not have more than one body, of course.

BODY POINTS FOR MORTALS

Note: the following clarifies rules on p. 62 of In Nomine.

Much of a celestial's toughness comes from his vessel, which looks like a mortal body

but isn't (see *In Nomine*, p. 48). Humans have a normal body, rather than a vessel, and it has no "level" to increase.

Of course, some humans are harder to kill than their strength suggests. Mortals *can* buy this Toughness, at 4 points per level. Humans can have only two levels of Toughness.

The Body formula for a human (no matter how many Forces he has) is Body Points: (Corporeal Forces + Toughness) × Strength. A human may have as few as 1 Body. A normal human might have Body anywhere in the range between 4 and 20 or so. A *most extraordinary* human, with 3 Corporeal Forces, 2 Toughness and maximum possible human Strength, could have 50 (5×10) Body, and could actually wrestle with an ordinary celestial.

Soldiers of God, thus, are usually far more fragile than celestials or undead. Celestials have their human-seeming, but very tough, vessels. Undead bodies are very hard to "kill" (and their "vessel level" *can* be bought up). Soldiers must make up for this by defensive and healing Songs, and by intelligence. It's not easy to be a Soldier. It's certainly not safe.

RESOURCES AND ATTUNEMENTS

Soldiers of God can spend their character points on Resources and Attunements, just like Celestials. But there are limits on what they can buy.

Attunements

Not being angels, Soldiers and other mortals can't purchase any Choir Attunements. Soldiers who serve a particular angel can buy the Servitor Attunements of that angel's Superior. Soldiers can also purchase the two Servitor Attunements of the Archangel Laurence –

Blade Blessing and Hunt. Laurence permits this because he considers himself the overall commander of all Soldiers of God, no matter who their patron angels might be. (Certainly no Soldiers have ever refused a direct order from Laurence!) Attunements cost the usual 10 character points each. Earned character points can be spent on Servitor Attunements of any Archangel, but only if the Soldier of God has done something to win that Archangel's favor. The GM can always refuse to let a mortal buy an Attunement.

Rites

Very occasionally a Word-bound Celestial will teach a Rite to a mortal. This only happens when the mortal is considered extremely reliable and valuable to the cause of Heaven in the War. (An exception is the Archangel Eli, who has taught Rites to some very unlikely people since his madness.)

Note that individuals honored with the Rite of a Word-bound Celestial must constantly and sincerely uphold that Word themselves. If you have the favor of the Archangel of Animals, harming a single animal, except for food or self-defense, will make it impossible to gain Essence via his Rites ever again.

Artifacts

"Of course! The Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch! It is one of the sacred relics Brother Maynard carries."

— King Arthur, in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*

Soldiers of God frequently employ Artifacts in the fight against Hell; they help to even very tough odds. In general, only Soldiers who are Servants of an angel or members of an organization can get Artifacts during character creation. Freelancers can only have what they get during play.

Soldiers can use all three types of Artifacts – Corporeal, Ethereal and Celestial. They can only use Celestial Artifacts (also known as Relics – see *In Nomine*, p. 70) that hold Corporeal Songs. Soldiers can spend their own Essence to power a Relic.



Roles and Status

Human beings don't need Roles; they are naturally part of the Symphony and are entirely "real." They *do* have to spend character points on Status, to reflect how much influence they have in the world.

Like all humans, Soldiers of God start automatically with Status 1, and can spend 2 character points per level to raise it. Status (and its accompanying wealth) can be a very powerful resource in the War.

Servants

Soldiers of God can be Servants, or they can have Servants. In general, Soldiers normally only have normal humans (Class 4 – see *In Nomine*, p. 45) or lesser beings as Servants, but in special circumstances an individual can command the allegiance of a more-powerful Soldier. There has been no recorded instance of a Soldier of God having an

angel as a servitor, but Relievers have been known to serve Soldiers. Naturally, Soldiers of God cannot have evil undead as Servants.

If a Soldier loses a Servant, he can get a replacement in the next adventure. But Soldiers who mistreat their Servants can lose them permanently, with no way to recover the lost character points! Earned points can be spent to buy additional Servants. Buying Servants costs half of the individual's Class (see *In Nomine*, p. 45) times his Resource level.

Songs

From time to time, angels teach mortals some of the Songs that transform reality. Soldiers of God and other humans can only learn Corporeal Songs; they cannot perceive the Ethereal and Celestial realms well enough to use those types of Songs. In general, only Soldiers who work with angels can learn Songs; it is impossible for one human to teach another human a Song, and they cannot be learned from books. Characters can use earned points to buy new Songs during play, but those must be known by one of the angels in the party or taught to them by an NPC.

DISCORD AND DISSONANCE

Humans do not have Dissonance or Discord as such. Even Soldiers of God are still completely immersed in the Symphony and cannot be discordant. When mortal Soldiers of God act contrary to the orders of their angelic superiors, they do not gain Dissonance – instead they gain an angry angel on their case.

But GMs may allow mortals to take physical or psychological handicaps which mimic certain types of Discord. The character can never rid himself of these disadvantages, and gets character points to compensate. Use the cost of Discord to calculate the value of a disadvantage. Note that humans and Soldiers of God can only suffer from “mundane” disadvantages – such as Crippled, Cowardly or Merciful. Weird or supernatural effects like Stigmata, Aura or Need are not allowed. Leave those for the Undead.

SOLDIERS AS NPCs

In a Celestial campaign, Soldiers of God are encountered as non-player characters – either human flunkies for Angelic PCs, or mortal prey for Diabolic ones.

SOLDIERS AS SERVANTS

Celestial player characters can purchase Soldiers as Servants during character creation, as described on p. 45 of the *In Nomine* rulebook. These “personal” Soldiers of God are generally not affiliated with any organization.

GMs should avoid letting celestial player characters treat their human servants as just so many pawns. Remember, these pawns can think for themselves. Soldiers of God can make mistakes, try to act on their own and occasionally betray their masters. As in any roleplaying game, good NPCs make for good adventuring.

Once the forces of evil realize there's a connection between an angel and a particular mortal, that human becomes a prime target for reprisals. What angel could stand by and do nothing if his servant was kidnapped?

More subtle demons will put every opportunity

for temptation in the path of a known angelic sympathizer. Unless an angel pays close attention, he may find his human sidekick slipping into the hands of the Diabolicals.

Hidden Agendas

Celestials tend to forget that humans have their own reasons for doing what they do, and often the motives of Soldiers will be at odds with the goals of their angelic patrons. This doesn't mean the Soldiers are being deliberately treacherous – just that they are more than extensions of the PCs' wills. On the most obvious level, a devout Catholic would never do anything to harm the Church. Similarly, a Soldier who is a patriotic American would be reluctant to destroy a government installation.

Soldiers often have very strong moral beliefs, and are liable to resist any orders that violate their codes of right and wrong. This resistance can take the form of outright refusal of instructions, or it can be more passive – procrastination, “forgetting” things, “accidentally” fumbling tasks and so forth.

And often, Soldiers try to involve the Celestials in their own affairs. A police officer Soldier might want his angel buddies to help get the goods on a local crime boss, even if it has nothing to do with the Diabolical plot they're trying to foil. An environmental activist could see the finger of Hell in every corporation's waste-disposal plans.

And some Soldiers may be double agents. Willingly or not, they may be in the grip of a Diabolical, who is using them to learn what the angels are up to. Celestials shouldn't trust their mortal NPCs too far – if angels can turn against Heaven, a little treachery from humans is all too likely.

SOLDIERS AS ADVERSARIES

Diabolical player characters are liable to run into Soldiers of God frequently. The annoying little mortals seem to be everywhere, always getting underfoot and sticking their noses into things that are none of their blessed business.

Of course, Soldiers of God aren't nearly in the



same league as angels, but they can be a serious threat, especially to low-powered Diabolicals or Renegades. Soldier adversaries can have a remarkable amount of worldly power at their disposal, and they often work in groups. Demons are greedy and manipulative beings, but

Soldier characters is to have them all be Vessels of a Kyriotate who inhabits each of them in turn. The players control their Soldier characters; the GM decides which is serving as the Vessel at any given moment.

Soldier PCs can either be part of an organization – such as the Purifiers (p. 39) or the Muradis (p. 38) – or else a band of freelancers. Either way, there are advantages and disadvantages.

An organization can be a big help to player-characters. They can draw on its funds, call on fellow agents for backup, and make use of its resources in the battle against evil. The drawback is that the characters

won't have as much freedom of action. The organization sends them on missions, assigns backup agents and resources, and may or may not respond to requests for funds. For the GM, an organization provides an easy way to put the characters into an adventure ("M" or whoever briefs the PCs and off they go).

Freelance Soldiers of God have no superiors looking over their shoulders – and nobody to run to when they need help. Without an organization to seek out signs of Diabolical activity, they must basically rely on luck to find adversaries. ("Can't we go anywhere without running into a bunch of demons?") The GM must find a way to get the characters involved in scenarios, or else must have players with a great deal of initiative, who will deliberately seek out adventures.

Players who really want a challenge can try playing untrained Soldiers still unaware of their potential power. The PC must survive Diabolical attempts at corruption or killing long enough to figure out what's going on.

Minion-Hunters

While most Soldiers aren't up to taking on the Celestials without help, they can do just fine against other Servants. Soldiers of Hell, Sorcerers and the Undead are prime targets for the Soldiers of God. In a campaign like this, the Celestials show up only rarely, as a reminder of the larger conflict going on. The PCs may be law-enforcement agents tracking weird crimes (à la *The X-Files*), or members of an organization devoted to slaying the undead.

Note that this works all too well in the other direction: Diabolical henchmen spend a lot of their time hunting down Soldiers of God. Would-be minion-hunters may wind up being the quarry, instead!



even they tend to forget just what a mortal can accomplish with a big bank account and friends in high places.

In Diabolical campaigns, GMs should play the Soldiers as intelligently as possible. Their organizations are rich and powerful, their members competent and fanatically loyal, and their arsenals well-stocked with Artifacts.

SOLDIERS AS PCs

Soldiers of God make great player characters. They are limited in comparison to Celestials, but an experienced player can find ways to turn the limits into opportunities for roleplaying. Soldier PCs can either operate with a party of Celestials, or in a group of other humans.

Sidekicks

A Soldier of God adventuring with a group of angels is going to be much less powerful than the other characters. The player must accept that he won't be one of the group's heavyweights. Only experienced roleplayers should take on the challenge.

Just because a Soldier isn't as powerful as his companions doesn't mean he's always going to be standing around saying, "Yes, boss." Angels aren't omniscient. They can make guesses and devise plans that are just plain wrong. This is especially true when angelic characters are controlled by flawed mortal players. In situations like that, the player running the "mere human" in the group will have to do some pretty good roleplaying to persuade his angelic comrades not to walk into disaster.

THE ALL-SOLDIERS CAMPAIGN

An entire campaign could focus on the exploits of a band of Soldiers (possibly with an Angel as an NPC patron). One interesting bond to unite a group of

Demon-Hunters

A powerful party of Soldiers with some reliable Celestial help can tackle the Diabolicals directly. It sounds tough, but isn't battling for the right against superior odds what heroes are supposed to do? The GM probably should be generous about letting the fearless demonlayers have some Artifacts, or other means of balancing the scales. A Remnant or even an Outcast angel might fit well in such a group.

Few police forces have a Demon Unit, so PCs will probably be members of the Purifiers, Seagulls or Muradis, fighting the Diabolicals with religious backing. Freelance Soldiers with no organization to help them are not going to last long against demons.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF GOD

Before going to bed I got out my datebook and began listing all the things I had to do the next day. It was quite a list.

"6 a.m. – get up

"8-noon – work (tell Mr. L. I have to leave at noon)

"1 p.m. – meet Rabbi Fine at airport and drive him to safe house

"2 p.m. – grocery (eggs, sour cream, chili, paper towels)

"3-8 p.m. – surveillance outside suspected Habbalite's apt.

"8:30 – dinner with Mom

"9-? – destroy demon"

So what's it like being a Soldier of God? What do they do all day, and why do they do it? Is the pay good? The answers can be surprising.

What's My Motivation?

Fighting demons is dangerous, hard work. The hours are terrible. Other humans tend to think you're a nutcase if you talk about it. And the angels seldom even bother to say "thanks."

So why do it? Why get involved? Why not leave the whole mess to the angels and get on with life?

Soldiers of God tend to be highly motivated individuals (a polite way of saying fanatics). They do what they do because it's obviously the right thing. Consider: God created the Universe. Therefore God is the most important being in the Universe. Therefore helping God is much more important than any Earthly activity. Soldiers of God understand this.

There's another side to it. Most people live pretty unimportant lives. We live, we work, we do good and

evil, and we die. A few people notice. But Soldiers of God are *important*. Maybe they don't get on the cover of *Newsweek*, but their actions matter in the grand scheme of things. They hang out with immortal beings. They see the Big Picture. They know secrets that ordinary people don't. It's cool.

Nuts and Bolts

So how do Soldiers fight the good fight? After all, they're woefully limited when compared with the Celestials. What can a poor human do in the War?

Quite a bit, actually. For all their power, Celestials are curiously limited beings. They have to follow lots of rules. So angels and demons frequently rely on mortals to do things which would create Dissonance if performed by a Celestial. A Mercurian can't resort to violence, but her human servant can pull out the guns and start blasting away if things turn sour. Servitors of Janus have to keep moving, but their mortal allies can stay in one place.

Humans also have the advantage that their actions don't leave any traces in the Symphony. A human expending Essence and using Songs causes the same kind of echoes as a Celestial would, of course. But a human injuring or killing another human by mortal means doesn't even raise a whisper.

Besides avoiding Dissonance and disturbances in the Symphony, Soldiers can help with the mundane world. Angels are often remarkably clueless about how humans do things. Being immortal, they don't stay up to date on human culture. Soldiers of God have no problem buying things, finding out things and using the machinery of modern society.

Soldiers are especially useful for gathering information. Unless an angel is a Kyriotate, he can only be in one place at a time. Soldiers of God can do the legwork for



their Angelic patrons – searching files, watching houses, asking questions. Their human perspective also helps Soldiers spot Diabolical activity, since they have a better sense of what is "normal." An angel might not notice anything strange about a person painting symbols in

blood on the side of a bus, for instance – “aren’t mortals always doing things like that?”

Soldiers of God also can do a great deal simply by performing mundane services for the forces of good. The War doesn’t just need combat troops, it also requires doctors to help injured Soldiers and Vessels, lawyers to smooth over legal complications, accountants to manage and disburse finances, technicians to build or repair equipment, and dozens of other specialists. All of these can be supernaturally enhanced, too – imagine how effective a paramedic would be with the Song of Healing, or a lawyer with Dominic’s Servitor Attunement of Incarnate Law.

Finally, humans are a lot more powerful than they used to be. Recent improvements in technology have dramatically increased what mortals can do. A human fighting a demon bare-handed is likely to lose, but give him a machine-gun and the demon is the one in trouble. A group of Soldiers equipped with modern weapons stand a pretty good chance of beating a demon in a fair fight. Too bad demons don’t fight fair. (But then again, neither do Soldiers.)

So human Soldiers of God spend a lot of time doing what seems like pointless busywork – reading through old records, watching people’s houses, searching computer files and so on. They deal with angels turning up at odd hours with odder requests, and often wind up driving halfway across the country on weird errands. Often they have to spend all night working at their job, with an angel for a client. Occasionally things turn nasty, and they have to fight off some smelly undead or creepy sorcerers. If they’re really lucky, they get to risk body and soul fighting a demon from the pit of Hell itself.

SOLDIERS AND CELESTIALS

Soldiers of God generally work with the lower-ranking angels. The more powerful Word-bound seldom have mortal servants. And just catching a glimpse of an Archangel would be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for a Soldier of God.

Angels are hard to work with. They have very high standards, and expect their human servants to live up to them. This doesn’t mean the humans have to be religious fanatics – angels are surprisingly uninterested in superficial piety. But they have no patience with humans who are casually cruel or destructive.

Angels are also annoyingly superior. The elaborate hierarchies of heaven and hell make all celestials rather status-conscious, and most of them put humans at the bottom of the ladder. Angels act as though they’re doing mortals a big favor by allowing them to help. At times they can be infuriatingly patronizing.





But any annoying traits of angels seem positively endearing in comparison with the way Diabolicals treat Soldiers of God. Many of the Fallen are contemptuous of mere mortals who dare to meddle in the affairs of celestials. On occasion this has led demons to fatally underestimate their human adversaries. Other demons resent human interference, and especially relish the chance to beat up on Soldiers.

More sophisticated demons take Soldiers of God as a personal challenge. Corrupting normal humans is ridiculously easy. Leading a Soldier down the path to Hell is a real accomplishment – it shows the kind of talent that gets an ordinary Diabolical noticed by the Princes of Hell.

Soldiers of God should beware all demons, especially *friendly* demons.

SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD

Humans must live in the real world. This means they must pay attention to the consequences of their actions. An angel or demon can always flit back to Heaven or Hell if things really fall apart; mortals have to deal with the fallout.

Lots of things Soldiers do in the course of the War are illegal. Breaking mundane laws doesn't trouble celestials in the least, but their mortal allies shouldn't be so cavalier. The simple reason is that if you break laws, you're liable to get caught. Very few district attorneys consider "an angel told me to do it" to be a valid excuse for anything. Organizations like the Seagull Society have been investigated by federal authorities, because they have all the outward appearance of a terrorist group.

In an *In Nomine* campaign, this means human Soldiers must be discreet, relying on their wits more than their fists. They should also remember that the law can work to their advantage: most Diabolical activities are illegal, too.

Soldiers also have the usual human web of relationships, with mundane friends and foes. They have jobs, families and responsibilities. Often Soldiers of God must perform a complicated juggling act, balancing participation in the War with the demands of everyday life. It may not sound exciting, but the business of living can generate adventure seeds for both Soldier and celestial characters. A band of angels might find themselves struggling to help a loyal Soldier get out of debt. And a Soldier's mundane life provides a whole array of targets for vengeful Diabolicals.

SOLDIERS AND TETHERS

Nearly every active Heavenly Tether has at least one Soldier of God looking after it, the mortal counterpart of its Seneschal. Many sacred sites serve as the base for a

CHOIRS AND THEIR SOLDIERS

Seraphim are patronizing and strict with their mortal agents. There isn't much fraternization or chitchat between the Most Holy and humans. Soldiers in their service must be dutiful and obedient. But a wise Seraph will turn to his Soldier for advice when mortal affairs seem incomprehensible, which is more often than most Seraphs like to admit.

Cherubim are kind and helpful bosses, but have a tendency to micromanage their Soldiers and often cannot bear to send them into danger. Many humans chafe at a Cherubim's overprotectiveness.

Ofanim are unpredictable and scatterbrained bosses, giving cryptic orders and then disappearing for weeks at a time. Their Soldiers are either loners as unpredictable as themselves, or well-organized groups that don't need much supervision.

Elohim are distant and reserved with their underlings. Success gets no praise, failure no recriminations. Humans who need a lot of encouragement and morale-building will not get it from an EloHITE.

Malakim are stern and demanding with their Soldiers. Their servants must be competent and absolutely untainted by evil. Screw up and you'll get a Hell of a tongue-lashing. Betray them and . . . write your will. Fast.

Kyriotates love to find above-average humans to serve as temporary Vessels. Nobody is happier than a Domination with half a dozen Soldiers of God to inhabit. They're good to work with – as long as you don't mind someone in your head from time to time.

Mercurians are by far the *niciest* angelic patrons for a Soldier of God. Infinitely charming, they are superb at motivating their servants. They *like* their underlings, and even respect them a little.

group of Soldiers – either a chapter of one of the groups described below, or a bunch of independents.

Soldiers and Tethers are a perfect combination. The place is a sanctuary from Diabolicals, where the Soldiers can keep important Artifacts and take refuge from angry demons. The mortals can protect the Tether from agents of the Diabolicals and hostile mundane forces. They take orders from the place's Seneschal, in addition to whatever other celestials they serve. Sometimes this can lead to conflict.

The most important Tethers (such as Notre Dame de Paris) have a whole squad of Soldiers assigned to them as guardians, under the sole direction of the Seneschal angel. The guardian Soldiers are usually very powerful (7 or even 8 Forces), and totally dedicated to their job.

ORGANIZATIONS

Most Soldiers of God work alone or in small groups, under the patronage of a single angel. The four groups described below are among the few large organizations of Soldiers engaged in the War. GMs should be wary of creating too many new groups, unless they want an *Illuminati*-style campaign of mystic conspiracies.

THE MURADI SUFIS

The Muradi Sufi brotherhood dates back to the 10th century A.D., but did not become involved in the War until the angel Murad enlisted their help to defeat the demon Pazuzu in the late 1700s. Since then the Muradis have been a potent force on the side of the angels.

The Muradi Sufis are headquartered in Istanbul, and carry on their work throughout Africa, India and the Islamic nations. They meet at the little Mosque of Fatima, which is a heavenly Tether and so is safe from Diabolical snooping. While the order has no single commander, the unofficial leader is Ali Izmiri, an elderly professor of botany. Dr. Izmiri is too old and frail to be an active Soldier, but he is the organization's master strategist and planner.

There are about 30 active Muradi Soldiers of God, and another 40 or so normal humans. Most are from Turkey or Egypt. The vast majority are men, but there are three female Soldiers of God among the Muradis.

The Muradis have no official backing and must rely on their own funds and resources. They are careful to maintain a low profile, and avoid using force unless absolutely necessary. They have a good network of contacts among other Sufi brotherhoods throughout Islam. There are some small Sufi groups in Europe and America nowadays, in Marseilles, Paris, London and Chicago.

The Muradis are pacifists, and will not deliberately kill other humans. They have no compunction about destroying a demon's Vessel, however. They defend themselves vigorously, but they will not kill people on purpose. The Muradis often resort to devious and indirect methods to fight the minions of evil – they are not above framing servants of the Diabolicals and leaving them to the wrath of local authorities.

The Muradis' patron, the angel Murad, is an EloHITE Master of the Light, one of Gabriel's close lieutenants. Any requests for help from the Muradis must be approved by him, and other angels who want to use "his" Soldiers must have a good reason. Murad also helps the Sufis by directing them to new recruits who have the potential to become Soldiers.

Muradi PCs must follow the brotherhood's peaceful tenets. That means no deliberate killing. In the confu-

sion of a violent struggle, however, accidents can sometimes happen – even then, a member must go through a period of fasting and prayer to atone for his misdeed. Insincere characters (especially the “accident”-prone) will be informed that “they can serve God better in another place.”

Fadil Al-Badawi, Muradi Sufi

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Status: 3

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Fighting/3, Knowledge/2 (Islam), Engineering/2, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol)

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2), Healing (Corporeal/4), Motion (Corporeal/2), Projection (Corporeal/2), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Disadvantages: Merciful/2

A gentle, ascetic-looking Egyptian, Fadil has faced demons and won. That and his strong faith make him calm and serene in nearly any situation. In mundane life he is an engineer with the Egyptian telephone service.

THE PURIFIERS

The most powerful human group involved in the War is the organization known as the Purifiers. They are the Vatican’s elite band of demon-hunters, and they’re good at what they do.

In past centuries the Church maintained more formal agencies to combat demons – the Holy Office, the Knights Templar and so on. But the Enlightenment gave the demons an opportunity to discredit the Church’s demon-hunting operations. For several decades in the 19th century the Vatican all but abandoned the effort.

In recent years the Archangels Dominic and Laurence sponsored the creation of a new demon-fighting force within the Catholic Church. They realized that large, public organizations are far too vulnerable to infiltration and propaganda, and so nowadays the Church’s Soldiers are gathered in a loose, informal group with no official existence.

Most of the Purifiers are priests or monks, principally from the Jesuit and Dominican orders. Just under a quarter of the Purifiers’ membership is female, and the proportion is slowly increasing. Several are current or former nuns (which means they can be very tough, as any Catholic elementary-school graduate can attest). There are a handful of very devout lay members, including some technical experts who learned their trade in the IRA.

The Purifiers are organized into 17 chapters, each with 10 to 12 members. There are chapters in Italy, France,

Spain, Germany, Poland, Ireland, Quebec, the eastern United States, the western United States, Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Zaire and the Philippines. The American chapters are based in Baltimore and San Francisco.

Besides the core membership, the Purifiers can mobilize allies and supporters to provide extra muscle. They have a network of mercenaries and specialists who can be relied upon. On very rare occasions, two or more chapters of the Purifiers cooperate to perform a really tough job.

The Purifiers can also draw on the Vatican’s collection of mystical Artifacts and Relics, and the Church’s vast

RELICS OF THE VATICAN

The relics in the Vatican’s possession are very powerful, and are usually employed only when there is a good chance of striking a major blow against evil. The risk of their being stolen or damaged by Diabolicals means the relics spend nearly all their time in well-guarded Tethers. Three of the most potent are:

The Holy Lance, which pierced Christ’s side as he was on the Cross. Not only is it a Holy weapon with a power of 6, it also has the chance to Redeem diabolicals struck with it. If a demon is hit with the Lance and the check digit is 5 or 6, the demon must make a roll equal to or less than his total number of Forces (demons with 12 or more Forces – including Demon Princes, of course – cannot be affected by this power). If the roll is failed, the demon’s evil nature is erased, leaving behind the angel it once was. Mortals can use it as a holy weapon, but only Celestials can employ its Redeeming ability. The Lance also functions as a Reliquary, storing 6 Essence.

The Ring of Solomon was used by that ancient king to call angels. The ring can cause an angel (who must be named by the user) to appear within 24 hours of summoning; the angel may resist this summoning with a Will roll, minus the amount of Essence the user wishes to expend (up to a maximum level of 6). Demons do not appear to be affected.

The Unicorn’s Horn is a healing relic used to keep Purifiers in the fight against evil. It contains all three Songs of Healing, at level 4, and stores 8 Essence to use them. Naturally, the Purifiers can only use it to sing the Corporeal Song of Healing.

archives. If the Purifiers know what demon they're going up against, they can check the files and learn all the target's strengths and weaknesses, then assemble the appropriate gear to counter them.

The leader of the Purifiers is Monsignor Leonardo Ferrano, a shrewd Jesuit and veteran of the Carabinieri (Italy's elite paramilitary national police force). His official position is Assistant Director of Acquisitions for the Vatican Library, and he travels all over the world buying rare books. The Purifiers' expense account is hidden in the library's acquisitions budget.

Ferrano has recently begun to suspect that the Diabolicals have one or more agents within the Purifiers. This discovery has made the Purifier leadership extremely paranoid, and much of the organization's time and resources are now occupied with internal policing.

Diabolical characters should learn to fear the Purifiers, and this can be done by the GM being careful to play them intelligently. The Purifiers won't rush in with guns blazing – they take the time, do the research, learn everything they can about the demon and then strike with cool precision. Remember, they're professionals.

Angelic PCs should not rely on the Purifiers to do all the hard work for them. There are only so many Purifiers, and they can't be constantly at the beck and call of the PCs. As servants of the Church, the Purifiers won't get involved in anything that would hurt Christianity in general or the Catholic Church in particular. (Note that they are *very* active at detecting and squashing demonic infiltration of the Church itself.)

Purifier PCs will be full-time demon hunters, getting their orders from Rome. A Purifiers campaign can be an action-packed series of demon-blasting shootouts, or a constant chess game of intrigue against the hidden Diabolicals and their human pawns.

Ladislav Budnarzik, Purifier

Corporeal Forces – 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 8 Perception 4

Status: 3

Skills: Detect Lies/1, Driving/1, Fast-Talk/1, Knowledge/2 (Demons), Ranged Weapon/3 (Rifle)

Songs: Shields (Corporeal/2)

Attunements: Blade Blessing of Laurence

Mr. Budnarzik is a trim, fit man in early middle age. A devout Catholic, he was recruited for the Purifiers after an angel noticed his unusual configuration of Forces. He lives in Chicago, but his duties as a Purifier take him all over the continent.

Miguel Huasco, Purifier Auxiliary

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 2

Skills: Dodge/4, Driving/2, Fighting/4, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol), Running/2, Throwing/2

Miguel is a skilled ordinary human, good with a gun and at keeping his mouth shut. Once a gang member in Los Angeles, he's now fighting in the ultimate turf battle. He doesn't know everything about what is going on, but he's content to follow orders and let others worry about the big picture.



THE SEAGULL SOCIETY

Special Agent Schuyler surveyed the blackened remains of the building. Forensics teams were already picking through the rubble, looking for clues.

"Reckon it was one a them militias?" The local sheriff looked and sounded like a perfect good ole boy, but Schuyler had checked his dossier before leaving Phoenix; Sheriff Modine was a competent lawman.

"Not exactly. From what the witness could tell us about the uniforms on the perps, it sounds like a more dangerous group."

"Then you know who done it?"

"I've got a good idea. It's a kind of religious terrorist organization, out to get anyone they think is serving the forces of Lucifer. They call themselves the Seagulls."

"Well, I'm a good churchgoin' man myself, but if there's anything I can do to help nail those bastards, just you let me know."

The Seagull Society is the newest organization of Soldiers in the War. Composed almost entirely of

Mormons, the Seagulls operate out of Salt Lake City and confine their activities to the western half of the United States.

The Seagull Society was established just after World War II by a group of Mormon war veterans who had become Soldiers of God during their military service. For a short time the group was sponsored by the Church of Latter-Day Saints, but that connection was severed in the early 1960s when Church leaders became uneasy about the Society's violent exploits. The name of the group comes from an event in early Utah history, when a plague of locusts was destroyed by a flock of seagulls.

Recently the Seagull Society has been forced to go underground. FBI investigations of right-wing paramilitary groups uncovered evidence of the Seagull Society's operations. (The Diabolicals helped the Feds with anonymous tips.) As far as the Feds are concerned, the Society looks like another bunch of heavily armed nutcases. To avoid further scrutiny, the Seagulls have dispersed throughout the mountain states, and communicate using an elaborate system of mail drops and codes.

No one Celestial acts as patron to the Seagull Society, but individuals or cells have ties to various members of the Host. Tharael (Ofanite Master of Valor), Rand (Malakite Servitor of David) and Evani (Kyriotate Friend of the Lord's Troops) are the three angels who work most with the Society. Evani, in particular, identifies recruits with the potential to gain a sixth Force.

The Seagull Society has a military-style chain of command. Most members are army veterans. In combat situations they wear camouflage fatigues and brown berets with a white seagull logo. Normal humans or potential Soldiers in training are privates or noncoms. Experienced Soldiers of God are officers. At the top is Col. Howard Engels, a stern ex-Green Beret.

All members of the Society are white Mormons or Protestants. Lately, there has been a dispute over whether or not the Society should admit black, Hispanic and Catholic members. Most younger Seagulls are in favor of the change. But some of the older, high-ranking Seagulls want to keep the Society lily-white. There are no women in the Seagull Society.

Will Church, Seagull Society Private

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 1



Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/4, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/4 (Rifle), Small Weapon/4 (Knife), Survival/2 (Desert)

Will is a clean-cut Army Rangers veteran, a devout Mormon and a patriotic American. His military training has made him skilled with weapons and combat equipment, and he keeps himself honed by constant exercise.

John Warden, Seagull Society Captain

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Status: 3

Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge (Accounting/1) (Commercial Ranching/2), Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/5 (Pistol), Tactics/2

Artifacts: Holy Pistol/1, 2 Holy Bullets

A year of training at the Society's ranch in Idaho allowed Captain Warden to achieve his full potential as a Soldier of God. He is a successful cattle rancher, but spends much of his time training and preparing for operations with the Seagulls. He leads a platoon of eight Seagulls based in Denver.

SAMPLE SOLDIERS OF GOD

The following Soldiers can be either allies for Angelic PCs or adversaries for Diabolicals. Some of the character descriptions make reference to specific angels or demons; GMs should feel free to substitute others suitable for their campaigns.

Aisha Hejazi

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 1 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Status: 1

Charisma: +1

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Dodge/2

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/4), Healing (Corporeal/4), Possession (Corporeal/6), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Perhaps the most unlikely Soldier of God is Aisha Hejazi, a 9-year-old girl who inexplicably possesses several powerful Songs. No angel will admit teaching them to her, and Aisha herself refuses to say where she learned them. Despite her youth, Aisha is very wise about the War, and has helped her angelic friends on a number of occasions. Some strange twist of destiny seems to put her in the middle of Celestial goings-on with remarkable frequency. Aisha is unaware that she is guarded by Amal, a Cherub Servitor of Novalis (or any Cherub PC).

Aisha is a dark, slender girl with long hair and a solemn look. She lives with her parents, who are wealthy professionals in the suburbs of Washington, D.C.

Miriam Kahn

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 5 Perception 3

Status: 4

Charisma: +1

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/4, Knowledge/6 (Law), Lying/4, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/3

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/3), Tongues (Corporeal/2)

Artifacts: Holy Pistol/1, with 1 Holy Bullet

Discord: Geas/5

A high-powered lawyer with a New York firm, Miriam is a useful source of information and legal help for Celestials. Miriam has contacts in the legal world, and some of her clients are important in their own right. As a successful attorney, Miriam also has a healthy bank account to help out angels with money.

She has one big secret which she has not revealed to any of her angelic “clients” – she is in debt to one of the Lilim. Back in law school, Miriam had a serious car accident just after her insurance policy expired. She needed

a lot of money for her own bills and to repay the other driver. Fortunately, a friend was able to give her \$100,000. Unfortunately, the “friend” was actually a Temptress. Now Miriam owes a Level 5 favor. Her demonic benefactor has yet to call in the debt, and Miriam has been striving to accumulate angelic allies in the hope of getting out of her obligation.

Miriam is a small, birdlike woman with a forceful personality. She lives in an expensive condominium overlooking Central Park, but doesn’t own a car.



Morris Levy

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 1 Perception 3

Status: 3

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Electronics/3, Knowledge/6 (Physics), Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol)

Artifacts: Entropy Device/2, Projection Device/1

Discord: Merciful/2

Professor Morris Levy is a brilliant researcher in high-energy physics. His papers on physics and cosmology appear in the most prestigious journals, and his lab at the University of Washington attracts the best and brightest graduate students.

Dr. Levy’s attitude towards the angels is one of intense curiosity. His glimpses of the Symphony have only increased his hunger to see more, and he has constructed some equipment that he hopes will enable him to study and describe it scientifically. He constantly pesters Celestials with questions, and would love to get the chance to study one under controlled conditions.

Dr. Levy has also begun creating devices which can duplicate the effects of certain Songs – the Corporeal Songs of Entropy and Projection. His angelic allies have asked him to keep all his notes and devices secret, and Levy has done his best to comply. In the wrong hands, they could be very destructive.

As a well-known scientist, Levy has contacts throughout the academic world, and knows many researchers at government facilities and private corporations.

Morris Levy is a graying, bearded man in his late forties. He lives with his wife and children in a comfortable home overlooking Puget Sound.

David Myers

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 2 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 2

Charisma: -1

Skills: Computer Operation/6, Electronics/6, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/6 (Computer Security), Knowledge/4 (Telephone Systems), Lying/4

Discord: Slothful/2

David is an unwilling Soldier of God, who would like nothing better than to leave the whole business of the War to the Celestials. Unfortunately, he's being blackmailed by an angel. Othniel, a Mercurian servitor of Jean, has some evidence that could send David to jail for a long time. So for now, he's a Soldier whether he likes it or not.

David's value to the Host is that he's an ace computer hacker. In fact, it's evidence of his electronic peccadilloes that Othniel is threatening to hand over to the FBI. There aren't many computer systems that David can't get into, and he's very good at not leaving traces of his presence. He can reach most civilian computer systems by phone, but top-secret scientific or military computers are isolated and would require him to actually visit the facility to do his hacking.

The results might be interesting if word of David's dilemma ever reached one of the Diabolicals. Meeting a demon face to face might turn David into a sincere believer in the side of Heaven. Or he might decide to turn double agent, in the hope of eliminating Othniel and those annoying disks.

In person, David is shy, overweight and poorly groomed. But over a computer bulletin board he is caustic and egotistical.

He lives in a tiny apartment with no TV, no stove and six phone lines.

Rusty

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 2 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 2 Perception 10

Charisma: +1

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Dodge/4, Fighting/4, Move Silently/4, Running/4, Swimming/2, Tracking/6

Songs: Form (Corporeal/4)

Teeth: Fangs/2 (0 Essence)

Disadvantages: Damaged Vision/2 (nearsighted and color-blind), Crippled/2 (no hands)

Rusty is a big, friendly-looking dog – a golden retriever-Irish setter mix. But thanks to the Archangel Eli, he is now a Soldier of God. Smarter than many humans,

Rusty is still handicapped by his lack of hands and inability to speak.

Since nobody suspects a dog of being anything but a dumb animal, Rusty is a perfect lookout and scout. His canine sense of smell makes him an excellent tracker, and when trouble starts, he's got a mouthful of big white teeth.

Rusty is clever, brave, and utterly dedicated to the war against the Diabolicals. He likes people, but likes angels even more (they smell interesting). His human "owners" are unaware of their pet's new career as a K-9 of God. All they know is that their dog sometimes disappears for a couple of days at a time, and comes home limping and exhausted.



Angela Sereno

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessel: Human/4 (Charisma +1)

Role: Private Detective/6, Status 3

Skills: Dodge/3, Driving/2, Lying/6, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol), Tracking/2

Songs: Harmony (Ethereal/3), Numinous Corpus (Tongue/4), Shields (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Humanity

Discord: Paranoia/4

Angela Sereno is a very effective Soldier, whose help has been instrumental in thwarting numerous Diabolic plots. She is a private investigator by profession, and her skills are quite useful to her angelic friends. She lives alone in an old-fashioned house that doubles as her office, and drives a fast sports car.

There's only one problem with Angela: she's a fake. Angela Sereno is really the demon Ubbenil, a Balseraph servitor of Asmodeus. Using her Servitor Attunement of Humanity, she has been masquerading as a mortal for years. Most of the demons she has helped to destroy were in fact Renegades, although her master has fed her information about the operations of rival Princes in order to improve her cover.

In her human guise, Angela is an athletic, cheerfully competent woman. She is quite attractive and seemingly devoted to stopping the Diabolicals. She smiles a lot.



SAINTS

When Soldiers die – provided they’ve served faithfully and haven’t managed to get their Forces scattered to the winds by a vengeful demon – they ascend to Heaven where they dwell in paradise. Some, however, feel the call of the Symphony too strongly and want to continue the struggle against the other side. These are the *bodhisattvas* (see p. 14). Many bodhisattvas are content to work with Laurence in the Council Spires of Heaven (see *In Nomine*, p. 137), but some are impelled to return to Earth. Their desire to help their fellow humans is overpowering, and finally even the archangels agree that the Symphony would be better served were these souls returned to Corporeal form. These special souls are commonly known as Saints.

THE SAINTLY IMPULSE

Any soul in Heaven can potentially become a saint; all it takes is an archangel who feels that the soul has unique contributions to make to the war on Earth. Such souls were almost always Soldiers in life, but mundane humans are sometimes chosen. No matter the soul’s accomplishments on Earth, however, it’s still up to the archangel to decide if the soul is right for the job – and if he has a place for yet another saint. Except for Michael (see p. 46), a typical archangel will not want to have more than a few dozen active saints on the payroll (as it were) at a

time, lest the world be overrun with the meddling souls of the dead. Therefore, they are extremely selective.

The key factor in determining the validity of the saintly impulse is honesty. Souls will not lie, but they may be overcome with a passion for things left undone and this will cloud their self-examination. The would-be saint must have a genuine, heartfelt desire to improve the lot of humanity in general (rather than specific loved ones, friends, cities, nations or races), and must have skills, experiences or goals that will make his or her contributions unique. Each archangel has particular requirements as well, summarized in the boxed text on p. 46.

THE SAINTLY PETITION

The Catholic Church requires a *bona fide* miracle to establish sainthood; Heaven has lower standards.

For starters, the soul must find a Superior – an archangel who will sponsor the soul’s sainthood and whom the soul will report to while on Earth. If the soul was a Soldier in life, this archangel will almost always be the one the soul served while a Soldier. (If a soul goes to a different archangel right off the bat, that archangel will want to know why the soul didn’t go to the existing Superior.) Mundanes who seek an archangel should pick one on the basis of interest. What sort of work does the soul seek to do on Earth? What kinds of responsibilities would the soul like to have? Consider these questions, and then seek an archangel with an appropriate area of endeavor.

With a desired Superior chosen, the soul must petition the archangel in question for sainthood. This usually

involves an explanation of why sainthood is desired and what the would-be saint will seek to accomplish. This petition is key: the soul must persuade the archangel that he or she truly possesses the saintly impulse. Once a Superior has accepted the soul's petition, he grants a new vessel to the soul and sends it to the corporeal realm.

THE SAINTLY CHARACTER

In game terms, a newly minted saint is a celestial being with 7 Forces. Soldier souls, therefore, add one to their existing forces and augment their characteristics accordingly; mundane souls add two. Saints are encouraged to have at least two of each Force to reflect their increased understanding of the Symphony. Any soul with only one of some type of Force should increase that Force before increasing any other.

The saint's new vessel (which costs no character points; it was earned in Heaven) has a level equal to the saint's Corporeal forces, but additional character points can be spent to raise this if desired. A Role may be purchased, but it is no more required for saints than for celestials.

The additional character points gained in sainthood may be spent freely, but usually go towards Songs – especially if the soul was a mundane who knew none. Saints may access all three types of Songs, but archangels are picky about which they will teach their saints. Suggested Songs for each archangel are listed in the box on p. 46.

Saints also gain 10 points that may only be spent to buy a servitor attunement with their Superior. Saints do not gain any benefits specific to Choirs.

Saints can manipulate Essence and can perceive the Symphony. They can engage in combat on the corporeal, ethereal and celestial levels. They have a celestial form, which looks like a ghostly apparition of their formerly mortal self. They can receive Distinctions. They cannot, however, use resonance or cause dissonance; their celestial experience has opened their eyes to the workings of the Symphony, but they are still close enough to their humanity that they do not disturb the Symphony's workings.

THE SAINTLY LIFE

If angels are the warriors of light, saints are the medics. They avoid celestial and demonic intrigue as much as possible, preferring to spend their time helping humans with their particular problems. They work to further the interests of their Superiors, but more in ideological terms than in concrete machinations. The entries on p. 46 (Saints and Superiors) describe the kinds of things that each Superior expects his or her saints to do.

Saints don't mind getting their hands dirty, however. Since saints can perceive the Symphony, they will quick-



SAINTS AND SUPERIORS

Each archangel has particular goals that they want their saints to pursue. Each archangel also has particular Songs that he or she prefers to grant.

Saints of Blandine assist her angels on Earth and help guide dreamers away from trouble. Blandine teaches the Songs of Dreams, Healing and Tongues.

Saints of David encourage lonely people to get out more, to go to the gym, to join a bowling league (or cycle gang), to become a Freemason, whatever – just get *out* and *join* something. David teaches the Songs of Form, Shields and Thunder.

Saints of Dominic are watchers. They respond to any dissonance they detect, and if it's an angel's fault, Dominic finds out right away. His saints also appear wherever human law becomes especially unjust or perverted, and work to correct it. Dominic teaches the Songs of Charm and Entropy.

Saints of Eli are rare, since he has not been in Heaven to receive petitions for a long, long time. Eli's few saints – free spirits and helping hands, all – can communicate with him at any of his Tethers. Eli teaches any and all Songs.

Saints of Gabriel are also rare, but in this case it's because she is too angry and distracted to take the time to create them. The few saints she has are itinerant, and wrathful towards predatory, malignant humans. Her saints can communicate with her at any of her Tethers. Gabriel teaches the Songs of Charm and Thunder.

Saints of Janus are infiltrators. They work their way into all types of groups (companies, political parties, terrorist factions) slowed by bureaucracy and inertia and incite them towards greater action – of whatever sort they practice. Janus teaches the Songs of Motion and Tongues.

Saints of Jean work tirelessly to keep technological items from breaking down or malfunctioning at moments critical to human life. When a transformer is about to blow and plunge a hospital into darkness, a saint of Jean is there to repair it at the last minute. Jean teaches the Songs of Motion and Projection.

Saints of Jordi almost all take animal vessels and spend their time in the wild, not sleeping or eating, trying to save lives. (Prior to a mudslide, for example, the saints of Jordi will spend hours chasing away all the wildlife.) Saints of Jordi with human vessels are rare, but usually take roles as environmental activists. Jordi teaches the Songs of Harmony, Healing and Tongues.

Saints of Laurence concern themselves almost exclusively with the Christian Church. His saints do the good work of the church in bureaucratic fashion; they are assigned to congregations and generally work to ensure that the faithful in the church live happier lives as a result. He teaches the Songs of Healing, Motion and Tongues.

Saints of Marc are Divine manipulators of Adam Smith's "invisible hand." They often appear as older business people with mysteriously built fortunes. They invest in companies with good products and no other financing, giving advice and concerning themselves with the outcome of the product more than the profit (though the profit is important). The financial world calls these investors "angels" for a reason. Marc teaches the Songs of Dreams, Projection and Tongues.

Saints of Michael are conspirators. They infiltrate any organization that he suspects of infernal influence, or of being desirable to infernal forces. While they will quietly oppose the infernal whenever they can without drawing attention to themselves, their real purpose is as moles: they worm their way deep into bureaucracies, regimes and militaries. Then they wait for orders from Michael – and some have been waiting *centuries*. Michael understands the value of servitors who don't create dissonance, but rather than have them whacking on bad people all the time (and thereby bringing down the wrath of Dominic and others), he wants his saints in useful positions when the Day comes. The Day is whenever the infernal forces get their act together enough to make a big strike; at that point, large groups of Michael's saints – and he has more than a *thousand* – will make their move. Massive bloodshed will ensue, directly and indirectly, but no dissonance will be generated. (This last happened in World War II.) Michael has so many saints because he's been around so long, and because his saints don't make waves – and hence don't get whacked by demons. Michael teaches all Songs.

Saints of Novalis are just really swell. They roam the earth, looking for trouble and making things better. When they've done their work, they slip away and most people forget they were ever around. Novalis teaches the Songs of Dreams, Harmony and Healing.

Saints of Yves make the acquaintance of humans nearing their Destiny, then make the subtle efforts that only another human can make to help them reach that point. Yves teaches the Songs of Attraction, Form and Tongues.

ly respond to dissonance in their area; since they do not cause dissonance themselves, they can often take more drastic action than an angel could. This makes demons

very leery of saints. Saints may not be as powerful as angels, but they can act more freely – and unlike Soldiers (who aren't celestials), saints can survive the destruction



of their vessel and even make ethereal or celestial attacks. Many a demon has roughed up some innocent bystander who steps into a crisis situation, only to find that the bystander is a saint . . . and the demon usually suffers for it. (Demons often grouse that saints don't play fair – angels feel the same way about the undead.)

Still, if a panicky angel runs into a saint and bellows something about how the Sanguine Toilet Plunger has been stolen by demons and they've got to get it back *right away*, the saint will usually brush off the request. You see, Tom Deakins is having a hard time relating to his mother right now, and he's under a lot of stress at work, and what he really needs is to run into a friendly stranger at a local bar whom he can pour out his troubles to, and that's where I'm headed right now because I'm that friendly stranger and Tom will walk in the door in about six minutes, so I really can't help you out.

THE SAINTLY CAREER

Assuming they serve their Superior well and keep the Symphony humming, saints will be rewarded. Just like Soldiers, saints receive Forces, Songs, Attunements and Rites from their Superiors in exchange for good service.

Saints occupy an unusual position in the ranks of servitors. Because they have many of the same abilities as angels and yet do not cause dissonance, they can do things no angel would dare. Saints are very valuable to archangels for this reason, but they also pose a threat:

abusing the dissonance-free nature of saints to do things an angel would Fall for is certain to draw the ire of Dominic. Archangels generally like to have their saints just handle minor problems and get to know the territory, and avoid drastic action except in the most exceptional of circumstances. But it is precisely in those circumstances that saints excel: when the chips are down, saints can kick ass for the Lord without fear of dissonance.

This is not to say that saints have it easy; they are a favorite target of demons, and their Vessels are as subject to corporeal death as any other. When that happens, the saint's forces coalesce back in heaven, somewhere in the home of the Superior who sent them to Earth. After recovering from Trauma (see *In Nomine*, p. 67), the saint may claim his heavenly reward – or seek a new Vessel and assignment from his Superior. Most Superiors are even less likely to send a saint back for a repeat performance, instead encouraging the faithful servant to enter paradise. If a saint is defeated in Celestial combat, he is subject to the loss of Forces (see *In Nomine*, p. 64) and runs the danger of being reduced to a Remnant or even being destroyed utterly.

In the grand scheme of the War, saints will never charge *en masse* across a celestial battlefield and storm the gates of Hell. Yet they are large of heart and generous of spirit, and having been mortal once they will not soon forget how very hard – or how very wonderful – it is to be human.

SOLDIERS OF HELL

"Oh, Amanda. You were born for this. Out of your own pain can be birthed so many things." His soft, pale white hand caressed her alabaster cheek. Her emerald eyes looked up at him. He parted her black hair-tangle and cupped her cheek. "Haven't you always known that one day you would be more than you are?"

She had been crying nearly all night. Cal had visited her in the hospital, had been visiting her for the past three nights, somehow walking in past the guards, the nurses, the doctors. He loved her, or so he said. She had found herself telling him all about her father, who was a senator, and how he had treated her. She'd been surprised to find someone who, for once, didn't want her to get big and bloated and fat. Who agreed that food was the enemy, that it was better to be thin.

"He loved his darling girl. But you must know – my love for you is so different. I'm here to take you out of your pain, not give you more."

She shook. She might be paper-thin, but she was still shaking from hunger. She couldn't remember the last time she had eaten, which was good. If she ate she'd be fat again. Cal had made the nurse forget to feed her, forget the evil IV through which she force-fed Amanda.

He'd also told her something else. That he was a demon. "Word-bound" – but he wouldn't tell her which word.

She didn't believe him, of course. Somewhere in the midst of her hunger and her pain she knew that he was truly different – maybe just plain insane.

Maybe one of the crazy people who seemed to be all over the hospital.

"You're sick, Cal."

"And you're healthy?"

She turned back to him. "That's not fair."

"My people aren't fair. You're lucky, you know. I never had a mother, or a father. I never had anyone who cared for me. At least your mother protected you, cared for you."

She nodded slowly, her mouth falling open. "I never thought about that. That you never had parents. Demons don't have parents?"

"Your mother . . . you know, we could let you talk to her."

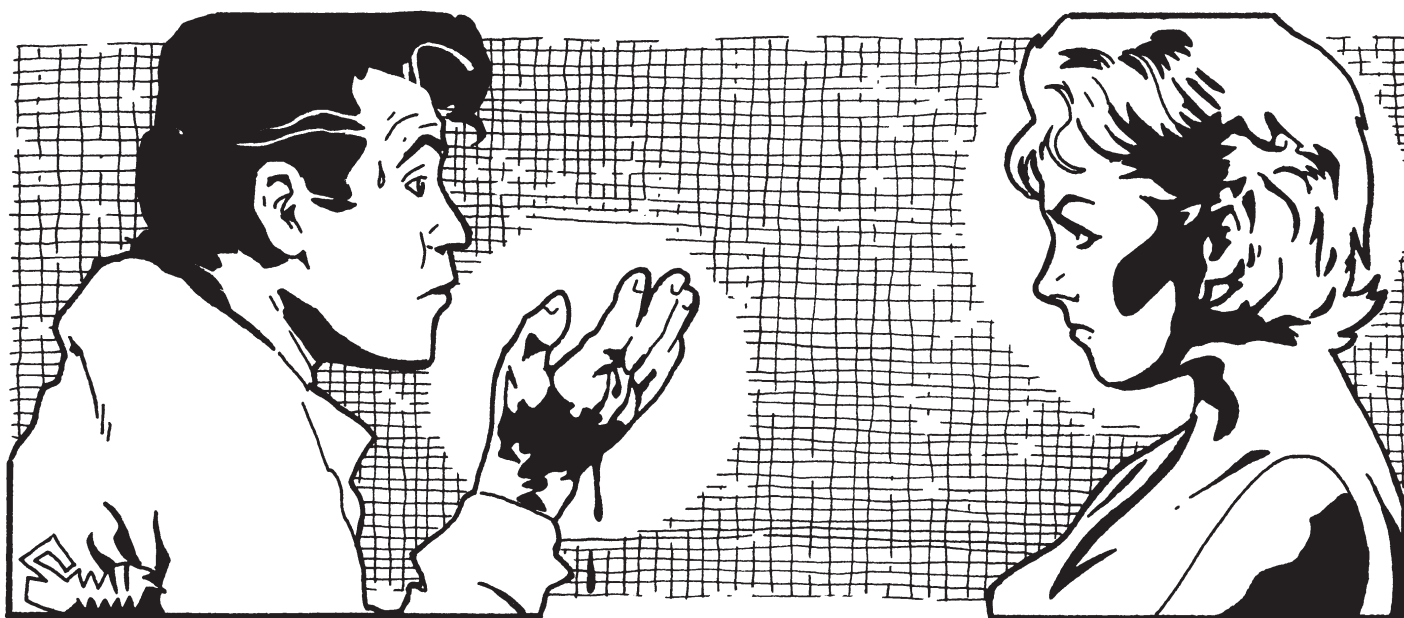
"We?"

"I have friends with connections. I'm sure we could look her up. I'm sure she'd love to see what her little girl has become."

Amanda shivered as if she had been bitten. She felt so guilty about what had happened between her mother's death and now. She wouldn't be able to look her mother in the eye. She was dirty now. And fat.

Cal watched her feel her shame, her degradation. He touched her back, moving over old cigarette burn scars down to





her wrists, knotted with the hickeys of her previous knife-kisses. "I'm sure your mother still loves you, dear."

She tossed her head, looked at him. "You think so?"

He nodded. "Oh yes. And we could help . . . help you with your eating problem, so you wouldn't be ashamed to be seen by her."

She stopped for a moment at that. She had no idea why she knew, but she knew somehow that what Cal was saying was true. She knew he had the power to do what he said.

"You'd do that for me?" she asked, hope rising in her heart.

Cal took out a piece of laser paper, printed with rows and rows of straight, sans-serif letters, lots of words she didn't understand. It looked like Greek or some other ancient script. There was a place for her to sign. "I can make it so you never have to worry again, Amanda."

She looked at him. "So, what . . . am I signing my soul away, or something?"

Cal nodded, smiled, looked back at her. "That's exactly right."

She looked down at it. She took the pen he offered her. "No need for blood – it was just symbolic before, anyway."

The scratching on the paper was like tapping on an eggshell, of a baby bird waiting to be born. She knew she was being born. She felt her entire body changing as she wrote her name, and put down the pen, closing her eyes. For the first time she felt the sad hunger inside of her cease. Cal's eyes were loving as he saw his Resonance work.

"There. Mommy would be so proud, Amanda . . ." Cal said, smiling, kissing her deeply, encircling her heart with one of his long fingernails. ". . . and now you are mine." His soft lips bent to kiss her dry, cracked ones.

It was not until much later that Amanda looked at Cal close enough to count his eyes.

THE BIG LIE

Soldiers of Hell wage the War for the Infernal in many ways, not all of them necessarily violent. Many fight directly against the forces of Light, but many work quietly to bring other humans to their Fate – no one knows how to damn like the damned. They are, however, Soldiers of their own free will. They chose their dark path.

The game mechanics of becoming a Soldier of Hell are pretty much the same as becoming a Soldier of God (see p. 30). Only mortals with six or more Forces can become Soldiers; most gain their sixth Force through either a twisted rite under the supervision of a Demon Prince or a long history of dedicated service to selfishness, and a precious few are born that way.

Giving a mortal a sixth Force requires an Attunement called "Oathtaking." Every Demon Prince has it, and it is one of the most common Attunements handed out as a reward. Any Word-bound demon (non-Word-bound demons are incapable of learning Oathtaking) who has served his Prince with a moderate level of distinction has probably been given this Attunement as a reward.

Even then, this Attunement will only work on mortals who have the potential to absorb a sixth Force. Some, no matter how hard they've trained and how much they want it, just can't handle the process. These unlucky souls usually die and become Mummies (see p. 60).

The process which makes a Hellsworn out a normal person varies. Each trip down the Iron Road to damnation is different, each descent into darkness specifically twisted to fit the prospective Soldier. The time it takes to make a new Soldier from a Recruit is wildly variable.

Recruitment is broken down into these stages: first

contact, threshold (also called awakening, revelation, or "The Big Lie"), recognition, testing and acceptance.

First Contact is when a demon or Soldier makes contact with a person who might be Hellsworn material. It could be anywhere – it's important to always keep your eyes peeled for someone who might be recruitable. Because of their resonance, Lilim are excellent at finding potential Soldiers, but many of them refuse aid to anyone in direct Recruitment, seeing it as a violation of freedom.



Almost all Lilim are not above geasing a mortal into infernal damnation, however.

In order to properly Recruit, one must find a human with just the right balance of self-doubt and desire, selfishness and self-hatred, to properly enact the alchemy of corruption. Baseraphs (when they can spare the time)

excel at this dance of lies and revelations.

Or, a demon can do like the Shedim do . . . just screw with someone's head long enough to break them. The quality of Soldier, however, reflects the kind of recruitment they received. It's easy to take a bunch of gun-toting rednecks and turn them into slaving demon-loving Hellsworn – but if they're apt to open fire in a supermarket when the deli clerk isn't fast enough for them, how much good will they be under real pressure?

Of particular value are Recruits who already have their sixth Force. Since no Superiors have to be brought in to add a Force that's already there, an enterprising demon can swear a Soldier into service without telling anyone else about his secret resource. It's a dangerous game to play, however, as most demons' superiors will react badly to discovering they've been held out on.

Soldiers of Hell are all living mortals. Undead, another type of servant common to demons, are discussed on p. 59 and in *In Nomine*.

In general there are two kinds of Recruits – the rationalists and the realists. The rationalists are those who don't like to think too hard about what they've done, and find some way to hide the truth from themselves. Words like "damnation," "Hell," "demon" and "Lucifer" might make them uneasy, until they rationalize things to their liking. The realists, however, know what they have done and either don't care, think it's cool or embrace Hell as a

rebellion of their own, the kind of Fall only a human can perform.

But it has to be the Recruit's choice, free and clearly made (however deluded they might be), to throw in with the Diabolic. When all is said and done, a Recruit must agree to serve Hell.

Frequently demons (particularly the Word-Bound) require an oath of service, usually one in which the new Soldier swears to serve Hell and Lucifer, repudiates God and his Angels, and acknowledges that his soul is forfeit (but see *Redemption*, below). It can be as simple as marriage, with the Soldier saying "I do" at the right places, or as complicated as a recitation in Biblical Hebrew while dribbling lamb's blood over sacred symbols.

Frequently (perhaps because of Nybbas' "Demons Are Cool" media campaigns) there are would-be Recruits who have read all the books, done all the dark deeds and really want to be Soldiers, but have yet to come across a real demon. There are far too many wannabes out there who are sacrificing cats, drawing their names in blood and getting their friends to sign pacts with Lucifer . . . and are still completely ignored by Hell, because they're too *lame* to be Soldier material. In some areas, demons have their pick of any number of willing Recruits.

WELCOME TO THE DARK EARTH

After initiation, the new Soldier will meet more of the community of damned souls in the area. The demon who initiated him (his Master, or in formal style, his Oath-taker) may introduce him to bankers, bikers or ordinary-looking housewives. Still, it takes some time between recognition of a Soldier's oath and true acceptance into the diabolic community. Often, other Hellsworn will hand off particularly foul duties to the new guy, as a test . . . or just because they can.

Status among the Soldiers of Hell is based purely around conspicuous demonic interaction. A Soldier who has lunch every Thursday with his Master has a lot more status than one who hasn't seen a single Infernal since he was initiated.

Any and all demons will expect total obedience from the Soldiers they meet, but they don't always get it . . . if the Soldier is tough and brave enough to say no.

Instant obedience to allied demons is expected and enforced, however. A few demon Servitors (particularly those of Lilith, Kobal and Valefor) give their Soldiers more scope for creativity, but even they won't tolerate outright rebellion.

So how does a Hellsworn know which demons to obey and which ones to balk . . . when often the demons don't tell *each other* who they work for? Well, that can be a problem. Many a minion of evil has found himself in a

no-win situation, and shortly after that has met his Master in Hell.

If a Soldier has only mildly displeased his Master, however (or perhaps just hasn't measured up to expectations, or sometimes for no apparent reason at all), he may find himself handed off to a new Master. This is rarely an improvement in the Soldier's situation. Hellsworn are a sort of demonic coin, and are frequently sold, traded or just given away for any number of incomprehensible reasons.

Still, if a Soldier proves useful, and doesn't do much to tax the patience of his Master or any senior demon, then frequently he'll be rewarded with infernal favors (especially those involving further sins, such as revenge, a good lover or recreational chemicals) and little presents, like minor artifacts.

Too often, however, mass graves of Hellsworn are filled up in the back lots of the world and torched by a Calabim who likes the smell – and when they get to Hell, they learn just how little anyone truly cares about their service on Earth.

Stories abound among the Hellsworn of those who have made themselves a place in the Pit after death, and have even become demons. It can happen. But the truth is that Soldiers are usually Fated to die horrific deaths and to spend eternity screaming in Hell. Their enemies

are legion (Soldiers of God, angels, other Soldiers of Hell, demons and other creatures – not to mention most normal humans). Few, besides the Archangel Yves and some soft-hearted demon hunters, believe that they are worth attempting to save.

A DAY IN THE DARK

What does a Soldier do all day?

It depends on the demon, or demons, he serves. Some keep their servants at arm's length; others micro-manage even the smallest of decisions (the Shedim are terrible about this).

If a Soldier had a life before he became Hellsworn, then he might be told to go back to that life, settle in and wait. It might be years before his Master gives him an order – and in the meantime he has the ability to spend his Essence wisely to improve his own lot in life. If you didn't know that guy was damned, you might think he was really smart or lucky.

If a Soldier had no life, (if he was a bum, or homeless, or a criminal on the run) before his swearing, he might become a full-time Hellsworn, and go to work in the diabolic underworld, doing "special tasks" and staying out of sight. Or he might become a spy by hiding in plain sight, or be assigned as a regular host for a Shedim. Idle hands might make the Devil's tools, but Soldiers are too precious to be allowed to just lay about.

Some demons enjoy the company of their Soldiers and hang out with them all the time. Impudites and Calabites are especially fond of Hellsworn company – the Impudites like buddies, the Calabim like punching bags. Many others prefer to keep their contact with their Soldiers at a minimum. And really valuable Soldiers need some protective secrecy if there are warrior angels around (scum Hellsworn, on the other hand, make great *bait* for warrior angels).

Some Infernals set up a complicated web of contacts, or have a senior Soldier do it. Demons serving Valefor frequently use e-mail and faxes to communicate to their Soldiers, Nybbas' servants use the media ("It's 64 degrees and time for Harold McConnell to perjure himself on the witness stand"), Andreaphus' Servitors make their Soldiers call 1-900 numbers, and Kobal's demons are fond of putting their infernal commands in Chinese fortune cookies ("You are about to kill your best friend. Have a nice day.").

This doesn't mean that a demon won't step in to aid a Soldier in trouble. Much depends on the value that Soldier has to his Master – and how much trouble the demon would get into in helping. Often demons treat their Soldiers much as they are used to being treated by their Superiors – Baal's demons rule their soldiers with



an iron hand, while Lilith's daughters would never think of ordering their Soldiers about. They just make a request they know will be granted . . .

THE DARKEST ARMY

The diversity of the Fallen, the multiplicity of their Superiors and the uniqueness of each individual Soldier's recruitment, level of training and capability mean that there is no universal standard of quality for Soldiers of Hell.

In general there are three echelons of Hellsworn. The lowest are the grunts, the expendables. Most are recruited from the gutters, the trailer parks and the demon-worshipping teenagers who think selling your soul to the Devil is cool. Baal sees no problem in using them as Malakite-fodder. Grunts are rarely given unsupervised missions, and most demons loathe spending time with them. Some survive long enough to learn and advance.

Smarter or better-placed Soldiers are given special training and become clerks, couriers, bodyguards, scouts and hired guns. Many learn to focus their perceptions on the Symphony and detect disturbances in it, and to recognize angels and angelic types. Some are taught a few Corporeal Songs.

The highest class of Hellsworn are those who've gained 7 or even 8 Forces. Having learned several Corporeal Songs (and a great deal about celestial society), they have become a force to be reckoned with among the Infernals on Earth – they're stronger than many demons! Perhaps they control other Hellsworn, or even have been given a Gremlin or Imp to help them. It is these Hellsworn who believe they have the best chance of becoming a demon at death, depending on how they play their cards. A Soldier of this class is usually passing familiar with the rudiments of the Demonic tongue, so as to better eavesdrop for his Master.

THE FALLEN AND THE DAMNED

The relationship between a demon and his Soldier will vary depending on the demon's Prince, any Discord he has, the distinctions he has and any Word he may possess. Most of all, though, it depends on the demon's Band.

Balseraphs tend to recruit those who trust and believe in them utterly. Their fiercest supporters are their Soldiers. In some ways they are quite intimate with these humans who have come to believe so totally in them – the Hellsworn will see his demon as a parent, sibling or lover. There is little conflict between Master and mortal, as the human believes quite firmly that his best interest is to serve completely and totally. Just because they are intimate with their servants doesn't mean Balseraphs won't burn one in a heartbeat. Balseraphs usually don't spend too much energy hanging onto their servants. They'll just convince themselves that the servant in trouble was never really needed or important . . . before moving on to the next mortal fool.

Djinns are the ultimate passive-aggressives. They want to be needed by their servant, but they can't be bothered to show that they give a damn. They're afraid of becoming attached permanently to a servant. Becoming attuned to their servant will make them incredibly cranky and will make them verbally abusive to this person they can't harm. On the other hand, a Djinn will frequently want to attune himself to a Soldier just to keep tabs on him. A Djinn's obsessions will cause him to force his Soldiers to do very strange

things from time to time (such as protecting the last can of Swoosh cola in the grocery case until he gets back, or helping him find a pet rat who accidentally got loose and is now somewhere in the sewers). The Djinn will, however, be likely to protect a Soldier servant of his, and will frequently respond to pleas.



Soldiers who serve the **Calabim** find themselves constantly walking on eggshells, stepping around the fury within their Master. Calabites abuse their Soldiers, hurting them casually and often, making them willing to do anything to stay on the demon's good side. Which is just how the Calabim like it.

A **Habbalah** is a puppet master who controls his servant Soldiers through fear, rage and hate. Though they despise weakness, they often find that they are Masters of particularly weak slaves, especially after the constant emotional assault that they dole out. Habbalah view their servants with a kind of cold disdain; they are cheap tools to be used and tossed aside. Only those who emulate their hatred of weakness can hope to receive approval, and even then the slightest error will send the Habbalah into a scathing attack. You can tell a Soldier who serves a Habbalah by the burned-out look in his eyes, and the fact that he's had so many emotions lately that he can't seem to generate a single one without Celestial prompting.

Soldiers who serve **Lilim** are as free as any Hellsworn can be. Lilim can be quite fair bosses, even if they are frequently manipulative as all Hell. Most Soldiers serving a Lilim do so fervently and lovingly, and are more apt to exercise their own decision-making powers – the Lilim encourage their servants to think for themselves. Of course, for some reason most of their Soldiers can't seem to work off all of their Geases, and in fact, seem strangely addicted to what the Lilim has to offer them.

Shedim are fond of having two or three beautifully twisted souls as Soldiers. A Shedite will don his servants like outfits to fit his changing moods – one night he'll be the little girl who catches neighborhood dogs and mails their tongues to her neighbors, and the next day he'll be the investment banker who is slowly drowning in cocaine.

The relationship between a Soldier and an **Impudite** is very co-dependent. The Soldier wants to serve this utterly charming, wonderful person, and the Impudite wants Essence. Soldiers of the Impudites frequently have especially bad luck. Other than that, however, most Soldiers who serve Impudites have a very caring boss, who will frequently offer help and be a hands-on manager. And (as the Impudite will remind his Soldier) it's better than working for a Calabite or a Habbalite.



THE LEGIONS OF HELL ON EARTH

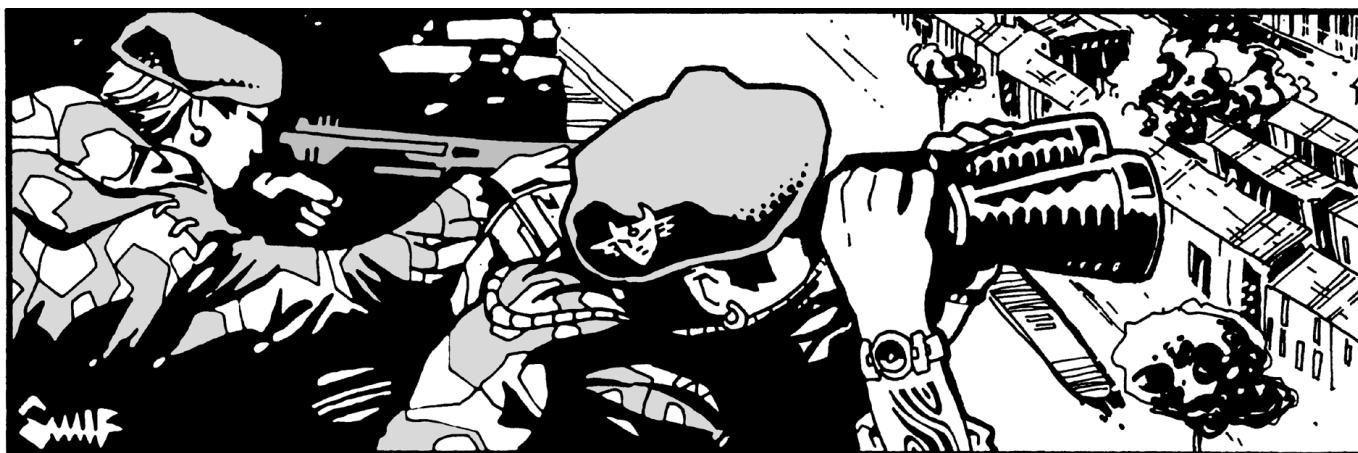
There are many groups of Soldiers, some as large as an army, others as small as an advertising firm. Every major organization of Soldiers is ultimately supported and controlled by one or more Princes.

Below are a few typical Hellsworn groupings.

THE HELLFORCE

The Hellforce is a large organization with strands reaching over most of the world. Under Baal's direction, it is the largest human-related operation in the War. It is also one of the only War initiatives that involves several Demon Princes in cooperation, which everyone takes as an indication of just how important the Hellforce is to Lucifer's plans.

The backbone of this webwork is a group of agents called the Heralds (usually serving demons of Vapula) who maintain computer networks, telephone connections, and, where necessary, physical messaging services to keep Command & Control of the army. Darkeyes are spies (serving demons of Asmodeus) whose mission is to "listen" for signs of Angelic intervention in the Symphony and in the media and report to the nearest Herald. Response teams (called Hellhounds) of agent-level Soldiers are then dispatched through Baal's servi-



tors to deal with the situation first, followed up quickly by demon gangs. Usually a team of agents will have been in the area for some time when the demons arrive, debrief them and move on to the next assignment.

Whispers among the infernal host say that Baal is capable of raising an army of grunts from any major city and deploying them within a week – although if this is true, a lot of demons are being killed in back alleyways when they could have been rescued.

Special demon missions are frequently backed up by the Hellforce, providing both needed transport and back-up. Or, in many cases, cannon fodder.

Typical Herald

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 1 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 1 Perception 7

Status: 1

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Knowledge (Angels)/3, Knowledge (Surveillance)/4, Knowledge (Telecom) /4, Move Silently/6, Lockpicking/3

This is a typical communications expert – trained to listen, watch, look and report back exactly what he heard.

Typical Darkeye

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 2 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 1

Skills: Fast Talk/3, Knowledge (Angels)/2, Knowledge (Interrogation)/3, Lockpicking/3, Lying/4, Move Silently/3, Savoir-Faire/3, Small Weapon (Knife)/3

This Soldier has the personality of a ruthless ferret. He (or she) moves through society at will, able to penetrate enemy operations and get exactly what he wants.

Typical Hellhound

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 1

Skills: Dodge/4, Fighting/4, Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon/4 (Assault Rifle), Small Weapon/4 (Knife), Tactics/4 (Street fighting)

He knows what it is like to fight on the streets and has no problem taking the battle there. Trained to get in, get out and take no prisoners, this Hellhound is usually loaded for bear.

Malphas controls his own Shadow Corps, agents similar to the Darkeyes who are his eyes and ears, and who report only to his demons. There is no way to tell to what extent Malphas has penetrated the Hellforce, and frequently Baal discovers quite by accident that one of his “soldiers” is one of Malphas’ demons in disguise.

HELLFIRE PRODUCTIONS

This group is sponsored by Andrealphus, and owns and operates a number of Hellfire Society nightclubs throughout the United States and Europe. The Hellfire Society promotes alternative lifestyles, b/d/s/m, and is famous for its Scarlet Ladies and Ebon Men, Hellsworn who are known in demon circles for their creative uses of the corporeal Songs of Charm and Attraction.

Sample Character: Suite Paine

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 2 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 5 Perception 3

Status: 2

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Emote/4, Escape/1, Lying/2, Medicine/1, Seduction/3, Small Weapon (Whip: Power -1, Accuracy -2)/3

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/4)

Suite is an androgynous, basalt-haired Scarlet Lady, an agent of Andrealphus who works at the New York Hellfire Society. She has traded much of her human heart for knowledge. Machinelike in her demeanor, only pain and rage still satisfy her. She is only charismatic when clad in the black leather of her uniform, and then suffers no fools and spares not the lash. Many of her "clients" are the jaded of Manhattan's elite – rich, powerful and profoundly unhappy. Paine is a great recruiter for her master, who profits greatly by trading the new Soldiers to other Superiors. She's also extracted many secrets with her whip, and wheels and deals them in a manner that would make any Lilim proud.

THE CONSTANTINE SOCIETY

The Constantine Society is a privately funded humanitarian trust that recognizes outstanding achievement around the world – it pays large cash prizes. But many are loathe to take the Constantine . . . some say it is cursed. No one knows why so many winners of the Prime Achievement Award seem to become drunk with their success – with utter despair and failure not far behind. Perhaps the Soldiers of Kronos' influence might have something to do with it – they fund, operate and manage the Constantine Fund, and it is they who help each Prime Achiever to turn and traverse the road into Hell.

J. Whitney Stroud

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 2 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Status: 6

Charisma: 1

Skills: Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/Law 6, Lying/3

One of the top attorneys assigned to the Prime Achiever Assistance Group, J. Whitney is a rationalist Soldier who has let his Balseraph Master, a Captain of Fate named Gorias, guide him to the top of his profession. At the same time, he has brought about the ruin of some of the best minds and the brightest destinies in the guise of "helping" them. His legal advice is usually sound, until Gorias gives him instructions otherwise . . . then another genius finds himself hounded by unforeseen legal problems pushing him toward Hell's grasp.



MIDNIGHT SCREAMERS

The Soldiers called the Midnight Screammers are usually recruited by Beleth's demons at a very young age from those children who have the most active and vivid dreams.

Twisted by Beleth and her minions, they become a powerful force for evil in the Marches. Most have never met in person, only through the Corporeal Song of Dreams, dream-walking to a secret fortress Beleth created for them in the Marches. Screammers are extremely knowledgeable about the War, about demons and about what scares a person.

They use that knowledge to move through dreamscapes at Beleth's command, scaring the Hell out of her selected targets. Each Screamer is watched over by a Djinn of Beleth.



Taylor Brooks

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 1 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 9 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 1 Perception 3

Status: 1

Charisma: 1

Skills: Computer Operation/7, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/3 (Computer Security), Lying/4,

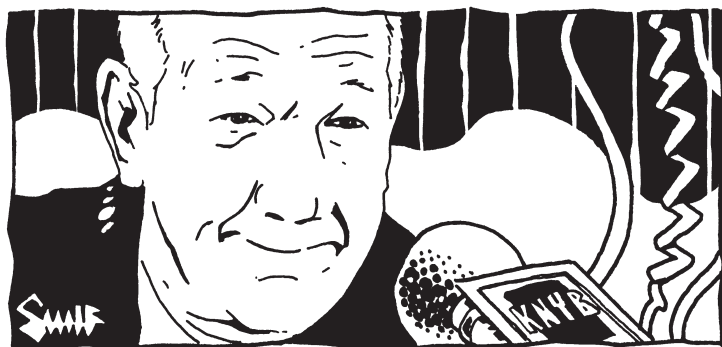
Songs: Corporeal Song of Dreams/4

Taylor is a precocious 12-year-old who has made himself a favorite among the Screammers by helping them keep hidden from their parents, police and other authorities. His standard procedure is to "dreamsurf" through the dreamscapes of a system administrator and do midnight "dumpster diving" inside his head. Once he gets the sysadmin's passwords, back doors and other secrets, he can hack into practically anywhere, penetrate security systems with impunity, dig up dirt on virtually anyone, and then use the information to help his Impudite Master make their nightmares a living Hell.

THE SIMONSON GROUP

With a very influential TV show and corresponding video series and web site, the Simonson Group is a non-partisan “town hall meeting” organizer. In their controversial shows, issues are brought up and discussed endlessly by people who are so completely divided that they will never see each other’s position. That’s exactly how the sponsors want things.

The Soldiers who serve Malphas make sure that their content generates more conflict than it could possibly solve, even though they are frequently targeted in media attacks by Nybbas’ Soldiers . . . the Prince of the Media views this venture as penetrating into his sphere of influence.



Moss Darning

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 6 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 2 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 2 Perception 6

Status: 4

Charisma: 2

Skills: Knowledge/Politics 3, Knowledge/Economics 3, Knowledge/Journalism 1, Fast-Talk/4, Lying/3

Moss Darning has taken America by storm with his “Darning Report” media event/night show/news program.

Fully funded by the Simonson Group, and guided in secret by his Master – a Djinn Captain of Factions named Rahariel – Moss sticks to politicians like Velcro to a gym sock. His cameras also have the uncanny knack of recording footage that is particularly controversial, and which frequently polarizes public opinion. His nationwide syndicated talk show (some people wonder if this man has cloned himself, because he seems to be in so many places at once) has been known to cause riots in the streets.

Although the Darning Report has been banned in many places, his info-war continues to be waged in magazines, newspapers, on the Web and through slogans that roll out of his mouth almost nightly.

LONE SOLDIERS

Amanda Dearling

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 1 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 2 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 7 Perception 1

Charisma: 1

Skills: Savoir-Faire/3, Knowledge/Dieting 3, Fast-Talk/4, Lying/4

Attunement: Balseraph Attunement of Lust, Special Rite: Binge/Purge

Amanda looks like a thin, waiflike college-age model. She serves the Demon of Anorexia, Caliban, a Balseraph Captain of Lust, and is desperately in love with him. He leads her to other woman who need “help,” help with their bodies, their diets. She helps them feel that bingeing and purging is pleasurable and good for them. She even visits them in the hospital later to help them feel good. So far, Amanda is Cal’s favorite Soldier, as she is absolutely zealous and believes in him 100%.

TURNCOATS AND RENEGADES: DOUBLE AGENTS IN THE WAR

Damned though they may be, Soldiers of Hell are still humans with their own free will. They have learned by example that self-interest is the only way to go, and many Soldiers reflect this attitude by treading their own path and playing both sides of the War against each other, for their own gain.

The perils are many: there aren’t many Angels who will have anything to do with Hellsworn (certainly not Seraphim or Malakites). Most Soldiers of God are sworn to destroy the Legions of Hades. Still, a few creative Soldiers, who have somehow learned the truth about their situations, who have managed to glean wisdom about the Princes and the Bands, are able to walk the very straight and very narrow path of betrayal.

The only help that turncoats or double-cloaks can truly rely upon comes from Outcast Angels or Renegade Demons, or from the mysterious Children of the Grigori.

Motivations for these gutsy Gray Soldiers are varied – some feel guilty for their deeds, some seek Redemption, others just see it as another way to gain power and to prolong the fulfillment of their Fate. Some are Hellsworn who have, over the years, come to know an angel or two and are swayed to do a “favor” from time to time. Almost always, a Gray Soldier will only be an information resource; rarely do they actually take action against one side or another. They avoid direct conflict with Heaven in their daily duties, for fear that their familiarity with the Divine will show.

Until he is Redeemed, a Gray Soldier is still Hellsworn, still doomed to eternity in Hell. Although a few do find Redemption, these occurrences are kept very quiet.

Asmodeus' Shadow Corps maintain a constant vigilance for Gray Soldiers. There is a special installation in Pittsburgh, protected from prying eyes, where the Corps re-programs Gray Soldiers they catch.

Jessica Moreau, Gray Soldier

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 4 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Charisma 1

Skills: Driving/2, Savoir-Faire/3, Knowledge/Infernal Politics/2, Knowledge/Criminal Psychology/3, Knowledge/Demon Bands 3, Knowledge/Angel Choirs 3, Fast-Talk/4, Lying/4, Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon/3

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/2), Shields (Corporeal/3)

Jessica is an experienced Soldier, a former private detective who was investigating a string of murders in New York City when she was kidnapped, brutalized and broken. Her half-mad shell agreed to serve the Dark. Held in thrall by a Calabite of Belial, she managed through the intervention of a Cherub and a lot of luck to destroy his Vessel and send him screaming back to Hell. Now she avoids fire like it was the plague. Still, she has refused to commit to either side, as it seems to her that nobody is telling her the truth, and nobody can be trusted. She watches her back, sure that the fire will come to reclaim her once more.

REDEMPTION

Redemption for a Soldier of Hell is quite simple in some ways, but incredibly difficult in others. The Hellsworn must truly repent of his evil. He must be forced to relive each and every foul thing he has done,

and seeing it, be repentant. He must then give up his old life, even to the extent of changing his name and moving to a new city or country. The resulting change causes the Soldier to lose one Force, automatically. If this reduces the Soldier to five Forces, he loses the ability to use Songs and control his Essence expenditure, and becomes a normal human. If he remains a Soldier, he may either retire or take up the cause of Good. If he becomes a Soldier of God, he will be welcomed, but never fully trusted (and you can be sure that Dominic knows his every move). If he retires, he must live the kind of life that requires no expenditure of Essence (e.g. a quiet, reserved life of bucolic simplicity).

Even if A Soldier of Hell is successfully Redeemed, there's no promise that his former demon Master will leave him alone. In fact, most demons, if they learn their thrall is even attempting to Redeem himself, will just kill him. A lucky Soldier will ask for and receive the help of a protective angel – although few angels will help. The Soldier has made his karmic bed and must lie in it.

Having a Hellsworn under your control Redeem himself is not considered a good move in the advancement of an Infernal career. Such demons are frequently punished severely by their Superiors, and can also expect a thorough investigation from some of Asmodeus' people to determine if the demon abetted the Redemption in any way. (And oddly enough, they almost always seem to find evidence of just that . . .)

AND THE BANDS PLAYED ON . . .

In Nomine may be played with Hellsworn player characters in many different configurations. Here are a few suggestions:

- Team a group of interesting Hellsworn with one or two Demon characters. Make up a few extra Hellsworn, for when the originals get crunched. The really adventurous may want to try a round-robin concept in which each player takes a turn at playing the group's demon Master.



- Start a campaign by roleplaying the Recruitment of a group of Soldiers. (If a player decides, midway through, that he doesn't want to sign himself to Hell even for make-believe . . . well, he's learned something important.)

- For solo play, a single Soldier who is working on becoming a Turncoat or a Gray Soldier might be best, with the opportunity to see both sides of the fence. It might be fun to play a character who is adept at playing rival demons against one another, and profits thereby. But after swindling a demon, who can sleep safely?

- Be creative in choosing your Soldier character's human job – not all Soldiers are warriors. You might find it challenging to play a priest, counselor, child-care worker or other traditionally “good” Roles as a Soldier, and decide what brought this person to the point where he would swear an oath to Hell.

Infernals and their servants, rather than the Sons of Heaven?

Malphas, Prince of Factions, is never far away in this campaign, where Soldiers from rival Princes, Soldiers of Heaven, demons and angels all find themselves questioning affiliations, traditions, customs and loyalties. The theme is paranoia, as the Soldiers find themselves unsure of whom exactly they may trust.

Dark Seeds On the Wind

Demons sow evil wherever they go. Soldiers of Hell tend these seeds and make sure they take firm root. In this campaign, the Soldiers are given a route they must take, a circular patrol in which they travel from city to city fostering the plots of demons who are two or three steps ahead of them. They receive strange messages on motel room phones in the middle of the night, get beeped phone numbers with the extension “666” so they know who's calling, and frequently find themselves in situations where things are not what they seem. They go in where demons fear to tread because of the Celestial “heat” in the area and accomplish so much because they don't even give the Symphony a single sour note. Trying to keep track of all of the boss' special projects may drive them crazy, but who can complain?

Can We Have Your Liver?

In this campaign, Soldiers work for demons of Saminga, Vapula or Kobal. They travel from city to city collecting body parts of hapless victims. First they seduce their targets with drugs and alcohol, knocking them out with hidden anesthetics. Then they go to work, removing kidneys, a lung, sometimes taking out a good heart and putting a bad one in. They keep their patient alive – their victims wake up in a bathtub full of ice with a phone nearby and a note saying, “Dial 911 – your life is in danger.” Vapula has developed special technology to keep the organs alive . . . but what is he doing with them and why must the victims not simply be slain?

CAMPAIGN IDEAS

Whose Side Are You On, Anyway?

This campaign is set in a large, cosmopolitan city. There are many Celestials and mortal Soldiers here – far too many for anyone to know – and more arrive all the time. The PCs serve three different Masters, who (they are told at the time of their initiations) work for the same or allied Princes. But are they really? And will they stay that way? Why do most of their missions seem aimed at

Shadow Corps, Special Agent Division

The Soldiers are part of the Shadow Corps, Malphas' mortal eyes and ears who give him the information he needs to keep up with the rest of the Demon Princes. The Special Agent Division consists of particularly perceptive Soldiers who investigate strange occurrences and reports – any hint of strange forces at work brings them like moths to a flame. They are adept at hunting vampires, mummies, ghosts and spirits from the Marches.



THE UNDEAD

Saminga doesn't know the meaning of the word *subtlety*, but some of his undead minions do. Working as they are amid the teeming masses of humans, those who serve Saminga on Earth often have to be more intelligent, more creative and more insightful than their master. For Saminga, death is death and rarely involves anything more imaginative than a dark room, some chains and a few rusty knives. For his minions, who are charged with spreading the doctrine of death on Earth, death is a many-hued palette with which to depict the mortal suffering of the human race across a canvas as large as the sky.

Saminga prefers that his minions be undead, and thus, already initiates into the mysteries of the afterlife. Here are three minions of Saminga, ready for use: a mummy, a zombi and a vampire. Customize them as you wish; in a given campaign, some of them may owe general fealty to Saminga but in practice be working under the yoke of another prince. (The mummy would be well-suited to the service of Baal, for example, and the vampire to that of Kobal.) Their location is also up to the GM; the infernal work they do could conceivably carry them anywhere.

UNDEAD PCs

The first two undead presented in this chapter are representative of nasty, evil NPC bad guys for players to oppose; they could just as easily be used against an infernal PC group as a divine one. The third – the vampire – is an example of an undead player-character.

Undead PCs are a bit trickier to rationalize than demonic PCs. They are rather akin to sorcerers, in that they are humans who have made a diabolical pact in exchange for power. Playing a demon isn't that hard to justify for most players – demons are born the way they are, and are doing the best they can to be true to their natures. Sorcerers and undead, however, are normal humans who have consciously chosen the infernal path; they are closer to what we perceive as "evil" in real life than the game's demons are, because their human nature makes them more real to us. Sorcerers and undead are



presumably little different in their mindset from the human monsters that fill the headlines in real life – serial killers, ethnic cleansers, rapists, abusers of children, and on and on.

Despite this obstacle, it is still possible to develop an undead character concept that will be palatable to most players. Players are, of course, welcome to play an out-and-out psycho – but that option requires no special explanation. A few words on playing a sympathetic undead PC would seem to be in order.



The underlying commonality to all undead is the pact. This is the infernal bargain they make in which they shed their humanity and become undead. One of the first steps in developing a character concept will be deciding who he was in his mortal life, and what goal he sought to achieve by committing his soul to Hell. This initial decision will influence the rest of the character's development, and should be considered carefully; most often, the nature of this decision should be tied directly to a particular Demon Prince, since the princes offer workable models of diabolic intent. Examples might include:

- An anarchist who is willing to sacrifice his immortal soul to become a player in Baal's war against human order.

- A scientist whose pursuit of technology made him ripe for exploitation by Vapula.

- A screenwriter who joined forces with Nybbas to bring his own dark visions to the masses.

Develop a credible explanation for why the character was willing to make the pact, and then go from there. There are a few other questions to ask, such as: Is he still happy with the deal? Is he still pursuing his original goal, or has he set it aside in favor of other aims? Does he still mingle with humans and maintain the semblance of a normal life, or has he created a different way of life for himself?

As long as the reasons for making the pact seem reasonable, the character should be solid. The point to keep in mind is that he should not be defined by his undead nature; rather, his undead nature should be defined by who he is. Unlike demons, undead are made – not born.

THE MUMMY

Germ warfare is prohibited by the Geneva Convention; it's also a multi-billion dollar industry. (Reconciling these two facts is left as an exercise for the naive reader.) It's a clandestine sector of endeavor for many chemical companies, who disguise it under the generous budgets of anti-germ warfare programs. Governments and private organizations around the world are their customers. In this new age of Ebola and resurgent, mutating tuberculosis, germ warfare is big business.

One of the biggest (and, of course, least known) success stories in the germ-warfare field is that of Barker Chemical. Founded in 1955 by MIT graduate and Kennedy cousin Mal Barker, Barker Chemical was briefly a *public* success story in the late 1950s, thanks to its innovative agricultural pesticides. The youthful, handsome Barker received his 15 minutes of fame when BC pesticides were credited with saving a rural Illinois county from a plague of locusts. (Hush money ensured that no one ever paid attention to the spike of cancer, miscarriages and birth defects that haunted the county for the next decade.)

As the Vietnam war heated up, Barker Chemical provided chemical weapons for use by U.S. troops, especially defoliants that devastated massive areas of once-lush Vietnamese farmland. With its strong contacts in the U.S. military and its growing reputation overseas, Barker Chemical very quietly began taking on germ-warfare contracts. Mal Barker managed these projects personally, contributing substantial original research.

In the 1980s, with military spending reaching new heights and terrorist groups springing up like dandelions across Latin America and the Mideast, BC's germ-war-



fare products grew to the point where they were responsible for a third of the company's revenue. Barker, meanwhile, had long since faded from the public consciousness – which was just the way he wanted it. He had something besides celebrity on his mind.

Barker was diagnosed with cancer in 1981, the result of so many years working with carcinogens. Repeated attempts at radiation therapy and surgery followed, and Barker held off the cancer for a decade. But it was a war of attrition, and gradually he grew weaker and weaker as more and more of his body was consumed. Staring death in the eye, Barker's only hope was a miracle. Thanks to Saminga, he got one.

Saminga made Barker a mummy. Immortal, ageless and gifted with infernal powers, Barker now serves the Prince of Death directly where once he did the prince's work unawares. Sensing Barker's intelligence and drive, Saminga set one unusual condition for the deal: Barker would lose his legs, an eternal reminder that without Saminga, Barker was nothing.

Today, Barker is healthy and driven and a double amputee. Barker Chemical is more prosperous than ever, and has lowered its already lax standards concerning who it will work for; terrorists from nearly everywhere on the globe come calling with briefcases of cash and leave with vials of disease. Recent outbreaks of Ebola filoviruses in the U.S. are due to customers of Barker Chemical, and in the years to come similar outbreaks will afflict communities and nations around the globe. Behind it all sits Mal Barker, a master of death and yet its humble servant.

Mal Barker, Undead/Mummy

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 1 Agility 1
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Skills: Chemistry/4, Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/4, Emote/4, Engineering/3, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge (Germ Warfare)/4, Knowledge (Federal Politics)/1, Lying/4, Medicine/2, Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Entropy (Celestial/3), Harmony (Corporeal/1), Motion (Corporeal/3), Shield (Corporeal/3), Tongues (Corporeal/1)

Attunements: Calabim of Saminga

Discord: Cripple/6 (both legs missing below the knee)

THE ZOMBI

Most zombies are short-term tools, good only for a few weeks of use or less. They are grunts, walking corpses who can provide protection for infernal plots and wreak havoc on command. Drawn from the nameless bodies that await every urban dawn or risen from slain foes, zombies are cheaper than hit men, more loyal than thugs, and – since they're dead – much more to Saminga's liking. Still, like gawkers at a car wreck, they don't stick around for very long.

Occasionally, however, there are zombies who prove to be useful enough tools that their masters keep them around a while, even using a Song of Healing to repair damage. Such exalted individuals might even get a name (other than, "Hey, zombi!" that is) and are kept "alive"



for six months or longer. Soldiers of God who fall to Saminga's minions are often made into zombies out of pure spite.

One such zombi is Eyebiter. Its real name – back when its lungs did more than just collect fluid – was Margaret Scott. A beautiful Soldier of God in the service of the archangel Laurence, Margaret ran a youth activity center in a crime-ridden, inner-city neighborhood. She was a vigorous advocate of exercise and sports, trying to channel the energy of her young charges into weight-lifting, basketball or roller hockey instead of brawling or hold-ups. A healthy body means a healthy mind, she'd say. Her efforts were paying off, and her center was on the fast track to becoming a Tether for Laurence.

Margaret earned the wrath of Solon, a Lilim in the service of Valefor. Solon was working hard to lead one of Margaret's favorite kids into a life of crime. Ray was 17, a handsome but none-too-bright guy who had been in the 10th grade for two years straight. When Margaret smelled brimstone on his collar, she redoubled her efforts to keep the boy on the straight and narrow. The battle of wills between the demon and the soldier intensified – and Margaret lost. Ray was smitten with her, and

she took him to her bed to strengthen their bond. In the morning, Margaret knew she'd made a mistake and told Ray that it could never happen again. Heartbroken, Ray succumbed to Solon's plying later that day, and that night he died in a gas station hold-up.

Furious, Margaret found Solon. The ensuing fight ended with the death of Margaret; Solon tried to avoid this dissonant outcome, but Margaret's fury was too great and the demon lost control. The resulting dissonance brought celestials running. A brawl almost erupted among the demons and angels who showed up. After things calmed down and most of the celestials left, a Habbalite of Saminga quietly leaned over Margaret's body and made her a zombi.

Margaret's soul went to Heaven; her body, with its memories intact but its intelligence all but lost, rose to serve Saminga. What was left of its mind still burned with shame at Margaret's attempt to manipulate Ray, and believed that all those around it could see the sin writ large across its face. So it was that this particular zombi's Need was human eyes: it must eat the eye from a living person every night or take a point of damage. The zombi wants to eat all the eyes of the world so that none will see it for the sinner that it believes itself to be.

This perversion of a former Soldier of God – or at least, the body of one – so pleased Saminga that he made sure one of his demons took control of the zombi and kept it around. Now known as Eyebiter, the zombi that once was Margaret Scott is shared by several soldiers and demons in Saminga's service; it works for whoever needs it, following their instructions carefully and usually inflicting severe damage on its targets.

The zombi is utterly and completely miserable. It loathes itself and the things it is ordered to do, in as much as its tiny mind is able to loathe anything. When left alone for a few hours, the zombi spends its time crying and screaming, occasionally finding itself articulate enough to beg the cosmos for death. When sent on a mission, Eyebiter channels all its rage into terrible violence.

Eyebiter, Undead/Zombi

Corporeal Forces – 3	Strength 7	Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 1	Intelligence 2	Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 0	Will 0	Perception 0

Skills: Acrobatics/3, Climbing/3, Fighting/4, Move Silently/3

Songs: Claws/3, Motion (Corporeal/3)

Discord: Need/Human Eyes 3

THE VAMPIRE

Dwight Mulgrew knew all about demons. From the time he was a kid, his schizophrenic mother would tell him how demons lurked beneath every bed, leered behind every human face and gazed down from within every cloud. Demons were everywhere, and they had to be destroyed.

Entering adolescence, Dwight began to fantasize about being a super-hero demon-hunter. He'd wear a big trenchcoat and mud-stomping boots and smoke clove cigarettes. He'd track down demonic scum wherever it appeared and crush the life out of it. A string of attractive, doomed women would fall in love with him and then, invariably, die in his arms with his name on their lips as a murdering, demonic foe cackled from the shadows. Dwight would lead a grim and violent life, forever misunderstood and persecuted by the sunlit world of the sheep that were humans, forever hunting the things that preyed in the shadows. He would be *Mulgrew, Demon Hunter™*.

Unfortunately, his mother was seriously loopy, and while she fed his fantasies of tireless quests against the forces of the night, she did a poor job of teaching Dwight any useful life skills.

Finally, the state locked Dwight's mother up and put him in a foster home. He knew that at last, his Origin was coming to a close, and the first issue of the comic book that was his life was about to hit the stands. Stealing his foster father's revolver and shoplifting an overcoat and a pair of boots, *Mulgrew, Demon Hunter™* hit the streets in search of *evil*.

Against all odds but completely in tune with his Fate, he found it – in the form of a renegade Shedite inhabiting the body of a sanitation worker. Dwight caught him compacting his third housewife in the back of a garbage truck and drew his revolver. The Shedite's vessel lashed out with a switchblade as Dwight's unskilled shots went wild and hit nothing; Dwight felt the blade slice through his abdomen, and then a strange floating sensation took over his consciousness.

Another Shedite, working for Asmodeus, had been tracking the renegade and took the opportunity to possess Dwight's badly wounded body. As the leering renegade leaned down to cut Dwight's throat, the boy jerked the revolver up and shot the vessel square between the eyes.

The ensuing celestial combat ended with the renegade biting the dust. Dwight, near death but full of awe at the experience, begged for a chance – a chance to waste more demons. The Shedite possessing Dwight's body likewise

knew Dwight's mind, and knew both the depth of his convictions and the shallowness of his understanding. He thought to himself, *Wouldn't it be ironic if...*

So it was that Dwight became a vampire. He doesn't look at it that way, of course. He's a super-hero! He can fly, he can pop claws from his fingers, he's got an Energy Shield™, Super-Human Healing™ and he's a major-league badass. He even has his Irony Weakness™: the sun, that bright shining symbol of hope, is fatal to him.

Mulgrew, Demon Hunter™ strides the moonlit streets of the big city. He wears a big trenchcoat and mud-stomping boots and smokes clove cigarettes. He tracks down demonic renegades wherever they appear and crushes the life out of them. A string of attractive, doomed women have fallen in love with him and then, invariably, died in his arms with his name on their lips as a murdering, demonic foe cackled from the shadows. Dwight leads a grim and violent life, forever misunderstood and persecuted by the sunlit world of the sheep that are humans, forever hunting the things that prey in the shadows. He is *Mulgrew, Demon Hunter!™*



Dwight Mulgrew, Undead/Vampire

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 6

Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 1 Precision 3

Celestial Forces – 1 Will 1 Perception 3

Skills: Dodge/2, Fighting/3, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/4

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/4), Projection (Corporeal/3), Shield (Celestial/4), Claws/1, Wings/2

Attunement: Vampiric Kiss/10

Discord: Murderous/3, Need/Pursue Renegades 3, Vulnerability/Sunlight 3

RESOURCES



NEW DISCORDS

CORPOREAL DISCORD

Addicted

Repetition creates habits. Bad habits can make addictions.

This covers things that a corporeal vessel craves unnecessarily. Every week, an addict must indulge his urges a number of times equal to the level of this Discord. If he is unable to, or chooses not to, then the addict's Will is reduced by 1 per missed "fix" until he can (or does). In addition, different drugs cause different problems when they are unavailable or given up; see *Drugs*, p. 67.

After suffering through withdrawal a number of times equal to the level of Addiction, the physical need will be gone (along with this Discord), even though cravings may linger.

Stink

Victims of this Discord emit a foul odor with their very presence. This is more than just a bad smell – the range and offensiveness of the stink extend five yards for every level of Discord. A Level 1 Stink might be a slight smell of brimstone, while Level 6 can make people feel almost nauseous. When the Discordant person passes, he leaves behind the strong smell of sulfur and brimstone, fading after a number of hours equal to the victim's Strength.

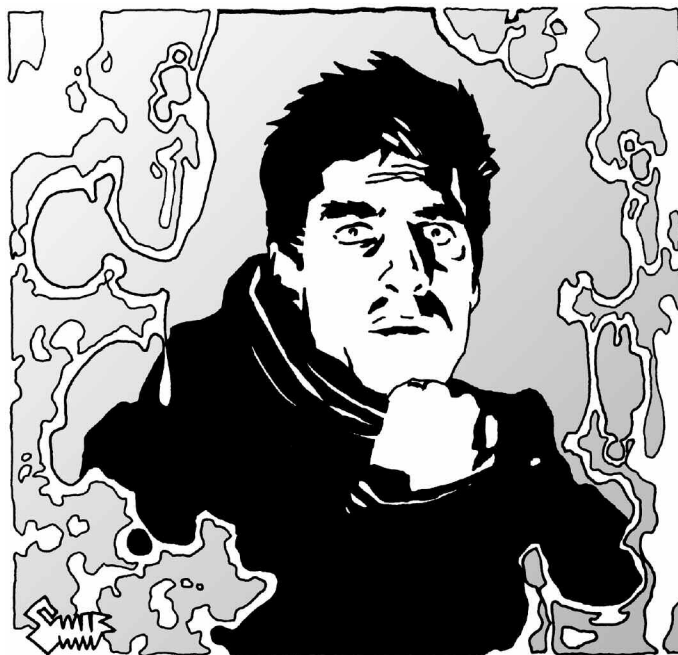
ETHEREAL DISCORD

Guilt

When a celestial generates dissonance that later turns to Discord, sometimes it manifests as extreme guilt. The victim feels so painfully sorry for his actions that it keeps him from acting normally.

For every level of this Discord, the penitent must perform a weekly act of contrition relating to the way his dissonance was earned (or in some way that brings him closer to his Superior's Word). For example, a Cherub who acquired dissonance by allowing a charge to be injured might try to spend a whole day intrusively (and obsessively) protecting the object of his current attunement. If the Cherub had six levels of this Discord, he might do this six times a week! The act of contrition need not be the same each time, but it must significantly alter the celestial's actions.

Every month, the guilty party may roll against Will. If successful, the level of this Discord is reduced by one. In this manner, this Discord can (eventually) be removed without the help of a Superior.



Hatred

The victims of this Discord have been seized by an irrational, inexplicable hatred for something or someone. The target of their strong emotions pertains to the way in which they earned their dissonance, and is up to the GM to decide.

In the presence of the object of their hatred, they must make a Will roll, using the level of this Discord as a penalty, to keep from speaking out against it. The check digit of a successful roll signifies the number of minutes they may tolerate the presence of the object before needing to make another roll, and the check digit of the failed roll equals the number of minutes they spend making their hatred clear before they run out of invective and become empty of hatred – until the next time.

If the roll is failed with a check digit of 6, the person must try to strike out at the hated person or thing!

CELESTIAL DISCORD

Jaded

Sometimes it seems like the most romantic souls become the most bitter, as time brings them their share of disappointments. Jaded souls have lost interest in "the greater cause," whether for good or for evil.

The effects of this Discord should manifest most noticeably through roleplaying. The afflicted character is biting sarcasm at best, and deeply depressed at worst. He's given up hope of making a difference.

When given an order by a Superior, the celestial will invariably treat the assignment with great disdain.

Whether or not he lets his Superior know his opinion on the matter depends on the Servitor's relationship with his master; a servant of Laurence might try to wait until the boss is away to express his lack of faith in their efforts in the War, while a servant of Eli might actually object face to face! Regardless, the Superior will get unfriendly vibes from his servant, reducing all reaction rolls from the Superior by the level of the Discord. Also, any rewards granted for successful missions will be lessened – and punishments similarly increased.

A Jaded person won't put off working on a project, but he won't give it his full attention. He must always have some sideline project to work on, something which holds the potential to restore his interest in both the War and his place in it. The project should take a number of months, in game time, equal to the level of the Discord. After that, if the project is a success, then the jaded soul has renewed his interest in the greater good – or bad.

Obsessed

Like a physical addiction, an obsession is an overriding compulsion, only without a physical element. Obsessed people are focused on one thing to the exclusion of all else. A number of times a week equal to the level of this Discord, victims of this affliction must act upon their obsessions, or have their Will reduced by 1 every week until they finally give in. For example, Remuiel is Obsessed/2 (Natalie Portman), and twice a week finds himself standing in front of a mailbox, slapping himself across the face because he can't resist mailing off a love letter declaring his twisted devotion to the celebrity.

POISONS, DISEASE AND DRUGS

POISONS

This is a catch-all category containing rules for anything posing a serious health risk on a chemical or cellular level. Sometimes damage isn't clean and simple. It can linger for days or weeks . . . and eventually kill. Being poisoned is like that. Depending on the poison, its effects could last anywhere from one day to the rest of your life – however long that might be.

Every type of poison has a *cycle*. This is how often it will force the victim to roll for damage. At the end of every cycle, he must make a Strength roll to see if he resists the effects of the poison – this time. A failed roll means he takes damage and may take Body hits. Damage from poison is cumulative (residual damage doesn't go away after a minute, as damage taken in combat does).

Poison damage is also unaffected by any Protection granted by armor. Quick-acting poisons have short cycles, and don't give the sufferer time to heal before forcing him to roll again.

The *term* of a poison is how long it stays in one's system. If the victim manages to survive through the entire term, the poison has no more effect on him, except perhaps a lingering fear. The damage listed below assumes a typical (as judged by the GM) dose of poison – the venom from a single bite, for example, or a teaspoon of cyanide. For much higher dosages (again, GM's discretion), both the term and the damage will be higher.

For corporeal poisons, a successful Medicine roll can multiply the cycle of the poison by the roll's check digit, extending the patient's life. Some salves and ointments will neutralize snake venoms. The Corporeal Song of Healing, if used to heal a sufferer back to his full health, will also remove all traces of poison from his body.

Not all poisons are corporeal, although it's the corporeal world where poisoning has become such a common art. Some ethereal poisons and a handful of celestial poisons exist – but most celestials know little of these things.

A victim recovers from the effects of poison only half as quickly as from normal damage.

Poisons have many and varied side-effects, the most common of which is stunning for the length of the attack. Effects of more exotic poisons could be swelling, discoloration of the skin, oozing, watching television . . .

The poisons on the chart below are listed per dose; multiple doses do separate damage. A dose can be from one bite from a snake to one major exposure to plutonium, depending on the poison.



Sample Poisons

	Cycle	Term	Damage
Cobra Venom	1 minute	6 hours	1d
Cyanide	2 rounds	1 hour	3d
Rattlesnake	1 hour	1 day	1d-2
Radiation	1 month	20 years	1d*
Lead	2 weeks	1 year	1d

* on a 6, it also causes Cancer; below.

DISEASE

For the most part, the mechanics for diseases work like those for poison. Each disease has a cycle, a term and an amount of damage done over the course of the infection. While sick, a person's Strength is reduced by the number of Body hits taken that month from the disease. This will not reduce a victim's Strength below 1. Once a victim's Strength has been reduced to 1, additional losses are taken from the person's Intelligence, and after that, his Will. Once a person recovers from his illness, he regains characteristics at the rate of 1 point per week – Will first (if any was lost), then Intelligence and lastly Strength.

After rolling for damage at the end of a disease's cycle, the victim gets a d666 roll. If he manages to roll under his Corporeal Forces, then in another 6 cycles (minus the check digit of the successful roll, so with a good roll the result could be 0) the illness will pass. If a 111 is rolled, then the sickness is immediately healed (or goes into remission for the remainder of the term, as with cancer). If a 666 is rolled, then the infection spreads (or metastasizes); consider there to be two infections, rolled for separately! If the victim never rolls under his Corporeal Forces (or the result extends the disease beyond its term), then the sickness will pass with the term of the disease.

The GM may assess additional restrictions on profoundly sick characters. Some diseases, such as AIDS, damage the immune system. In game terms, consider every year that a person has full-blown AIDS to reduce the chances of recovering from any other sickness by 1.

Sample Diseases

	Cycle	Term	Damage
Anthrax	1 hour	1 week	3d
Cancer	1 week	5 years*	2d
Chicken Pox	1 day	3 weeks	1d-4
Flu	4 days	1 month	1d
Food Poisoning	1 hour	1 day	1d-5
Generic STD	6 hours	1 week	1d-5

** Only the Corporeal Song of Healing, or a Medicine roll with a check digit of 6, will completely heal cancer – and while multiple Medicine rolls may be attempted to heal the patient, only the first counts toward completely removing a tumor.*

DRUGS

Most angels don't like drugs. They think drugs deaden and stupefy an already apathetic public. Some Archangels find a few drugs acceptable – for example, many angels of War find a cold beer to be a good way to reward themselves for kicking some demon ass, though no angels defend heroin.

Even some demons have a hard time with the hard-core drugs. Princes such as Baal find the use of crack and

heroin to be far too destructive, and encourage their servants to strengthen humanity to fight their fears rather than retreat into them.

Drugs come in all manner of strengths and types. For the purposes of this game, they've been simplified into "dosages," where one dose has the effect on a character equal to the amount listed in parenthesis after the drug's name. Effects are cumulative, but characteristics may not be amplified above 10, nor reduced below 1. The purity of a drug will vary its effects, at the GM's discretion.

Some drugs are addictive; others are not. Every time a person takes a drug a number of times a week equal to his Corporeal Forces, his body might build up a physical



need for it. Make a Strength roll to resist becoming addicted. If a person becomes addicted to a drug, he obtains the Addicted Discord (p. 65) at level 1, or at an additional level if he was already addicted to it.

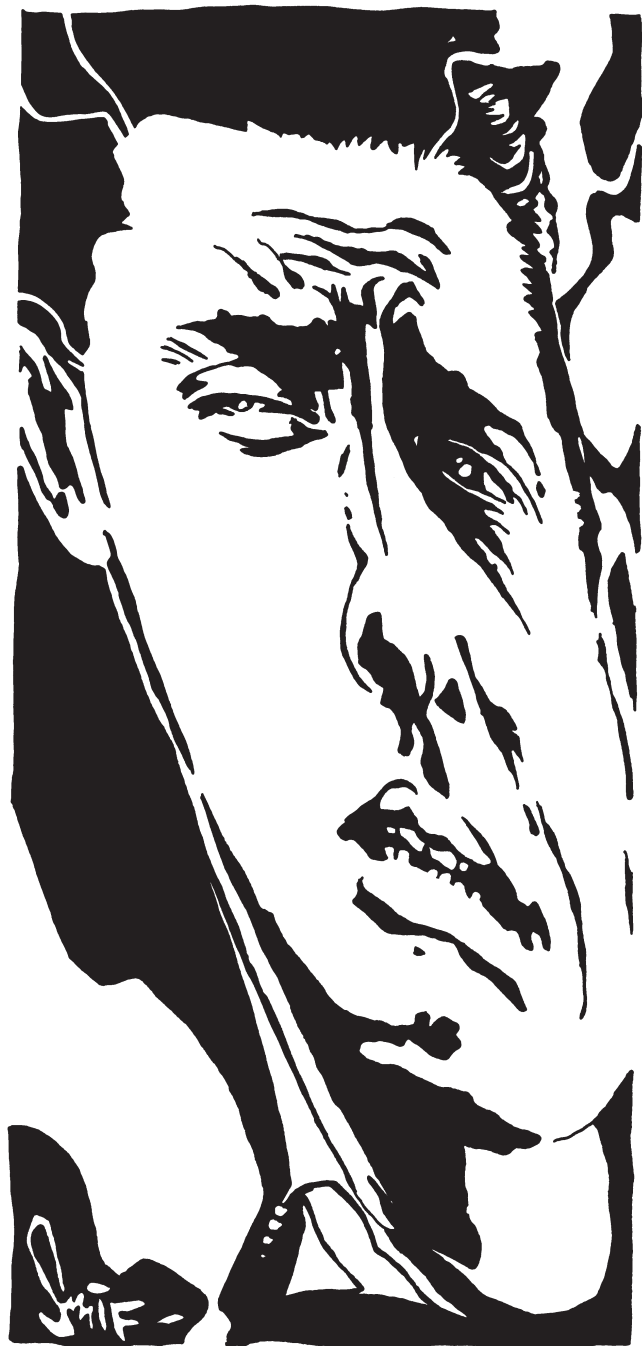
As a side-effect, the Corporeal Song of Healing cleanses the system of things that aren't supposed to be there. It won't cure addictive behavior, but it will save someone from overdosing if used to heal them back to full health.

Alcohol (-1 to all characteristics)

In America, this is a legal drug for adults above the age of 21. Its users feel talkative, at ease and emotional.

Four beers is a dose. Two glasses of wine is a dose. Two shots of hard liquor is also a single dose. For every increment of doses equal to the user's Corporeal Forces, make a Strength roll. If the roll is failed, he vomits. If the user continues drinking after being forced to vomit, he must make another Strength roll to remain conscious. The user takes a Body hit for every dose over his Corporeal Forces times 10. Alcohol is poisonous.

This drug is addictive, with addicts taking 1 Mind hit every day for a number of days equal to the level of the addiction if they miss an indulgence; drinking does not restore lost points, though they will regenerate naturally after the addict continues with his habit. Each day, if he doesn't drink, the addict may make an Intelligence roll to regain one Mind point. Failed rolls may be tried again. After the addict has entirely regained his wits, he'll find his Will renewed. If he makes a successful Will roll, he'll be free of the Addiction; remove the Discord. If he doesn't, he'll have to make a successful Will roll every time he encounters alcohol, or once a week to keep from going



out and getting some. If he goes a number of years equal to the level of his Discord, he loses the Addiction (but a GM should feel free to continue to use alcohol as a source of special temptation for the recovered addict).

Caffeine (Agility +1 and Precision -1, or vice versa)

In America, this is a legal drug, with no restrictions. Users of this drug get a "wide-awake" feeling, with slight jitters. People with more Ethereal Forces than

Corporeal have their Precision boosted and their Agility reduced; vice versa for people with more Corporeal than Ethereal. If a user has the same number of Forces in the two categories, he may choose the effect.

Caffeine is physically addictive. Its addicts must imbibe of the dark brown liquid (or its sweeter counterpart, the chocolate-covered coffee bean) a number of times per day equal to the level of the Addiction or suffer 1 Mind hit. Withdrawal lasts a number of days equal to the level of the Addiction, times 3.

Cocaine (Will +1, Perception -1)

This drug produces powerful sensations, far outside the normal realm of human feelings. Cocaine, in its powder form, is generally taken nasally. Crack cocaine is one of the most addictive drugs currently known, and one of the most powerful agents of selfishness in the war between good and evil.

In game terms, a dose of cocaine is about 100 mg. Its effects last 10 minutes times 1d6. If a person is under the influence of more doses than his Corporeal Forces, he'll take 1 hit of Body damage for every dose in excess. Addicts in withdrawal take 1 hit of Mind damage every week, for a number of weeks equal to the addict's Discord level.

Crack was invented by users looking for a higher high without having to resort to needles. By boiling the drug with baking powder until the water evaporates, drug dealers can easily make a much more potent version of their favorite drug. In game terms, this has the effect of multiplying the effects of the drug by 10, except that while high, the user is so incapacitated that he cannot use his enhanced Will to celestial ends. Its effects last one-tenth as long. Users must make a Strength roll to avoid becoming addicted every time they use crack.

Heroin (all characteristics -3)

One of the most insidious drugs, heroin is highly illegal. Its users typically inject it into their veins, though it may be smoked or snorted for a lesser effect. When shooting up, users experience an extreme euphoria, an ecstasy beyond any other human experience.

Unfortunately, the depression which sets in afterward is also unlike any other – the user is profoundly addicted, and will do almost anything to get another fix. If the user shoots up heroin more times a week than the level of the Addiction, he must make a Will roll to avoid increasing the level of the Discord further. Every time the user shoots up, he must make a Will roll to avoid taking 1 hit of Body damage. Serious users must be careful not to waste away, and put aside "down time" to let their body recover somewhat before again subjecting it to the rigors of heavy drug use.

LSD (Intelligence +1, Precision -1; or Will -2, Perception +2)

Lysergic acid is easy to make and profoundly incapacitating. Extraordinarily potent, LSD comes in micrograms on paper tablets, in gelatin caps or in liquid form. A dose lasts 6+1d hours. Additional doses add another 1d hours.

Its users experience a wide range of visual, aural and tactile hallucinations as the drug breaks down the boundaries of reality – or the connections between their neurons, depending on your perspective. Because people are deeply suggestible on this drug, demons enjoy “programming” humans with controlled dosages. Some angels have been known to use LSD to break people out of their conservative mindsets but, like most drugs, its use by angels, even for a good cause, is deeply frowned upon.

In game terms, if the person has more Ethereal Forces than Celestial, then it affects his Intelligence and Precision as shown above. If the person has more Celestial Forces than Ethereal, then it affects his Will and Perception as shown above. If the user has the same number of Forces in the two categories, he may choose the effect.

LSD is not addictive, but it's very dangerous. For every dose of LSD taken above the number of Celestial or Ethereal Forces (use the higher number) the user has, make a d666 roll. The target number is the amount of doses taken, minus the person's Ethereal Forces. If the roll is equal to or greater than the target number, then the user will gain the positive effects of the drug for a number of days equal to the check digit of the roll. If the roll is less than the target number, then the person will suffer the negative effects of the drug for a number of days equal to the check digit of the roll.

If the person's Precision or Will are reduced below 0, even temporarily, by the results of the roll above alone, then he *permanently* loses 1 point of that characteristic.

Marijuana (-1 to all characteristics)

Its users feel a sense of euphoria and relaxing calm, but find themselves paranoid (as per the Discord, *In Nomine*, p. 88, at a level equal to the doses taken). They also get a bit hungry.

Marijuana is smoked, or its active chemical (THC) may be extracted into oil and eaten, generally in cake or brownies. (Mmm. Brownies.)

The drug's effects last for a number of hours equal to the doses taken. If the user takes more doses than his Corporeal Forces, he must make a Will roll or be stunned for a number of minutes equal to the check digit of the failed roll, times 10.

Speed (Agility +2, Precision +2)

This is an upper, an accelerator. It's difficult to make, and the waste it generates makes speed labs easy to detect – neighbors report its noxious smells. A chemical byproduct of the modern age, methamphetamines come most commonly in tablets, or as a powder which must be snorted. Its users are granted, well, speed.

Each dose lasts 12+2d6 hours. Additional doses grant an additional 2d6 hours. If the user takes a number of doses equal to his Ethereal Forces, he must make an Intelligence roll or be stunned, freaking out with the shakes for a number of hours equal to the check digit of the failed roll. If the user takes a number of doses equal to his Corporeal Forces times 5, he needs to make a Strength roll for each dose over the limit or take the failed rolls' check digits in Body hits.

This is an addictive drug. If an addict misses a dose, he'll take a Mind hit and a Body hit. Withdrawal lasts a number of weeks equal to the level of the Addiction.



Tobacco (Precision +1)

In America, this is a legal drug for people 18 and older.

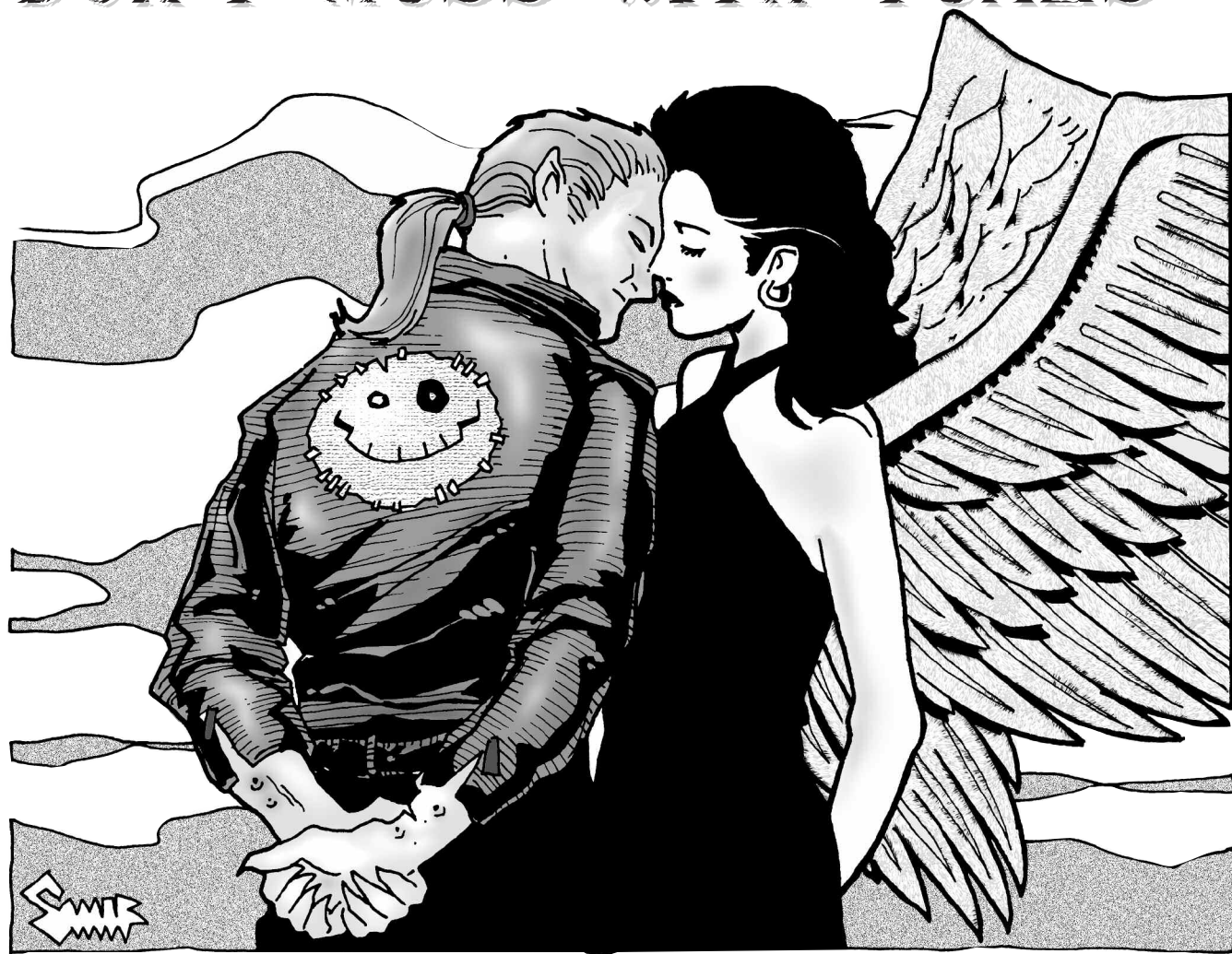
Tobacco comes in prepackaged units – cigarettes, one dose each. Each dose lasts roughly 15 minutes. If a smoker goes through more cigarettes than his Corporeal Forces in a single hour, he'll feel nauseous and must make a Will roll before smoking again. If he fails his Will roll, he may try again every 15 minutes.

Unlike other drugs, which must be taken by addicts on a weekly basis, tobacco addicts must smoke 10 cigarettes per day for each level of Addiction. Addicts who try to quit have their Precision reduced by 1 for every level of their Addiction. Smoking will restore both their Precision and grant the +1. Every increment of their Addiction in days, they may make a roll against their Corporeal Forces. If successful, they no longer suffer the Precision penalty, but the Addiction does not go away for a number of months equal to the level of the Addiction.

Tobacco can't be overdosed on, but it can cause cancer. GMs would be perfectly in line to give cancer (see p. 67) to a character with a history of abusing tobacco.

IN NOMINE AUSTIN:

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS



70

IN NOMINE AUSTIN



THE U.S., TEXAS AND AUSTIN

Austin is, as they say, deep in the heart of Texas. Texas is the largest state in the continental United States – which, at least today, is the dominant superpower in a geopolitical struggle of ideologies and identities.

Texas, with the 11th-largest economy in the world, is one of the only states that used to be an independent country. As you might imagine, Texans have a pretty big chip on their collective shoulders. This makes the best of them worthy to be fought for by the armies of God, and the worst worthy to fuel the diabolical hordes.

Austin has always been a city of contrasts. It's the seat of the most conservative government in the area, the capital of Texas. It's also the most liberal city of its size within more than 1,000 miles. The freaks and the straights live side by side, tolerating each other's presence. The heart of the city has been stable, in many ways timeless, for much of this century. Its exterior has grown, attracting powerful forces in art, science and technology.

Austin exists on the border between Northern rigidity and the sprawl of Mexican culture creeping up from the south. It is an oasis of green nature and cool reason at the edge of a dusty frontier. Angels and demons found it convenient to live, and work, in Austin even back before the place had been named by Christian tongues. For these, and many other practically ineffable reasons, a sort of truce has been struck in Austin, deep in the heat of Texas – a truce recognized more in a series of lapses than in the longer periods of relative peace. Superiors argue violently over this gem set in the prairie, while their angelic and demonic Servitors are content merely to exist among its rolling hills. The celestials in Austin, without disobeying direct orders from their Archangels and Demon Princes, have somehow managed to “just get along,” granting each other space to breathe and room to work.

HISTORY

“Hell, I don't live in Texas, I live in Austin.”

— Jerry Jeff Walker, local musician

The land called Texas has been home to humanity for more than 12,000 years. Its natives lived a humble and

NEW CELESTIALS

In a city the size of Austin, every month or so sees an influx of new celestials of differing factions, eager to get a handle on their new territory. Some will only be around for a few days; others intend to put down roots. Of course, when Druiel mentioned the new celestials coming to town in the intro, he meant the PCs, of whichever side of the War – or both. The initial strangeness of the celestial culture in Austin should be enough to force even the most disparate group of player-characters into allying with one another, at least until they get a feel for how the world works there.

New celestials will make some friends and probably the same amount of enemies, but newly arriving angels and demons will probably need gentle (and not so gentle) reminders that things are done differently in Austin. As varying sides of the War get the upper hand, or lose their grip on some territories, they've always had Austin to retreat to. Sure, things have gotten hairy even in Austin, but it only happens rarely.

For an example of what can happen when things get hairy, check out “The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll,” on p. 113.

But GMs, don't let your PCs march in like they own the place. Keep in mind that other angels and demons have been in Austin for quite some time, and they take care of their problems in their own ways.

nomadic lifestyle across its great plains, though not necessarily an idyllic or a peaceful one. In historical times, the place that is now Austin was already something of a nexus, being near a meeting of lands roamed by Comanche tribes to the south, Apache to the west and Tonkawa to the east. Caught between the encroaching Anglo settlements from the eastern part of North America, and the Spaniards from the south, many tribes were pushed out from their native lands, although many small Native American groups still exist in Texas today.

As Europeans invaded North America, most of what is now called Texas had been colonized by Spain – until 1820, when Moses Austin convinced the Spanish government that it would be a good idea to recruit Anglo families to help colonize the enormous, unsettled territory. (Unsettled, except for all those natives.) These families, Moses promised, would make loyal and productive citizens. He died before learning that his wish had been granted, but his son, Stephen F. Austin, took over the dream. In the meantime, Mexico won its independence from Spain, and the younger Austin fulfilled his father's vision by bringing 300 families to join the young coun-

IN NOMINE AUSTIN



CLIMATE

Near the Texas Hill Country, most of Austin is trapped in a small pocket of temperance, both in its culture and climate. In the summer, the weather isn't as hot as it can get elsewhere in Texas, stabilizing just under 100° F (35° C) by the end of June, and staying about there, plus or minus a few degrees (mostly plus), for the rest of the summer. Things cool down toward the end of August and early September. Winter sets in no later than the end of November, occasionally dropping below freezing, and vanishes before the end of February. The rest of the year fluctuates between 60° and 80°.

It generally rains in March and April, with scattered showers throughout the rest of the year. "Showers" is a polite term – when it rains in Texas, it pours, and usually ends just as abruptly as it began.

Tornadoes are the biggest weather threat; every Texas schoolchild has vivid memories of tornado drills. Late spring and early summer are the most common times for tornadoes.

try on its northeast border, in a place called Coahuila. It was about this time that angels and demons began to take more notice of North America, and the buffer area between Mexico and the U.S. Not that angels had ignored the place before. David had been generating power through an especially potent Tether in the area, the enormous batholith that would later be called Enchanted Rock. Both Novalis and Jordi had several very powerful Servitors in the area, and servants of Michael were never far away from the nexus of native tribes. Of course, where there are humans there are always demons, even though Saminga, with a very powerful underground Tether, was the only Diabolical with a major stronghold. As humanity exploded across North America, all the major Superiors saw a chance to shine.

Around 1830, Mexico began to worry that its new State of Coahuila might try to join the United States. By then, the place was populated mostly by Austin's contingent of Anglo settlers, who were starting to call the place Tejas. The new country imposed tariffs against imported American goods and gave overtly Spanish names to new garrisons in a battle of culture, but it was unable to prevent the flood of American settlers. In addition, some Anglos were upset that the Mexican government dared to forbid slavery, and forced them to treat perfectly good slaves as indentured servants.

By 1834, things had gotten pretty hot between the two cultures – and Stephen F. Austin ended up in a Mexico City dungeon for the better part of a year. When he

returned to Texas, the people were ready for a change. They chose to fight, though the odds were against them – really against them. You've probably heard of Goliad, or the Alamo.

On April 21, 1836, Texan soldiers "fought" the Battle of San Jacinto against the Mexican army as it enjoyed its afternoon siesta, killing 630 soldiers and capturing 730. Texas lost nine men. The slaughter ended less than 20 minutes after it began, and heralded the death of the State of Coahuila, Mexico, and the birth of the Republic of Texas. Three years later, peace treaties were signed with Mexico at the little settlement of Waterloo. That same spot was made the state capital and renamed Austin, after the Republic's father, who grew increasingly ill and didn't live out the first year of the young country's life. Residents of Texas were freed from tariffs on American imports, and could own as many slaves as they damn well pleased.

France was the first country to recognize the new republic, founding the French Legation in what's now downtown Austin. It's the oldest building in the city, constructed in 1841. (Secretly buried in its foundation, brought over by boat from Paris, is a piece of masonry from Notre Dame, the corporeal citadel of the Archangels. Once in place, angels found it easy to use the Song of Location as a bridge between the two sites, and it's one of their primary gateways from Europe to America's southwest.)

Within 10 years, the U.S. declared Texas to be the 28th state by a majority vote of Congress, but it wouldn't be long before Texas seceded from the Union and joined the Confederate States against what they perceived as the tyranny of the North. They were stomped, of course, and from then on, the history of Texas coincided fairly closely with the history of the U.S. – Spanish-American War, World War I, the Depression, World War II. You know most of this. Texas prospered in the postwar boom, thanks especially to the 55 billion gallons of oil that were taken from its belly.



In the late 1970s, Texas fell prey to lowered oil prices and suffered an incredible economic hit. Commerce collapsed as once-rich oil men fell into depression along with the local economies. The banks found themselves owning much of the state, though nobody wanted it. Austin, with its newborn semiconductor industry and the engines of government to keep it fed, bounced back more quickly than the rest of the state, and while it's only the fifth-largest city in Texas, it's become the fastest growing and one of the most prosperous. With companies like Motorola, Texas Instruments, IBM, Apple, Sematech, Samsung, AMD and others elbowing each other for room in the capital of the Lone Star State, there'll be plenty of money to keep the place going. With a place like the University of Texas, loaded with thousands of new freshman souls every year – and the capital itself, controlling the largest of the contiguous United States – you can bet there'll be angels and demons around for the foreseeable future.

CULTURE

Austin has a reputation for being a decent-sized city that thinks of itself as a medium-sized town. Like many of its residents, it refuses to grow up. Almost half of the city's inhabitants are between 20 and 40 years old. Austin feels like a young city, with an active youth culture and a great night life. Most of the younger crowd came to Austin to go to school at the university (see p. 75) and liked the friendly atmosphere and liberal sensibilities so much that they decided to stay.

The Austin area contains about 900,000 people, split almost exactly 50/50 between men and women. The city's expected to break 1 million by the year 2000. Whites currently make up the majority of the population; roughly a fifth of the city is Hispanic, and approximately half as many again are black.

MAP

The city of Austin can be broken up into 14 discrete regions, outlined below. Like most Texas cities, Austin has no light rail system to speak of, and a bus system that's slow and unwieldy. To get anything done in any amount of time in this town, you have to have a car. Celestial characters, as favored Servitors, are assumed to have been given a serviceable vehicle, but nothing fancy without resorting to pulling in favors with a Superior, or getting in debt with another of the town's celestial denizens. It's also assumed that angels and demons who've been stationed semi-permanently in Austin have a place to crash, or are staying with another celestial in town. (Celestials don't need to sleep, but it helps to have a place to operate out of.)

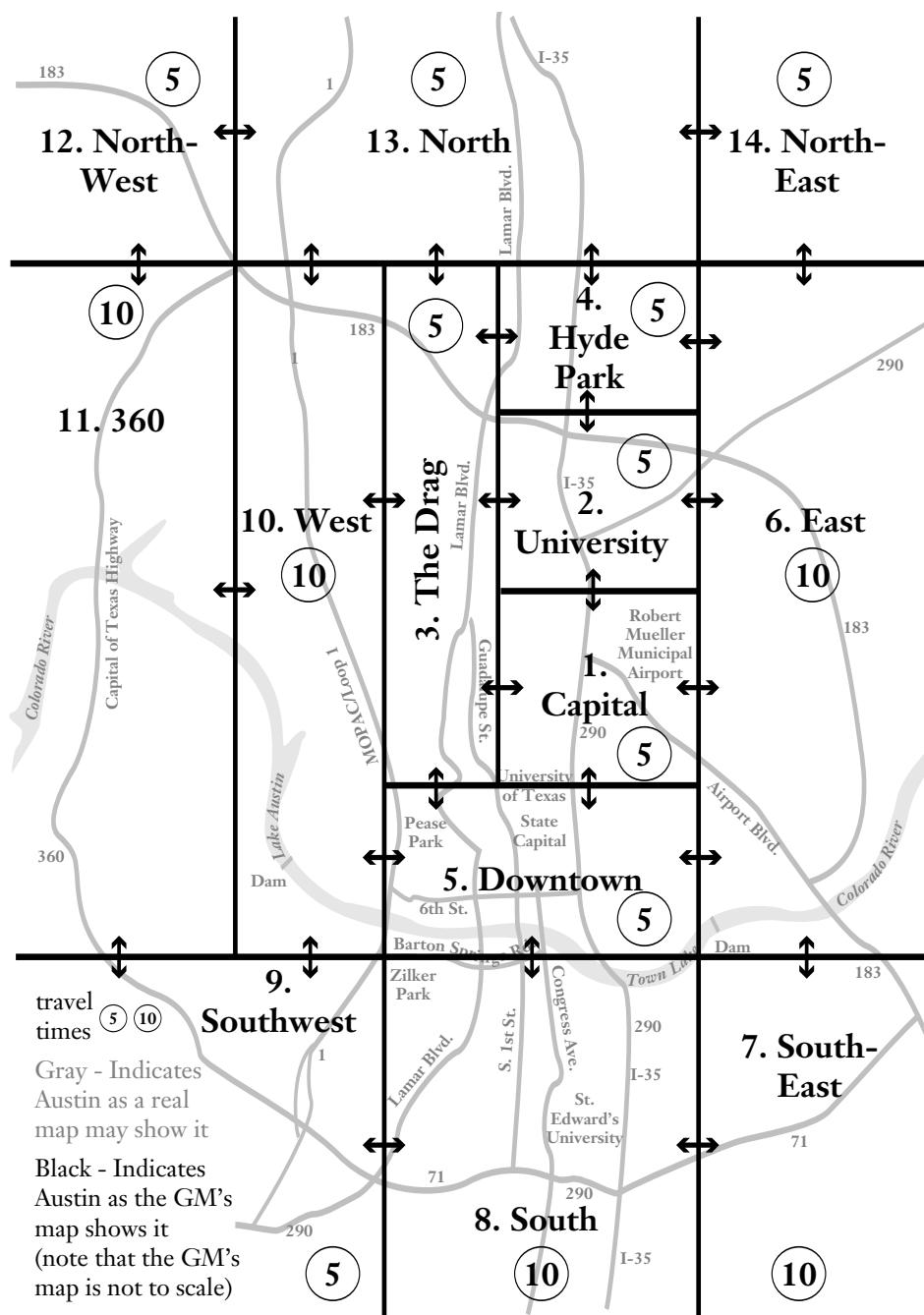
WEAPONS

Texans are known across the world as being good-natured people, fine hosts and tolerant of spirit, so long as nothing gets them too riled up. The old adage that an armed society is a polite society has never been as true as it is in Texas. Being on the forefront of several frontiers, Texas of course must also be on the edge of what American culture considers legal in the hand-cannon department. For example, in Texas, it's perfectly all right to drive around with a shotgun mounted on a rack in the back window of your truck. It's a concealed weapon that'll get you arrested, unless you have a permit. Permits for concealed weapons cost about \$150, and you must be over 21, have no felonies on your record, and take a brief handgun-safety training course.

Texans are very proud of their weaponry, and this can make it a very dangerous place for a celestial to hang out. Texans don't take lightly to demons crawling around on their property, and they're not as likely to run from something that frightens them as they are to shoot the hell out of it and call a preacher later. While this is something of a stereotype, especially with the recent influx of Californians and other calmer souls to help support Austin's burgeoning high-tech industry, it's something that the angels and demons of Texas always keep in the backs of their minds.

For those who like their gameplay violent, here's a little rule of thumb. If characters get into a firefight or some other nasty mess o' trouble in a public place, and there aren't already any police obviously involved, make a d666 roll. The number of ones that come up is the number of good old boys who reckoned they knew what was what (or, more importantly, who was what) and happened to be packing heat – they'll start helping any angels take out any demons. The number of sixes that come up are the number of good old boys who don't take kindly to any sort of scrap in a place where good folk are trying to get along with one another – they'll whip out their weapons and start randomly taking out any troublemakers they can identify. Keep in mind that in Texas your good old boys are just as likely to be good old girls.

For game play, the map of Austin on p. 74 is not to scale. Travel results are designed to be moderately cinematic – no celestial needs to spend too much time bogged down in traffic! The map focuses on the heart of the city, emphasizing its most unique features. Much of the city can easily be described as “generic suburbia” or “commercial real estate” and has been left sketchy, but



an attempt has been made to narrow your vision toward those elements that make Austin what it is.

Travel within a region takes 7 minutes, minus 1 die, at the GM's discretion. Obviously, if an angel is just hopping down the street, it might not even take a minute. Moving from one region to another takes a number of minutes listed next to each region's name (either 5 or 10). Travel time is cumulative. Travel may only occur between regions sharing a two-way arrow bridging their borders. During the day, add a 1 die traffic penalty (in

minutes); from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays, add 2 dice. On Friday from noon to 7 p.m., add 3 dice! GMs may assess additional penalties or modifiers for holidays and similar events.

Characters behind the wheel of a vehicle may choose to make a Driving roll as they pass from one region to another. This is optional, representing special time-saving measures taken by the driver. The check digits of successful rolls subtract minutes from the journey, and failed rolls add them, at the GM's discretion. Players may choose ahead of time whether they want to roll once and have the modifier apply to all the regions passed through during that trip, or if they want to roll separately as each region is entered and left. Ofanim, of course, shine in urban settings.

For example: Druiel has just broken out of the clean room of a demonic semiconductor lab in northwest Austin, and he needs to get downtown quickly. He must go from northwest Austin to north Austin, then to west Austin and then downtown – adding up to a 25-minute drive under normal circumstances. It's night, so there's no traffic penalty. He decides to have his Driving roll count for all regions, rather than rolling separately for each region, and succeeds with a check digit of 3 – making it through the four areas (northwest, north, west and downtown) in just 13 minutes! Like a bat out of Hell, indeed.

These rules are designed to prevent GMs from having to make elaborate maps of a city, and yet still capture the feel of moving about in a metropolitan

area. How long will it take for Zara to get from her place on the west side out to Tomas' place in Hyde Park? Twenty minutes, give or take a few. No one needs to know exact locations, just generalities.

Adventurous GMs may well change the details of the town to better fit their own cities. In particular, Madison, Wisconsin, and Sacramento, California, have both been compared to Austin, being major capitols, suburban sprawls, large college towns and centers of commerce. (The Drag would become Madison's State Street, etc.)

1. The Capitol

Constructed in its current form in 1888, the Texas Capitol is an imposing structure made of pink granite – the same kind of granite that makes up Enchanted Rock (see p. 91), a holy place manned by a Servitor of David, Archangel of Stone. An angel in celestial form may perform the Song of Location while floating over the star embedded in the floor beneath the building's great dome and be transported instantly to the Tether of David. Getting back can be a problem, as it requires the assistance of Mitrah, the Tether's Seneschal.

As a public building, the Capitol rotunda is kept open 24 hours a day, manned by security guards who could hardly be called crack.

Beyond the Capitol itself, and the great lawn that surrounds it, is the vast complex of miscellaneous government buildings, such as the county courthouse and the tax assessor's office, and the wandering sprawl of law offices that house the people necessary to keep the great machine of Texas up and running. While humans like the governor himself (who, as of this writing, is George Bush, the son of the ex-president) are almost impossible to approach, the minor minions of state are perfect candidates for everything from subtle manipulation to outright possession.

2. The University

Founded in 1883, the University of Texas at Austin has a large campus, covering several square miles. In addition to its staff and faculty (who include Nobel prizewinners among them), over 48,000 people call UT home. Several thousand, mostly freshman and sophomores, actually live on campus. The university is a recipient of more Federal funding than it likes to think about, mostly for its scientific research. Beyond the powerful brains who live and work at UT, it has several other notable features that are of interest to celestials.

First and foremost is the clock tower, looming over the rest of the campus at its highest point. Chiming the hours during the day, at night its strangely lit image is one of the most recognizable features in the Austin skyline. When UT wins a major sports event, or on any of several other occasions the school considers important, the tower glows orange. The UT tower is most widely known as the spot where Charles Whitman made a stand in 1966, armed to the gills, wounding 31 people and killing 15 others. See *Saminga*, on p. 111, for more information on Mr. Whitman and the tower that he made famous.

The West Mall is also an important part of campus. It's the location of the school's Union, and a cool, shaded hangout between (or during) classes. The campus has

declared it a free speech zone, so anyone can put up a booth or a banner or a placard saying just about anything. Celestials like to take advantage of the West Mall to see what the campus body is thinking and feeling.

On the southwest corner of campus is the Harry Ransom Center, or HRC. It contains one of the state's greatest archives, ranging from classic works of art to personal documents of the famous and the infamous. The same building houses one of seven extant copies of the Gutenberg Bible, in addition to unholy artifacts such as Andy Warhol's Marilyns and some notebooks which used to belong to Aleister Crowley. These and other mysteries can be found in the HRC; see *Yves*, p. 106, for more information.

On the northern edge of campus, buried deep beneath one of the math and science buildings, is a small Tokamak reactor, openly fought over by agents of both Jean (who want it shut down) and Vapula (who want to play!). Read more about it on pp. 103 and 112.

On the east side of campus is the LBJ Library, containing a small museum dedicated to the former president, who hailed from Texas, and a research facility dedicated to assembling and archiving all of the paperwork associated with his term as head of the country. It takes up a large amount of land, with several small but stylish buildings, one large fountain and several smaller ones, appropriately set upon a grassy knoll.



3. The Drag

After being dropped off by their parents to spend the next nine months trapped at college, this is the first place freshmen go. Its real name is Guadalupe Street – pronounced “GWAD-a-loop” by the locals, much to the horror of Spanish speakers – but everyone calls it the Drag. The street itself borders the west side of campus, lined with places ranging from second-hand music stores, video arcades (see p. 102), vintage clothing stores and head shops. The rest of the west campus area holds crowded student housing, run down after decades of

abuse at the hands of teenage residents, as well as the university's many fraternity and sorority houses. Along the far edge of the west campus, bordering on the western side of Austin itself, is Pease Park, a tangled and spooky mess of grass and trees containing everything from Frisbee golfers, families having picnics and students in medieval garb fighting with foam swords to serial rapists.

Much of the Drag and its environs were featured in the film *Slacker*, which any GM trying to run a game in Austin should watch at least once.

Wrenchial, the demon of Amps (see p. 90), has a crashpad in the West Campus area, though he spends most of his time wandering around on Sixth Street.



4. Hyde Park

Once an affluent area north of campus, the Hyde Park region of town is fairly small, but important in the overall celestial scheme of Austin. Many of the homes were constructed in the 1930s, immediately north of campus, and as such have been lived in by several generations of Texans, as well as foreign students from countless countries. Some of these homes have become large, immobile talismans, while others have been imbued with the celestial forces required to forge them into relics or reliquaries.

Since almost 85% of Austin is populated by renters, it's no surprise that the turnover in these homes is fairly high. Still, most of them are well-cared-for, and deeply loved.

Austin's Hyde Park is a region that glows with safety and security in the center of a city that seems to be in a constant state of change. This makes it a source of power for the angels, and a wonderful place for demons to play and prey.

Zara, an angel of Flowers (see p. 84), makes her home here. She has a great garden.

5. Downtown

Almost as alive during the day as it is at night, the downtown area is the heart of the city and illustrates its true variety – businessmen and street freaks, lawyers and musicians, cowboys and frat boys, all often one and the same.

When the sun is up, the heart of Austin is owned by big business, the banks and insurance companies that own and populate the city's skyscrapers. Downtown life at night centers around Sixth Street, the club strip. Every flavor of bar, bistro, hangout, haven, club and cabaret exists on Sixth Street, and about once a year most of them go out of business only to reopen under a different name. The premiere evening to experience Sixth Street

is on Halloween, when hundreds of thousands flock to experience the drunken debauchery, arm in arm with the city's celestials. The demon Wrenchial (see p. 90) is the most powerful of Austin's celestials who claims this as his turf, though his close friend, the angel Tomas (p. 82), has an apartment just blocks away. Also just blocks away, on the other

side of Sixth Street, is the city's police department, jail and courthouse. At the opposite end of Sixth Street from the jail is a shelter for the homeless, which is invariably crowded.

Downtown is also home to the majestic splendor of the Paramount Theatre, constructed in the first half of this century and recently restored to its former beauty. Angels and demons alike jockey for tickets to live music shows, spoken word tours and classic movie screenings in its elaborately ornamented interior. There are several large churches and other historical buildings downtown, including the French Legation (see p. 72).

There are a few 24-hour restaurants downtown, frequent hangouts for celestials after the bars close (at least, for those who didn't get invited to Tomas' party that night). Downtown is also host to several of the city's television stations and its single newspaper.

On the southern edge of downtown is the bridge which crosses the narrow gulf of Town Lake, leading to the south side of town. The bridge is famous for its bats. More than a million gather beneath it in the autumn and the spring during their annual pilgrimage to and from Mexico, where they enjoy a warmer winter. See p. 95 for more information on this bridge and its inhabitants.

6. East

The east side is the only part of town you might call unsafe. With a mostly Hispanic population, the east side has an entirely different feel than the rest of the city. Many, if not most, signs are in Spanish, and the lower economy is noticeable. It's not uncommon for houses to hold several families, and the sound of gunshots isn't that rare. Characters who don't speak Spanish have a -2 to any reaction rolls made against them by Spanish-speaking people in the area.

The police patrol the east side differently than they do the rest of the city. Even regular citizens drive through with an air of tension, as though anything could happen at any time – and sometimes it does. Car theft, car-jacking and gang-related violence are just some of the hazards of hanging out on the east side. Several angels of David make their homes here, battling the gangs, the Mexican Mafia and the poverty itself. The presence of an infernal Tether (see p. 96) doesn't help much.

7. Southeast

Little more than a bland meeting of south and east, the southeastern side of Austin is lined with nearly identical tract homes and convenience stores, filled with the milling masses of what could charitably be called white trash. It's not as dangerous as the east side, but many of the gangs have moved in from further north and marked their territory as such. There's only a bit of tension in the air, but while the homes are more upscale than those further north, they move drugs in and out of them just as easily. Hugo (see p. 88), a demonic Servitor of the Prince of Drugs, makes his home here.

8. South

The refuge of the lower-middle-class who've made it out of the east side, or who are afraid of slipping into it, the south side is what people refer to when they talk about "the other side of the river." South Austin exists in that gray area between "charming" and "run down." One of its primary arteries, Congress Street, is the regular hangout of prostitutes and drug dealers – many government officials and sports heroes have been caught employing the former and conspiring with the latter, though it usually gets hushed up quickly afterward.

The south side of town is also home to a wide range of antique stores and other second-hand shops. Celestials



will find them useful for tracking down talismans and relics of various kinds, which pass through the hands of antiquarians from time to time. Unfortunately, Austin's supply of antiques isn't what you might find in other cities in America, mostly because few people could afford nice furniture in Texas until the days of the oil boom. In the 1800s, a table was just as likely to be a wooden board sitting on the ground as it was to have legs. Wooden boards don't often last long enough to become talismans.

The south side has proven to be viable commercially, containing several large strip malls of average quality, a few theaters and a wide range of restaurants.

South Austin is also home to St. Edwards University, which – besides being an excellent small private college – is also the summer training camp of a famous Texas football team, five-time winners of the Super Bowl. The local police, as well as the media, go on alert when summer camp opens, not only to deal with the crowds of rabid fans, but also to be on the lookout for the usual displays of drunk driving, rampant womanizing and other dubious activities on the part of the sports heroes and their entourage. Strip bars love the summer, as you might imagine.

Nestled deep in the south side of town is the MediLabs building, recently consecrated as a Tether for Vapula, Prince of Technology (see p. 112).

9. Southwest

Typical suburban sprawl, the southwest region of town hasn't felt the same intrusion of gangs and crime that the south and southeast side has, but the presence is felt nonetheless. But for the most part, it's a quiet area away from the bustle of the city and a short jaunt away from 360 and the pleasures of the west side.

One of the largest employers in Austin's semiconductor industry is located here, in the furthest corner of the city.

10. West

The rest of the town's 24-hour diners are concentrated on the west side of town, where Austin's young and affluent meet. Thirty-year-old professionals with money to burn like to party all evening and wash up in one of the town's late-night greasy spoons, sucking down coffee and eating migas until they feel they're safe to drive again.

Besides a near endless row of bookstores, used car lots and reasonably classy older houses, Zilker Park is also on the west side of town. Zilker is a large grassy expanse covering the southwest corner of the west side. The weekend finds this exceptionally large park full of lively humanity, flying kites, playing sports and swimming in Barton Springs. The springs are fed by the Edwards Aquifer, which is connected to the maze of catcombs which make up a Tether of Saminga (see p. 93). In addition to the bridge listed above, Frex and his servants can enter the city from the perpetually cool depths of the natural Springs.

Also located on the west side is the angelic Tether of Treaty Oak (p. 98), the hair salon that Zara operates (p. 84), and the apartment building where Druiel lives (see p. 80).

11. 360

The richest section of the city, the 360 area is also home to some of Austin's fastest-growing industrial sectors – mostly software development. Besides the multi-million dollar homes which line the eastern edge of Lake Austin, this quiet and woody area of the Hill Country is home to several notable computer-game companies and many corporate support teams. Marc and his minions spend a lot of time pulling strings here, giving young developers seed money to fulfill their dreams.

Speaking of Lake Austin, the 360 region is also home to Hippy Hollow, the relatively secluded Tether of Novalis (see p. 95).

12. Northwest

The northwest side of town is where Austin's premier development efforts are headed. From the various semiconductor plants opening there to the incredible amount of expensive village-like condo housing being constructed, this part of town looks the most modern, much to the chagrin of long-time residents. If you've got any kind of money, and you want comfort as well as security, this is the place to live. There are two very large malls in the area, as well as virtually every kind of shop and restaurant that you can imagine. If it's in town, and you have got money, you can probably find it here.

13. North

Having suffered greatly during more than a decade of highway construction, the north side of town is beginning to bounce back. Other than the used car lots and large chain stores, the north side of town is full of 20- and 30-year-old average-size homes, housing all the people who couldn't afford to live on the west side, can't find a house located centrally and don't want to live on the east side.

Also, it's home to two large strip clubs, one of which employs Lauren, the demon of Strippers (p. 86).

14. Northeast

The northeast side of town is relatively unimpressive. It's sparsely populated, and no different than most other residential/commercial sprawls across the country. Its most notable feature is Robert Mueller Airport, the city's only public airfield. It's also home to a large mall with two relatively nice movie theaters, some hotels, countless cheap restaurants, a few small strip malls and a large toy store.



MEETING AND GREETING

When first arriving in Austin, angels and demons will rarely know “the situation.” When assigned, celestials’ Superiors may tell them about the local truce, or they might be dropped into the city entirely ignorant. Angels and demons will be introduced to any Servitors in town who work for the same Archangel or Demon Prince, but will have to get to know the others on their own. What information a newly-arrived celestial’s contacts are likely to give is left up to the GM’s interpretation of that character. This means that, as far as a PC knows, there aren’t that many celestials in Austin. Or, he can be brought into the story with full knowledge of the situation.

As favored Servitors, the PCs will automatically be treated with greater deference (or, at least, attention) than the average low-ranked celestial. Their favored status will earn them the respect of some people and the enmity of others. They’re more likely to be trusted by others, though rarely with the complete truth. While some angels and demons, such as Tomas or Wrenchial, will bring newcomers into their complete confidence, others are much more manipulative, like Druiel or Hugo.

On Friday nights, Austin’s demons have a habit of meeting downtown at a coffee bar on Fourth Street, on the edge of the city’s club district. It’s right next door to a small well-respected theater whose patrons fill the bar after performances. Not all of Austin’s demons show up, but even the less-social Diabolicals enjoy the Friday

evening blowouts. Some Balseraphs are against the practice (“Yeah, that’s what they want – all of us in the same room at the same time!”) but most of the local demons show up at one time or another. It’s a good time for meeting new people and gossiping. Angels are encouraged to come, of course, but they rarely do unless they have a specific question to ask the town’s infernal contingent.

Until recently, the caffeine-pumped demons enjoyed walking over to Tomas’ after-hours party, but now most of them aren’t willing to risk it anymore since the Old Guy has gotten more social.

On Wednesday mornings, Austin’s angels get together on the west side of town at a modern vegetarian yuppie restaurant owned by a friend of Zara’s. They sit out on the patio and watch the sun rise, communally sharing the daily rush of morning Essence. While Zara always shows when she can, seldom are more than four or five other angels there. It’s not that the angels are any less social than the demons; rather, few of the Host remember to stop what they’re doing every Wednesday morning just to hang out with other angels. Since it’s a much more intimate gathering, the conversation tends to be much more formal – and, above all, polite. Demons are not invited, though in dire circumstances they’re allowed to crash the engagement. Zara will have no problem with asking one of the large cooks in the back to escort troublemakers to the door, angelic or demonic.

FAVORED SERVITORS AND AREA TETHERS

There are several different overlapping cliques of celestials in Austin. Six of the more interesting, and influential, angels and demons are outlined below. Unlike most of the other celestials in Austin, these six are also favored servants of their bright and dark masters, and speak with them directly on a regular basis. Also described are the Seneschals of area Tethers, starting on p. 91. Others may be found in the Supporting Cast section of “The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll,” beginning on p. 113. Still, these are by no means every single celestial who lives and works in Austin and its environs.

There are some who refuse to associate with the “popular” crowd, for whatever reason, and there are also a few who don’t associate with any other celestials, like Reaux (p. 101).

Some of these angels and demons might easily be suitable for player characters. Players might even enjoy taking turns at portraying the relatively extreme characters of the area Seneschals – while powerful beyond the realm of the average angel or demon, these celestials are nothing if not interesting, and the plots woven among them are nothing if not earth-shattering.

Of the angels and demons described below, it’s important to note that, against all odds, these six really do trust each other. While most of their Superiors don’t know it, they’d no more betray one another than their own sides. They argue, sure, and some of them do things that others *really don’t like* . . . but they’ve somehow managed to get past all the celestial issues and learned to appreciate one another as individuals. An outsider accepted into their clique will have allies for life.



ANGELIC SERVITORS

DRUIEL

Angel of Teenage Death Seraphim Servitor of Children, in service to Laurence

The two teens broke away from their group and ran smiling into the night, holding hands against the darkness. She was breathing rapidly, her skin burning as the drug they'd taken half an hour before took effect. His skin was cool in the autumn evening, his breathing accelerated by nervousness.

"This," she purred between quick panted breaths with the certainty of conviction, "is some great stuff." Her swaying head was hidden by thick and heavy curls. "Aren't you getting off?" she asked, pulling on his shirt. He smiled back at her. He'd palmed his pill earlier, faking a reaction to its bitter, chalky taste.

She grabbed his wrists, turned away from him and pulled his arms around herself, pressing back against his body. Her breathing was reaching a crescendo.

"You're lovely," was all he could bring himself to say. He wasn't very good with words. They stood silhouetted as one figure against the starry Texas night while the drug continued to work its way through her system.

"Oh my God," she said, throwing her head back and biting her lower lip. "Oh my God, this feels so good. I'm so full of love. I can't describe it. It's like my heart's so full of love it's going to explode."

"It will," choked Druiel, the angel of Teenage Death.

Monday, the school was in mourning. More kids than usual skipped their classes, teachers broke from their usual instruction to lecture on the need to seek help, anti-drug propaganda posters went undefiled for a day in silent acknowledgement of the tragic accident.

"It's like," Sara said to him in the lunchroom, "I think I'm going to live forever, you know? Even after my best friend takes too much X and . . . you know . . . I can't get rid of the feeling that I'm immortal. I think it's a teenager thing. My parents, all they do is brood on life, like it's some big deal."

The rest of the students at the table stared at their food. No one was eating.

"I just never thought it would happen to anyone I know. Knew. I mean, not so soon, not while we're so young."

"So how is it," she continued, "that you remain so stable, Drew? I mean, everyone goes through all this, we lose three kids this year – which is, like, a record or something – how is it you're the only guy who's able to stay cool in all this?"

"I don't know," mumbled Druiel, shrugging. "I just have a positive attitude, I guess."

"But I mean, she was your girlfriend."

Druiel nodded. He was uncomfortable with his role, teaching people who think they're immortal about what mortality really means, but he performed his job dutifully.

"We only have so long," he said, emptily muttering his prepared speech from a mental cue card. "Nothing lasts forever, especially not human beings."

Sara reached over and put her hand over his. "You're so deep," she said.

Corporeal Forces – 4	Strength 5	Agility 11
Ethereal Forces – 4	Intelligence 10	Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 5	Will 9	Perception 11

Vessels: Human/6 (male teenager); Human/2 (adult male)

Role: High School Student/2

Skills: Fast-Talk/5, Move Silently/4, Small Weapon/4 (knife), Tracking/3

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/4, Celestial/6), Dreams (Corporeal/6), Entropy (Corporeal/5), Thunder/3, Wings/5

Attunements: Seraph of Children, Seraph of the Sword, Luck, Blade Blessing of Laurence, Vassal of the Sword

Special Rites: Promote the idea that life is fragile and precious by reminding others, especially teenagers, of the tragic deaths of their fellow teens. In-depth work with a few people is as valuable as more generic mass-media efforts; a heart-to-heart talk with a single distraught teen is just as good as a message posted on the Internet (both +1). Something both widespread *and* particularly moving – say, a tearful interview on the local news about a dead girlfriend – would be worth as much as +3.

Druiel, the angel of Teenage Death, has a few problems on his hands. It is his job to educate teenagers on the reality of life – that they are not immortal, no matter what their hormones might lead them to believe. It is the Fate of some kids to be made an example of so that the rest might live more prudent lives, but Druiel (DREW-ee-el: “Don’t pronounce it ‘Drool,’” he snarled at Hugo the first time they met, and Hugo hasn’t done it since.) felt like he was getting nowhere.

Druiel, if asked directly, would admit that he doesn’t know quite why he asked for his Word. He had a lot of romantic ideas about angst and flowers being picked in their prime, and . . . asked for the Word of Teenage Death. He thought that by popularizing the tragedy of lives cut off in their prime, he could turn mankind’s heart more toward its better destiny. (He also thought he’d get to meet the mysterious Archangel of Death, and is still disappointed he hasn’t.)

But perhaps a Seraph wasn’t the right angel for this Word. Unlike most of his Choir, Druiel really likes people. But he doesn’t really understand them. His initial attempts to support his Word, by glorifying and romanticizing various tragic deaths, were fruitless. Eventually he decided that if he couldn’t find the “perfect” death to grab people’s imaginations, he’d make it happen. Yes, he was killing, but by picking innocent victims, he was saving their souls for Heaven. Or so he told himself. So he started setting up the most tragic situations possible. First a car crash that claimed three victims, then a couple of drug overdoses . . . picking attractive, likable victims, the better to emphasize the tragedy.

So far, his friends in the Austin celestial community have covered for Druiel, their loyalty overcoming their discomfort (even Druiel’s demon friends are a little uncomfortable about what he’s doing). But they’re not happy about it. And there’s a question of just how long this can go on, because – of all the celestials in Austin – he’s the one closest to getting walloped by an Archangel.

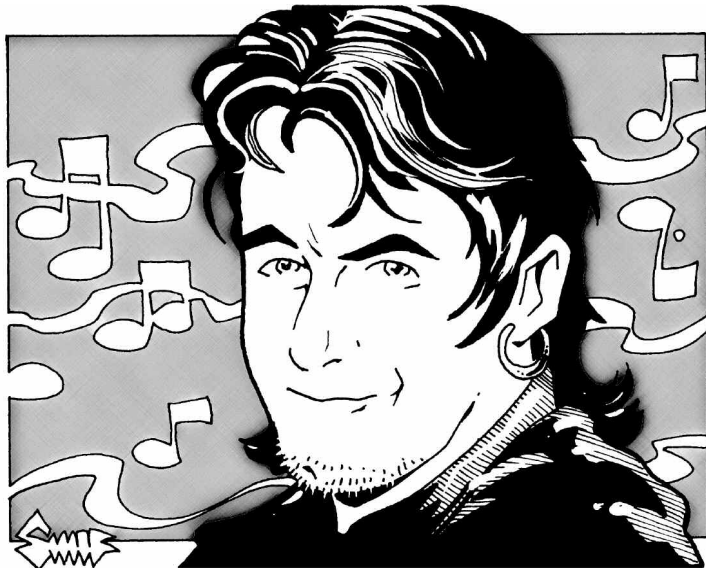
First off, he’s not exactly helping out children in a man-

ner endorsed by Christopher, even if he has been loaned to Laurence for a few decades. Angels often do things that seem callous, cruel or even evil to human understanding, but offing innocent teenagers is way beyond the pale. To make things worse, he’s not being particularly discreet. As time passes, he’s cared less and less about making an impression and more and more about finding the next target. As the bodies pile up, someone’s going to start asking some questions. As the mortal authorities start to put two and two together, Drew might have to leave town – and that’s something none of the local celestials really wants. The demons would miss his company, and his angelic friends worry that without their influence, Drew might go underground and pile up so much Dissonance that he will become an Outcast . . . or (a thought they barely dare entertain) even Fall.

Druiel lives in an apartment on the west side of town. His cover story is that his father is a traveling salesman who leaves him alone a lot. In addition to everything else, Druiel is the weakest link in the Austin clique’s chain. He’s running more than a few plots behind his friends’ backs, and while he’d never consciously betray them, he’s certainly close to reaping armloads of dissonance. As a Seraph, and unwilling to lie, the clique has elected him the best angel to continue pulling the wool over the Old Guy’s (p. 99) eyes – after all, the ancient Malakite would never suspect a Seraph of misleading him. Of course, Druiel is starting to feel a bond with the old angel, and visits him whenever he can. Similarly, he’s consorting with some dark, dark demons – like the Diabolical who lives in the catacombs beneath the city (p. 93) – to steal uranium for Mitrah (see p. 91). (Ironically, she’s planning to use the uranium to destroy the catacombs.) Mitrah lets him use her ancient Tether, Enchanted Rock, as his killing grounds since it’s far enough out of town that most of the celestials won’t hear the disturbances he creates in the Symphony while he dirties his hands.



Right now, tired of slaying the teens he likes so much, Druiel's desperately seeking a broader way to promote his Word. Inspired by the death of '90s grunge idol Kurt Cobain, he's cruising the lively local music scene for an appropriate band to kill. In the adventure, "The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll" (p. 113), he finds one. Druiel serves as a good example of an angel who's gone a bit crazy, serving his Word (as he sees it) – though not Heaven.



TOMAS

Angel of Catchy Tunes

Mercurian Servitor of Creation

Tomas raised his hand to the door as if to knock, and instead pulled a pencil out of his jacket pocket, held it up in front of him and snapped it in two.

The door was thrown open by a huge, snarling mass of a man that could only be described as demonic.

"Hey, peacemaker," smiled Wrenchial, demon of Amplifiers, Servitor of Fire, clasping hands with his Mercurian friend and shaking vigorously. "If you didn't come to party, don't bother knocking on my door."

"Hey, troublemaker," smiled Tomas, angel of Catchy Tunes, a ripple going up his spine as he generated Essence from his friend's quoting of popular culture. "Good perception, man. You're still the best. How's biz?"

The demon laughed. "Not bad, not bad. Back in town."

"So I noticed. Got any new music for me?"

"Sure do, let me get out my bag." The demon motioned his friend into the apartment and started digging through a duffel bag that had been dropped unceremoniously on the floor.

Tomas closed the door behind himself. Wrench had a nice place, a pretty swank pad. He made most of his money running

sound for the huge auditorium in town – you know, that coliseum-style party playland where everybody who's anybody has to do a gig.

"Make some loud noise on your vacation?" Tomas asked. Wrenchial laughed.

"Sure did. Sent some people's eardrums back to Hell!" The angel smiled back politely.

"Here're the tapes, man," the demon said, handing over a fistful of tapes. As Tomas shuffled through them, he noticed one that looked different from the rest. He started humming, "One of These Things Is Not Like The Other," the old Sesame Street standby. The tape had a blank label – unlike the others, which suffered heavily from Wrenchial's tiny handwriting, detailing the time and place the tapes had been made.

"I've got a little problem," said Wrench, placing the hummed tune instantly.

"When a problem comes along," Tomas quoted with a straight face, "you must whip it. What's the deal?"

"The deal is this: there are some things going on that I don't know 'bout, dig?"

Tomas thought for a moment. "Do you mean you don't know about but you suspect, or that you have some clue about but, if pressed, you've never heard anything about it?"

"Exactly," said Wrenchial. Tomas frowned.

"I'd like to help you –"

"That's not it," said Wrenchial, "I don't want you to help me. But you know if I had the chance that I'd like to help you." He glanced at the blank tape, and back at Tomas. Tomas nodded.

"I'll always welcome your help," he said, clumsily trying to pocket all the tapes at once. Most of them fell out of his hands. As he and Wrenchial bent over to pick them back up, he took advantage of the opportunity to slip the blank-labeled tape inside his boot for safekeeping. The rest ended up in his baggy jacket pocket.

"Well, it was cool seeing you again. I've got to go hook up with some ad execs. Jingles must go on, you know."

"Be cool," said Wrenchial, saluting his friend.

"You know it."

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessels: Human/3 (adult male)

Skills: Detect Lies/5, Dodge/4, Emote/6, Lying/6

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/5), Entropy (Corporeal/5), Thunder/3,

Attunements: Mercurian of Creation, Elohim of Creation, Abracadabra, Transubstantiation

Special Rites: Get a tune stuck in someone's head (+1); Get someone interested in a new (to the target) style of music (+2); Have someone knowingly quote a popular song lyric to him (+1)

In the Austin clique, Tomas fills the role of the impartial one. Since his Word doesn't overlap that of any other angel in town, and it's non-threatening to the powerful demonic celestials in the area, he's become the group's arbitrator and negotiator. Once, Tomas even allowed himself to be disguised as a demon to mediate a peace between Wrenchial and some punked-out demons who didn't like him being on their turf in San Antonio.

Tomas is one of the most stylish celestials in the area, operating out of his home in a swank pink apartment building downtown, in the middle of the club scene. It has a coded gate to keep people from wandering in off the street – he's well known for the parties he throws after the bars close.

He's very slick, but in a classy way, like a Californian who spent too much time in Europe. Tomas is always searching out the zeitgeist, trying to stay one step ahead of accepted fashion and looking for the next new trend in

popular music. His snappy patter quotes catchy songs from all eras.

Unlike the other angels and demons in Austin, Tomas and Wrenchial go back to before they were both stationed there. In the '70s, as punk was sweeping New York streets and Madison Avenue was being overwhelmed by a new generation of ad execs raised on television, the two of them unintentionally joined forces in the Big Apple's music scene. Wrench was looking for the loudest, most painful – but most appealing – music around, while Tomas was searching for the perfect catchy tune. Without realizing they'd had each other's help, they managed to pull off several ear-blowing Who concerts in that era. Realizing their Words weren't in competition, and having similar attitudes about a lot of things, they went on to make each other look good to the other's Superior.

Eli has charged Tomas with the onerous duty of hang-

DISTURBING THE SYMPHONY IN AUSTIN

In a place as strange as Austin, where the majority of the celestials know one another and are willing to overlook actions which don't directly fall under their jurisdiction, randomly disturbing the Symphony can be a dangerous thing. Most minor alterations to the Symphony can be shrugged off, but anything major will be noticed and its origins questioned. While some of the locals have been known to purposefully make large changes to the Symphony in order to attract a particular celestial's attention, it's not a good idea for those who are uninitiated in the ways of the Austin clique to go around killing people or doing other things to noticeably change the status quo.

First off, you stand the chance of attracting the attention of a celestial you *don't* want to run into. For example, demonic Servitors must shy away from making any kind of disturbances in west Austin to avoid attracting the attention of the Old Guy, who's looking for a demon to scrap with. Now sure, you could probably convince him you were an angel, but if you were to fail then you'd really be in trouble, because he'd call in his other angelic friends – and whether or not they knew you, they'd feel compelled to help him slaughter you, just for letting their charade slip. Balseraphs, remember: as a Malakite, the Old Guy stands a one-in-six chance of using his resonance for honor to see you for what you truly are.

Second, the weird truce in Austin is important to nearly all of the Superiors in one way or another, allowing them to accomplish things in Austin that

they couldn't normally get done elsewhere. After an adventure in Austin, when a favored Servitor meets back up with his Superior, he will more than likely be expected to explain how and why the Symphony was disturbed in the course of the mission. Making any unexpected ripples might upset the delicate balance of some Superior's experiment, perhaps even your own, and the resulting backlash would more than likely come down on your head. There's a chance it might end up helping, but it's not a chance that should be taken.

Last, and perhaps most important, it's just not good manners. In a place like Texas, the humans and celestials alike are polite and smiling individuals with angry-looking loaded weapons only an arm's reach away.

To sum up: if you don't get stomped at the time, and you don't get stomped by your boss, then the locals will take you out drinking and stomp you behind a bar when you're least expecting it. If you have to kill someone, or you know ahead of time that you're going to be making some noticeable change to the Symphony, nonchalantly mention it to one of the other favored Servitors in town, one of the core group in the Austin clique. Word will get around. This isn't always a good thing, since chances are there's someone somewhere who won't approve of what you're up to, but it's better than everyone overreacting and turning you into blood pudding for not respecting the established order.

ing out, kicking back, looking for good music and promoting it. ("Good music," Eli told Tomas once, "reminds people of the good in Creation. Takes their minds off whatever's bumming them out." Then he started humming to himself, "I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect har-mo-ny . . ." before he wandered off.) If Tomas' Archangel were anyone other than Eli, his relationship with Wrenchial would be nearly impossible. As it is, if Eli cares, he hasn't let on. Tomas hasn't seen his Archangel in several years, but he hopes it'll happen sometime soon. In an adventure, since Tomas has a pretty easy life as celestials go, GMs should use him as an important source of information, or a social conduit to the rest of the celestials in town. Since he feels a little awkward about his relatively lax existence, he's more than willing to hang out with new arrivals and show them around. Besides, that way he can pump them for information.

To support his Word, Tomas has been spending a lot of time cruising around the music scene with Wrenchial and Druiel, looking for the newest catchy tune. In the adventure, "The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll," he finds one – in fact, it's on the tape Wrenchial handed to him . . .

ZARA

Cherub Friend of Flowers

"I just love how you're wearing it now," said Zara, mentally snipping the bell out of the girl's hair. Glad I'm not a Seraph, she thought.

The girl giggled. "Oh, I don't really do anything to it," she said with a wave of her hand. I would never have known, thought the Servitor of Flowers, broadening her smile. She led the girl into the prep room, where trained specialists would scrub at scalp detritus with organic oils of peppermint and eucalyptus.

"Face wrap today?" Zara asked. The girl was relaxing into a chair as her head was being massaged by one of the several humans the angel employed.

She moaned beneath the woman's expert hands. "I always feel so great when I leave here," she said.

"That's the idea," smiled the angel of Flowers, cocking her head as the receptionist put a hand on her shoulder.

"There's a – a lady here to see you," he said through pursed lips of disapproval.

Zara floated serenely to the foyer of the salon,

studying the new arrival from behind. Black hair; black dress, black nails, black boots, black collar; white skin. The angel frowned.

"Hey, uh, Zara," said Lauren as she turned, smiling weakly, her hands struggling between waving and balancing a huge pair of black sunglasses on her tiny nose.

"Hello, Lauren," Zara said from a distance.

"Hey," the demon of Strippers mumbled, her voice shaking slightly, "uh, I sorta, you know." Her awkwardly balled up fists moved down her face to wipe off her cheeks, then back to her shades. "I need some help." She flashed her glasses down and back up, briefly showing Zara the black, purple and yellow mess that used to be her eye. The angel took a mental step back,

noticing that the young demoness wasn't clutching her fingers together around her sunglasses because she was afraid the gangly frames might fall off, but because she was afraid someone might notice how badly her fingers were broken. A glance at Lauren's pained posture told the healer a story of pronounced physical abuse.

"Oh, you poor dear," the angel said, instinctively reaching out to comfort the young woman before stopping herself.

"I don't bite," Lauren said meekly, the volume dropping out of her voice. "I mean, at least, I won't bite you," she corrected under her breath.

"This way," Zara said, motioning Lauren to the back of the store. The demon stood up without anyone's help and limped to the back of the store, breathing through her teeth.

Zara motioned to a padded table. "Up," she said. After lying down, Lauren caught her breath and took in her surroundings. It was a large, private room behind Zara's shop. Lauren had heard about it before, but had always been



too proud to seek it out herself. It was the only place in town celestials could go after getting in trouble and not expect to answer a lot of questions. The room emanated peace.

"Thanks," she said to Zara after the angel returned from lighting incense.

"Get into a little fight?" Zara asked. It was quite out of character, but she allowed curiosity to get the best of her on occasion.

"A-are we alone?" the demon asked.

Zara shook her head. "There's an old friend of mine in the mud pit, but I don't think Nikki's going to have a problem with anything you might say." The angel motioned to a recessed area along the far wall. Lauren had thought it was solid floor, but a blonde head emerged from what was actually a healing mud bath.

"Please speak freely," said Nicole, angelic Servitor of Fire.

"Muh-my master, Prince Andrealphus, was in town," the demon said quietly, chin quivering and voice cracking. She frowned, chewing on the inside of a cheek while the angel tallied off a list of injuries. Broken ribs. Broken fingers. Minor lacerations.

Zara wrinkled her forehead, exchanging looks with her friend in the mud. "I take it your master is not pleased with you," she said diplomatically.

Lauren tried to shrug, wincing with the pain. "No," she said, raising her eyebrows as if discussing what the weather might do. Tears ran down the sides of her face, pooling up in her ears. "I mean, he seemed happy enough at the time. It's just what he does."

The two angels exchanged glances, then Nicole sank back into the healing mud.

"Nicole will need the bath for a few more hours," Zara said quietly, hesitantly brushing the demon's forehead. "Then you're next." I've never refused an injured soul, she reminded herself, and God knows this soul is injured. The angel massaged a minty oil into Lauren's temples and watched the demon's corporeal vessel visibly relax. "This will help with the pain," she whispered, pulling Lauren's matted hair from her forehead and trying to untangle it in the process.

"Have . . . you ever considered doing something with your hair?" she asked casually.



Her store, buried deep in west Austin, has been busy ever since it opened, six months ago. From college students to bored housewives (and the occasional househusband), the ecologically conscious people in Austin seemed to really want an eco-sensitive way to take care of themselves and improve not only their coif, but their skin, their nails – everything about a corporeal vessel that could be poked and preened by someone other than a licensed physician.

But Zara isn't just a hairdresser, she's a personal confidante. The ultimate confessor in modern-day America is the person who cuts your hair, the person who molds the way your culture sees you. With her contacts among the rest of Austin's hairdressing community, Zara knows a little bit about everyone who is anyone.

Zara also has a lot of friends outside the Austin community. One of them is Nicole, from *In Nomine* (p. 194), who's in town healing up after getting into a scrape while hunting down her ex-boyfriend, the demon Marcus. For the next few weeks, Nicole will be operating out of Zara's place in residential Hyde Park, performing a few more favors for the Archangel of Flowers and hoping to gather information on where Marcus might have gone. Zara lives in a trendy little cottage in Hyde Park constructed in the 1930s. She has a garden in the front yard where she uses her Friend of the Gardeners attunement.

Novalis has charged Zara with helping keep the peace in Austin by operating an equal-opportunity healing salon for celestials and their servants. Anyone who wouldn't normally be served at St. Michael's (see p. 105) – that is, everyone who wasn't injured fighting for God in glorious fashion – is welcome at Zara's. Even if you just want to avoid filling out Michael's angels' paperwork or answering any of the probing questions of the Malakim and Seraphim of Dominic who hang around there, go see Zara. She never asks for anything in return, but the celestial community of Austin thanks her with their respect, and they try to keep Austin peaceful. To help them along, Zara spends her daily Essence on a Corporeal Song of Harmony every morning before opening, and occasionally throughout the day she again blankets the place in good vibes. Only one battle ever broke out at Zara's place, when both sides of a fight showed up with their wounded at the same time.

She's the only celestial in Austin who knows how to make the recuperative mud. It's a secret Novalis shared

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 8 Perception 12
Vessels: Human/2 (adult female)
Skills: Detect Lies/5, Dodge/5, Emote/6
Songs: Charm (Corporeal/6), Harmony (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/3, Celestial/5), Healing (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/2, Celestial/6)
Attunements: Cherub of Flowers, Friend of the Gardeners

with her once over tea. An amount capable of entirely submerging a corporeal body, covering it completely, will heal the vessel it contains by 1 Body hit every hour. Humans, unlike celestials, must of course use air tanks to stay submerged for that length of time. Each concoction of mud lasts about a week. It requires half a day wandering around the local countryside for supplies and then two or three hours to properly mix up the mud. In extreme cases, she uses her Cherubim of Flowers attunement to pull her charge's wounds onto herself.

Still, Zara loves her human clients; they mean a lot to her. To some of her favorite customers, she gives plants potted from her garden – that whole Friend of the Gardeners thing. She honestly just enjoys helping people and calming angry moods.

Sometimes she gets a little catty – but it's usually just to open up someone's mind (or so she tells herself).

Zara does have one secret, though: among all the regular plants she grows in the back of her shop, she has a special garden put aside for some marijuana, which she reserves for three of her clients and a former employee who are suffering from reduced immune systems. They enjoy the release it brings from nausea. Zara's afraid to tell anyone else about it, because while her Archangel couldn't care less, there are some people who would use it as an excuse to persecute another of Novalis' angels. The angels of Dominic feel free to ignore "unjust" mortal laws, but often apply a stricter standard to Servitors of other Archangels . . . especially those of which their master disapproves.

As for herself, Zara is looking for a greater purpose. She doesn't want to do anything epic, but she wants to help someone in a way that will make a noticeable difference. This angel is looking for a human, that special someone to help and heal and make into a brightly shining thing. In the adventure, "The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll," she finds one.

DEMONIC SERVITORS

LAUREN

Demon of Strippers

Impudite Knight of Lust

Lauren looked up with a devilish grin and pulled hard on the girl's nipple. She flinched instinctively, wincing and whining.

"Can't do that around the boys," said the demon of Strippers. It's amazing how a good mud bath can put your day right back on track, she thought, her grin widening.

"I just, I wasn't expecting that," gasped the girl, cupping her sore breast with both hands.

"Expect it," the demon said. "Guys'll do anything. Anything." She clapped her hands and rubbed them together. "So is this an audition, or is this an audition? I know that you know how to take it off, now I want to know if you can use what you've got to show. That's what people are paying for, right?" Lauren relaxed back into the soft leather chair and stared at the young girl standing mostly naked in front of her.

The girl relaxed, let her arms hang loose and felt all her face go slack. She

breathed in slowly, held it, then allowed the slightest air of faint arousal to show on her face – mouth slightly open, teeth slightly bared, eyes slightly closed, head tilting back. And who knows, maybe she really felt it.

She rippled her torso, a wave that started at her hips and moved up to her shoulders. Her arms began to sway slowly, independent of any other body movement. Her fingers moved back and forth, gently brushing against the fine hair on Lauren's arms.

She opened her eyes, tilted her head forward and met the demon's stare. Then, slowly, she exhaled.

Lauren smiled. "I think you have a job," she said.

The girl burst out giggling. "Oh my God," the girl bubbled, "you are like so cool."

"What the hell?" the demon of Strippers laughed. "And don't flinch when the boys touch you. They're evil, you know, but they're paying \$20 a song to see that look on your face."



"Tell me about it," the girl said, feeling a deep bond developing with the older woman. The demoness grabbed the girl by the wrist as she turned to put her clothes back on.

"You don't have a problem walking around nude, do you?" she asked, distracting the girl while stealing her Essence.

"No," she said, feeling strangely drained after the excitement of her audition. "I do it all the time in my house."

"Cool. We expect our ladies to spend most of their time in the buff. But I'd like to think we encourage an atmosphere that lets people feel comfortable with nakedness."

The girl nodded, her brow slightly furrowed as if trying to remember something.

The demon let go of the girl's arm, having drunk her fill. Oh, and Lauren's hair looked great.

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 5 Agility 7

Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9

Celestial Forces – 5 Will 12 Perception 8

Vessels: Human/1 (young adult female); Charisma +3

Role: Stripper/6

Skills: Acrobatics/6, Artistry/5 (Stripping), Detect Lies/5, Dodge/5, Emote/6, Escape/3, Lying/6, Seduction/6

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/6; Ethereal/5; Celestial/6), Entropy (Corporeal/5), Tongues (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/4)

Attunements: Impudite of Lust, Knight of Lust, Balseraph of Lust, Dark Desire

Special Rites: Seduce a new lover with a 10-minute striptease, going from fully dressed to fully naked (+1); Bring a new dancer into the world of striptease (+2)

The demon of Strippers has made her way across the country, having started out in the City of Angels, and is settling down in Austin to rest for a spell. She's been hanging around for three years now, having gotten attached to the feel of a city where you're not always looking over your shoulder for angelic threats, much less demonic ones. Andrealphus has yet to grow bored of her stories about the endless parade of broken-down ex-oil men and steroid-pumped sports stars that pass through town. That, coupled with the fact that she manages to show him a great time when he shows up, has kept him from ordering her to move on. Unfortunately for her, his attention to this particular favored Servitor tends toward the abusive.

To the outside world, Lauren appears in control, but she feels like she's on the edge of losing it completely. She's not a very powerful demon, certainly not strong enough to support a Word as valuable as that of Strippers. Once – as a minor, almost forgotten, demon of Lust, languishing in the velvet rooms of a Los Angeles strip bar – Lauren had a very special customer. She

couldn't tell what was unique about him, but something told her to give it all she had. She did, and more. Her customer was spellbound, caught up in the slow revelations of her smooth ivory skin. As she leaned close to pull the Essence from his charmed form, her customer purred, "You must be the demon of Strippers."

Suddenly, as surely as she knew her own name, she realized that she *was* the demon of Strippers! As she brushed the hair from her face, her man disappeared. She grabbed his \$20 from the table, packed a small bag and fled east.

Ever since, she's feared being called out as a fake, a wretch not important enough to be a Knight in the armies of Lust, much less a powerful Word-bound demon. Still, when she dances, sometimes she bites her lip and wonders what it would have been like to sleep with the Devil himself. She doesn't regret his boon one bit, though she wonders what she'll owe him in return.

Lauren is deathly afraid of anyone finding out that she's not even remotely powerful enough to properly protect her Word. As she has grown in power, she's put most of her efforts toward increasing her Will to the tensile strength of demonic titanium cord, the better to resist the scrutiny of any Diabolical who might suspect her secret. Luckily, her Word and her resonance put a near-bottomless cup of Essence at her disposal. Prince Andre, for his part, is quite intrigued by the newest demon of Strippers, the first one in almost a century. This keeps her in his mind and – though she doesn't quite realize it – close to his heart. It also makes her a target for people who want to make a point with him, though with her friends Hugo and Wrench around (see below), they might have more trouble than they wanted.



HUGO

Balseraph Captain of Drugs, in service to Saminga

Hugo's eyes narrowed behind his mirrored sunglasses. His mouth followed suit, stretching across his gaunt face into a thin, bony smile.

"What do you mean, 'Why sell drugs to kids?'" he asked the guy across the table. "C'mon! You know I've got the photos!" The guy mumbled a bit before winding down. Hugo pulled a black bag out from underneath his tie-dye shirt. Unzipping it revealed a wide variety of drugs in a number of different holders surrounded by even more miscellaneous drug paraphernalia. "Don't get them into anything dangerous if you don't want to. Start them on the soft stuff. It never hurt anybody."

An exquisitely pale woman slinked across the room over to Hugo's table. She cocked an eyebrow and held it, loaded, over his head.

"I thought we agreed," said Lauren, "no dealing in the club. I don't want the girls exposed to it."

Hugo put up his bony hands to defend himself. "Hey, hey! It's not like they ain't never been exposed to it before. They watch TV. Besides, I'm just talking here. This guy, he and I are just meeting up to do a little talking, and I like the scenery here if you know what I'm saying, evil-girl."

"Just don't mix your evil with my evil," Lauren replied, spinning on a perfect heel with a masterful twist of her ankle before gracefully slinking away. Man, Hugo thought to himself, there's a reason why she's the demon of Strippers.

"Did – did she say, 'evil?'" Hugo's target asked with a stutter.

"What it comes down to is this," Hugo said, expertly rolling a joint with four nimble fingers. "There's no such thing as 'good' or 'evil.' There's just the way you behave, what windows of action you allow yourself, and that's it. Some windows of action let you live longer than others is all." He shrugged, holding out the perfectly rolled joint.

"Batter up," he said. Suddenly, over his mark's shoulder, he spotted the dark figure of Druiel walking in. "Gimme a sec," Hugo muttered, "I have to catch up with this guy."

Druiel couldn't hide his bitterness. He had his leather jacket zipped all the way up, making him look even more manic and uptight than usual. He sat down at Hugo's table as though the guy in the other seat wasn't there.

"I have two words for you, Hugo," Druiel said. "'Pink' and 'foam.' I want you to explain them to me."

"What, what're you talking about?" Hugo sputtered, comically flailing his hands.

"I want to know what the deal is with this crap," Druiel shouted, audible to almost everyone, even over "Been Caught Stealing," by Jane's Addiction. "I want to know why my girlfriend had to die with pink foam on her lips."



"Hey, hey," Hugo rasped. "Be cool, boy. Real cool. Ain't nothing like that supposed to happen. What I gave you, it was the same as usual. I don't know what happened, but I'll check it out. Cool?"

"I wanna know," Druiel said, wiping the tears from his face. His hands turned to fists as he balled up his Essence into a destructive Song. Hugo struggled to get free from his heavy, comfy chair, but then Druiel fell back into his chair, drained of energy just as suddenly as he'd exploded.

"I can't do it," he said. "I can't do this much longer."

From across the room, the demon of Strippers had been paying attention. Lauren was inside Hugo's head in a second. Run, she said. Get away before his mood swings again.

Hugo tossed the joint at his new employee, pointing and fixing him with a "don't even try to run, I'll be in touch" sort of stare on the way out the door. He had a lot of explaining to do.

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 7 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessels: Human/2 (adult male)

Servants: Dealer/3, Ex-Convict/6

Skills: Chemistry/5, Dodge/6, Driving/3, Lockpicking/3

Songs: Acid/4, Charm (Celestial/6), Thunder/4

Attunements: Balseraph of Drugs, Captain of Chemistry, Vampiric Kiss

Hugo does have a lot of explaining to do, but he also has a lot of questions he wants answered. He's going to go to his mentor for most of them – Mackie, a much more powerful demon of Drugs and the Seneschal of an Infernal Tether, The House That Pain Built (see p. 97). While Hugo looks up to Mackie, Mackie resents Hugo for his favored Servitor status, and has been conspiring to frame Hugo for a few particularly wretched acts. For example, Druiel relies on Hugo for extraordinarily powerful drugs, the better to kill his targets with, but Druiel's last batch of Ecstasy was spiked by Mackie to produce an especially painful death for its victim. Hugo needs to stay out of Druiel's way in the near future, to say the least.

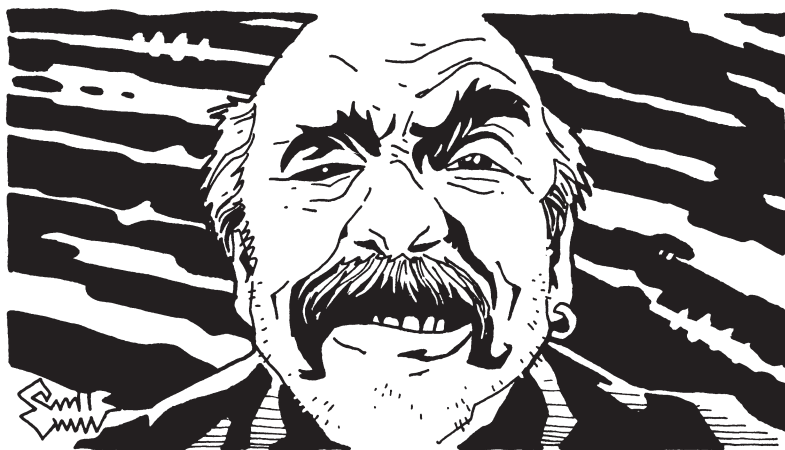
Much as Druiel (servant of a minor Archangel) has been working for Laurence, Hugo (servant of a minor Prince) has been working for Saminga. He's been exploring the various ways to end a person's life with poisons of various kinds, and he's gotten pretty good at it. With 10 minutes in any normal kitchen, he can use his skills at Chemistry to whip up a clear, odorless solution that's as deadly as cyanide and tastes faintly like blueberry pie.

Tending toward the hippie aesthetic, Hugo is pretty laid back for a demon. While he doesn't have a hard time with his job's death aspect, he isn't into causing unneces-

sary pain. He sees his job as a Servitor of Drugs as a calming influence (distracting people from their troubles and all), and while angels like Zara find him *very* hard to tolerate, he thinks they work toward similar ends. But for all his laid-back airs, Hugo has a nasty temper when it comes to protecting his operation and his place as a favored Servitor. (If he ever figures out what Mackie's doing and confronts him, it's likely to be very unpleasant.) Hugo's friends have gotten used to his frequent mood swings, but normal humans' reaction rolls against him are reduced by 2.

Hugo lives in the southeast side of town in a featureless tract home. He doesn't deal drugs out of his house, and rarely keeps anything there in case he gets busted. Most of his drugs are kept in a locked drawer at Mackie's place (see p. 96), where he does his major operating.

Mackie's place is where he has his two servants meet him, a young kid from the east side and the wretch he was talking to in the story above. The kid looks up to Hugo, seeing the drug-dealing business he's in as "the entertainment industry" – it's his dream to move to Hollywood one day and be a movie mogul. The wretch is an ex-convict, newly freed from the Texas prison system, and Hugo has some "art photos" the guy took several weeks back which could easily land him back in jail. In exchange for not showing anyone the photos, the ex-con gets his young subjects started taking various drugs, mostly tobacco and alcohol.



Frex, the demon of the catacombs, is his contact with Saminga. While he doesn't like Frex, he has to help the smelly demon with some scheme every other month as part of working off the cost of Saminga's Vampiric Kiss attunement.

But Hugo's growing bored with the narrow constraints he feels Fleurity puts on him, and is less than happy with the general creepiness Saminga embodies. In "The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll," he finds a new calling.

WRENCHIAL

Demon of Amps

Calabim Captain of Fire

The wall of amps towered over the band, rocking back and forth from the force of the sound it made. The band went wild, the club went wild – snappy patter aside, this is all you have to know about Wrenchial's life. It's what he lives for.

High-fiving people on their way out, Wrenchial clung to the pay phone outside of the sound booth. His various hangers-on were hanging on at a respectful distance. Earlier that evening, he'd used his resonance on a kid who thought he'd start moshing on Wrench's face, and after the ambulance left no one had gotten very close to him. Once Wrench checked his answering machine, he realized why he'd been tense all night.



"Heyyyyy, Wrenchial," said his answering machine. "It's that time. Get the group ready, I've moved the schedule back to March instead of September. Seems Belial's got a little hot with me in the last few months, and as long as I'm on the outs with the old man we might as well do the job now. Later."

Wrench hung up the handset and stared at the pay phone as though it were on fire. He considered using his resonance on it, but as angry and distracted as he was he didn't know if he'd be able to focus that much.

The demon grabbed his jacket off the mix board and stuffed it with a bunch of tapes as he spun angrily out of the sound room.

"Let's blow," he said, knocking the back door open.

Corporeal Forces – 6	Strength 12	Agility 12
Ethereal Forces – 3	Intelligence 8	Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 5	Will 11	Perception 9

Vessels: Human/5 (adult male)

Servants: Soundman/4

Skills: Dodge/6, Driving/3, Electronics/1, Knowledge/2 (Sound Systems), Large Weapon/4 (anything club-like)

Songs: Claws/5, Light (Celestial/6), Thunder/5

Attunements: Calabim of Fire, Captain of the Eternal Flame, Firewalker

Discord: Discolored/1, Geas/5 (to help Furfur in his time of need)

Special Rites: Cause someone to go deaf from enjoying music too loudly (+1)

A classic Servitor of Belial, Wrenchial – Wrench, to his friends – lives life large. With torn denim wrapped around his perpetually sunburned skin, he walks around campus and the Drag all day, "getting a feel for the zeitgeist" as his friend Tomas would say. His small band of human groupies follows him to various clubs searching for the newest, loudest noise. Then the remnants wash up at one of Austin's many 24-hour greasy spoons where he watches the sun come up and prepares to do it all over again.

He has a devoutly dedicated servant, a guy who owns a sound studio on the northeast side of town. For a brawler of a demon, he's doing pretty well. He's especially proud of the relationship he has with Tomas, though Belial doesn't know anything about it. He doesn't generally hang out with the other demons in town. They take it as his thinly veiled contempt for them, and look up to him when he's around. Actually, he doesn't care about them either way.

It's a great life, he tells himself. A good life. It's a life many demons would be jealous of. He's a favored Servitor of one of the most powerful Princes of Hell, and since he's never been much of a power-monger, Belial thinks of him as a buddy, not like an upstart with an eye on the throne of Fire.

Unfortunately for Belial, that's the purpose he's serving. Wrench is fairly smart, but he doesn't have the Precision to pull off his plans as well as he'd like. In the 1970s, while hanging out in New York with Tomas, several little schemes exploded in his face, generating quite a bit of dissonance. He ended up accepting the help of a quasi-Renegade demon named Furfur (see p. 125), who later became the demon of Hardcore. Furfur has spent the better part of the last 10 years planning something pretty spectacular, and Wrenchial is an integral element in Furfur's schemes.

Even though Furfur may end up toppling Belial in his bid for power, as unlikely as it might sound, Wrenchial is bound to help anyway.

Fortunately for Wrenchial, there was nothing in the deal that said he couldn't rat Furfur out to the angels, which is pretty much what he did when he gave his trusted friend Tomas that unlabeled tape (see p. 82). Check out the adventure on p. 113 to see how everything comes together.

AREA TETHERS

ENCHANTED ROCK

Druiel stared at the corpse at his feet as though it were some sort of an abstract puzzle, or a particularly difficult math problem. There was the slightest bit of pinkish foam on the young girl's lips. Druiel narrowed his eyes to see it better without having to lean down. He liked keeping his distance.

"More dirty work," said Mitrah, the angel of Enchanted Rock, as she walked up behind him. "You can't keep bringing them here. This is the second one in six weeks."

The angel of Teenage Death nodded slowly to himself, carefully patting down his pockets for the wax-paper envelope in his inside jacket pocket. Inside the envelope clattered a handful of dense gray pellets, no larger than a rollerblade ball-bearing. With two fingers, he passed it over to Mitrah, who said nothing. The parcel vanished as though it had never been there.

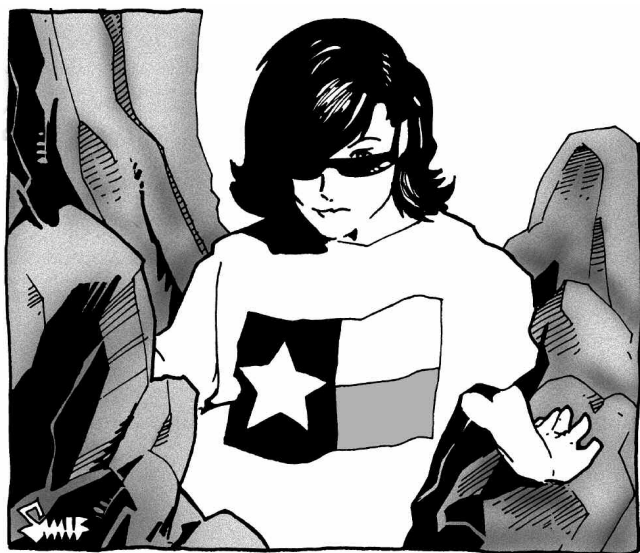
"There's more, of course," Druiel said.

"You're not buying me," she said, pulling her long black hair in front of her to braid in the moonlight. It wasn't actually her own hair – it was the hair of Patricia Newcastle, the ranger who lived in a log cabin on just the other side of the pink granite mountain. The angel of Enchanted Rock possessed her on the nights that the woman appealed to her spirit guide to lead her upon a path to salvation. Mitrah, who'd lived in the rock for untold ages, was more than happy to fill the willing vessel.

"No one could buy you," Druiel said, suddenly feeling a wisdom beyond his age. "I am sorry to deface your monument to God's grace by using it as my killing ground, but accept my word that it was necessary. I only hope that my small gift to you will in some way make up for my continued irreverence."

Mitrah ran a mental inventory in her head. "I'll need more uranium," she said.

"You'll get it," said Druiel.



MITRAH, SENESCHAL OF ENCHANTED ROCK

Kyriotate Master of Stone

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 10 Agility 10

Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10

Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Skills: Acrobatics/4, Climbing/5, Detect Lies/5, Dodge/6, Emote/6, Fighting/5, Languages/4 (Apache, Comanche, English and Spanish), Medicine/4

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/6), Charm (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/5, Celestial/6), Dreams (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/5, Celestial/4), Entropy (Ethereal/6, Celestial/5), Form (Corporeal/6), Harmony (Corporeal/3), Thunder/3

Attunements: Kyriotate of Stone, Master of the Granite Hand, Deep Gaze, Cold Touch

Special Rites: Convince more than one person to spend the night at Enchanted Rock (+1); . . . in a rainstorm (+2); . . . on Halloween (+3); additional Essence (GM's discretion) if the people are gathered there to perform a consecrated ceremony

MAXINE NEWCASTLE

Mitrah's favorite host

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5

Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4

Celestial Forces – 1 Will 1 Perception 3

Status: 2

Skills: Climbing/5, Dodge/3, Driving/4, Fast-Talk/6

The second largest Tether in the area – in all of Texas, if not all the Southwest – is also the most powerful: Enchanted Rock. Formed more than a billion years ago, this solid dome of pink granite covers almost a square mile of the Texas Hill Country, about an hour and a half southwest of Austin. It's one of the largest batholiths in America, second only to Stone Mountain, in Georgia. Enchanted Rock is far from the hustle and bustle of the city. Plenty of people camp there on the weekend, climbing the pink rock and exploring its many nooks and crannies.

It's an impressive sight against the horizon. When the Native Americans ruled the Texas plains, they considered Enchanted Rock to be one of their most sacred sites. It's a single enormous rock, and different sides of it are heated and cooled as the sun passes overhead in the course of a day. The expansion and contraction of the granite creates great yawning noises which resonate deep within the stone. Early worshipers at Archangel David's altar believed the noises were the spirits of the Rock speaking.

Enchanted Rock is a good place for angels to get rid of dissonance. Spending a week tending to the park's trails

IN NOMINE AUSTIN

by day (picking up litter and cleaning trails of treacherous loose gravel), and sleeping atop the great batholith under the stars at night, removes one note of dissonance. Angelic Servitors of David, once a week, may spend a day helping Mitrah and gain 1 Essence. Because of its distance, and the eccentricities of its Seneschal, most Austin celestials only go there with plenty of advance notice, except in an extreme emergency.

As far back as anyone can remember, Mitrah has been the Seneschal. David holds Mitrah in high regard as a servant who doesn't need to be told what to do. After spending untold years attuning herself to the immense rock, she has a pretty fair idea about how best to protect it. Mitrah has *become*, quite literally, Enchanted Rock. As a Kyriotate of David, she can inhabit the enormous stone, allowing her consciousness to dissipate across its incredible mass while she meditates on all possible courses of action. She is constantly aware of threats to her Tether as they move closer, detecting the vague future of her stone with years of advance warning.

She's been holding her ground in a slow battle against Frex, the Seneschal of the largest demonic Tether in the area, the catacombs beneath the Texas Hill Country (see p. 93), consecrated to the worship of Saminga, Prince of Death. Frex has been waging a guerrilla war against her for several centuries, through several cultures, mostly by having his worshipers harass her worshipers.

Mitrah doesn't handle things that way anymore. When "civilization" moved into the area, they had to reduce their open hostilities. Now she's much more of a "you attack me, I nuke you" sort of angel. In fact, nuking the catacombs is exactly what she has in mind. With the help of Druiel, the angel of Teenage Death, she's managed to amass enough uranium to make a bomb big enough to cause most of the catacombs in the area to collapse beneath themselves – or, at least, force some of the water from the local aquifer back up into the limestone caves, flooding the evil out. She'll need someone to go into the catacombs to deliver the bomb, but her plan should work.

Unfortunately, she hasn't really worked out what this would do to the people who live on the ground above. It probably won't kill anybody who isn't in the caves at the

time. She's planning on sinking the charge deep enough to look like an aberrant seismic anomaly, and no more radiation will sink into the water table than would normally bubble up from the center of the Earth in such an event – or so she hopes. What will happen, though, is a Symphonic disturbance that could be measured on the Richter Scale at an 8 or better. If the underground water reservoirs are destroyed, the Austin area could suffer a severe drought lasting into the foreseeable future.

Right now, Druiel is the only one who knows anything about Mitrah's plans, and all he knows is that she's stockpiling uranium "to deal with a potential threat." She might bring some PC angels in on it, especially since they would be new to the area and not already prejudiced against nuking demons. In the meantime, she's tending an elaborate network of porous rock and sluices that's been constructed beneath the Rock to filter out a small

amount of uranium-235 from the relatively stable uranium-238. It will be another few years before she'll have enough to make an effective atomic weapon, but that's an eyeblink in geological terms.

Mitrah is a very old angel, very powerful and very defensive. Overall, Mitrah's predominant feeling is one of emptiness; most of her compassion for the human race was lost years ago. She's also growing afraid of what might happen if she ends the stalemate between herself and her infernal counterpart, Frex. She might grow to take more power, but she's beginning to fear that what she has to do to destroy the enemy might destroy her as well. Enchanted Rock sits nearly atop the great underground aquifer; what if her destruction of the Prince of Death's catacombs upsets the delicate attunements that give it its power? It probably doesn't matter; to Mitrah, destroying her ancient enemy has become most important.

Besides the Rock itself, her favorite host is the New Age ranger who lives near the Rock, Maxine (Max, for short). She feels close to the woman, seeing in her many of the things she used to see in herself. Also, the angel of Enchanted Rock has come to feel maternal instincts

toward Druiel, which is why she lets him use her land as his hunting ground. This may prove to be a weakness, as Drew also has dealings with her old foe, the demon of the Hill Country Catacombs.



HILL COUNTRY CATACOMBS

Scott checked the nylon cord. It seemed like it was going to hold, even though he was running it longer than he was supposed to. But, man! This cave went way down. If this was the place Maggie'd written him about, it was going to make them famous.

The thought sent his mind reeling. A vast network of limestone caverns, right beneath the city, coming close enough to the surface in places that it –

Hang on. What's that sound? Sounds like . . .

It sounded a lot like a large number of legless and headless undead torsos, pulling themselves up the narrow but bumpy crevice with bony flailing arms. Their naked stomachs and backs slapped wetly against the damp wall. Those that still had hands grabbed Scott around his legs, his waist and his thick neck, pulling him down to the dark recesses below. The last thing he saw in the dim glow of his helmet lamp was one of the myriad headless torsos digging a three-fingered hand into his belly, its long broken nails digging deep into his intestines. He recognized the ring it wore. They'd picked it out together.

FREXINDETIOUS, SENESCHAL OF THE HILL COUNTRY'S CATACOMBS

Djinn Baron of Death

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 12 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 6 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 9 Perception 11

Vessel: Human/1 (adult male)

Skills: Climbing/4, Dodge/6, Fighting/5, Languages/3 (English, Spanish and Tonkawa), Tracking/6 (Caverns)

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/6, Celestial/4), Dreams (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/5, Celestial/4), Form (Celestial/6), Harmony (Celestial/4), Projection (Corporeal/4), Thunder/6

Discord: Stink/6, Vestigium/4 (second pair of tiny arms on his chest)

Attunements: Djinn of Death, Baron of the Undead Kingdom, Zombi, Balseraph of Death, Calabim of Death

Special Rites: Kill an intruder with a falling stalactite (+1); Create a new zombi from an enemy (+1); Preserve the body of a dead servant and entrust it to the catacombs (+2)

Beneath Texas, scattered across its width and breadth, are several tremendously large bodies of water. In some places they're great underground lakes, but they're mostly made up of porous rock formations. These incredible aquifers are the land's lifeblood. At some places they're closer to the surface than others, and tapped to create wells and natural springs. At some places they're so far beneath the land as to be inaccessible.

The Edwards Aquifer is one of the largest in Texas. It starts deep underground near Austin, and heads southwest all the way to the border of Texas and Mexico, as wide across as a county. Since most of Texas lies on top of a thick layer of soft limestone, as water has trickled down to the aquifer over the millennia, small pathways have been worn into the stone. Through time, these pathways have widened to gaping caverns full of classic stalactites and stalagmites. Some of these caverns run for miles – Honey Creek Cave near San Antonio has been charted at 19 miles long. Caves have been discovered in Texas as deep as 525 feet, and just on the other side of the Texas/New Mexico border is a cave that descends more than 1,550 feet. A few that reach the surface have been turned into amusement parks, such as Natural Bridge or Carlsbad, but most of Texas' limestone caverns are inaccessible. They tend to be small, narrow and they seldom reach up to the surface. Many others are off-limits to the public, as the presence of man would devastate their delicate ecologies.



Much of the Hill Country is riddled with these small, interconnected caverns. Centuries ago, when nomadic tribes struggled for life on the Texas plains, an abominable demon of Death named Frexindetious terrorized the natives. Unfortunately for him, he was a brash demon, quick to act and slow to think. After growing severely Discordant (see *Stink*, p. 65), he decided to take to the caverns so he could hide his foul smell from the world. After spending the better part of a century operating out of the Hill Country's caverns, Frex began lining its passageways with the mummified remains of his victims, and encouraged several local tribes to use one of the larger antechambers as a place of worship. Over a handful of decades, the newly christened catacombs became a powerful Tether for Prince Saminga. The Prince of Death was especially pleased with its close proximity to Enchanted Rock (see p. 91), and ordered Frex to set his worshipers at the throats of those who worship the Rock (and its Seneschal, Mitrah) starting a feud that's lasted for centuries.

Frex's proudest moment was when he discovered a use for the brown, sticky resin-like substance that coated

some of the cavern walls. The resin collected in the hot spring pits, creating a dark, bubbling broth. Once, while his workers were erecting a crude scaffold in one of the larger chambers so they could bury their dead several stories high, a native fell into a pit of brown broth. He emerged several hours later, zombified. Frex was ecstatic. The corpses fell apart faster than normal zombies – twice as fast – but the resin made them twice as strong! With a zombi work crew, he constructed the catacombs in half the time. Saminga was thrilled at first, but when he discovered that the brown goo only worked in these particular caves under these particular conditions, he was disappointed. Rather than be rewarded for what he did accomplish, Frex was ignored by Saminga for several decades.

Mitrah, aided by the rain-dancing natives whose ancestors had helped dedicate Enchanted Rock's energies toward God's side, was blessed with a long wet season that forced the aquifer back up into the limestone caverns, washing out much of Frex's work. Sullen, Frex had to settle for the small area of catacombs that lay directly beneath the city, and a few long passageways leading up to secret exits.

The Indians who served Frex were Tonkawa – coincidentally, the only indigenous cannibals in the area, though they reserved their consumption of human flesh to ceremonial purposes. When they were moved to a reservation in West Texas in 1855, and later to the site of their eventual extinction in Colorado, the Tether of Saminga was dealt another huge blow – not unlike the driving away of local natives from Enchanted Rock. As more and more humans moved into the area, drilling for oil became a full-time endeavor. What the catacombs lost in power they gained in mystery, though few deaths occurred in the darkness.

The droughts that have gripped Texas in recent years have been good for Frexindetious and his Tether. Many of the lost limestone caverns have drained out as the aquifer lost its volume. Frex spends most of his time trying to restore the elaborate network of tunnels and tombs which first brought so much power to his unholy shrine. The only people killed down there on a semi-

regular basis are aquifer divers and curious spelunkers who stumble into the wrong cavern and see more than they needed to. The vast number of newly exposed corpses, well-preserved even in the damp caverns, has strengthened the power of the catacombs, and Frex hopes that by restoring it to its former glory he will be able to then use its great strength to refocus the aquifer's erosion to the ground deep beneath Enchanted Rock. If he can disturb the great batholith's resting spot, chances are he can disrupt the delicate harmonics which Mitrah has spent centuries carefully balancing – and smash his old rival once and for all. He doesn't have much of a chance, but it's worth a shot.

All in all, Frex is a nasty demon, a true wretch. He doesn't like people, and he objectifies everyone around him, characterizing them by what he perceives as their worst features. He's also picked up a bad habit of mimicking people's speech under his breath in a mocking, sing-song fashion. His zombi minions are his only real loves, and he enjoys adding new members to his collection. Once they're truly dead, he carefully entrusts them to the shallow niches of the catacombs.

Frex's favorite way of dealing with intruders is to lead them into a large chamber and then, from safety, toss a Song of Thunder at them. The Song of Thunder will cause any stalactite within range of the Song's effects to shake loose from the roof of the cave, doing 2d Body hits each! Assume that there's one stalactite for every two meters square. People beneath a falling stalactite may attempt to Dodge, if they're not in the dark. Characters taking more than 8 Body hits from falling stalactites are also knocked unconscious for 1 minute; after that, they may attempt a Strength roll every minute to wake up.

There are three major entrances and exits to the great caverns in the modern age. The largest is Barton Springs, in west Austin, a public pool of natural spring water. Swim to the bottom of the clear spring and, if you know where it is, you can find the narrow entrance to the aquifer. About 100 yards down and over you'll find a



chamber filled with air, and an underground pathway leading to the catacombs proper.

The second largest point of entry is Bracken Cave, about an hour outside of Austin, which is also the world's largest bat cave. Over 25 million bats live there when they're not wintering in Mexico. People find it almost impossible to enter the cave because of the overwhelming stench of ammonia from the bats' guano; that, and their bodies bring the enormous cave's temperature to a muggy 100°. It requires a Will roll to use this exit; failing the roll means you have to spend the next round vomiting before trying again. The third major entrance to the catacombs is directly beneath the Congress Street Bridge, in downtown Austin. In autumn, the bridge is home to most of Texas' bat population as they make their annual migration down south for the winter. At sunset, several million bats swarm out; this is the absolute worst time to try using the exit, since the bridge is generally crowded with onlookers. The entrance is just a tiny crack set between the bridge and where its north side meets the ground. Homeless people occasionally become new members of Frex's small undead army by accidentally stumbling into one of his bubbling resin chambers.

There are only a handful of celestials whom this smelly demon trusts with his secrets. Wrenchial has full run of the place, and Frex has also taken an interest in Druiel. He thinks Druiel is on the edge of Falling, and would make an excellent Balseraph of Death. He's given in to Druiel's requests for uranium, but gives him raw uranium that his servants have pulled up from the ground, not weapons-grade material. (In the 1950s, Texas was an important source for high-quality uranium, from mines only 150 miles outside of Austin.)

Naturally, Frex has several other avenues of escape that he doesn't tell anyone about. At least one of them leads into the city's sewer system.

Demons who have worked their way into Frex's good graces, and can stand his stench, may spend a week in the catacombs helping restore the scattered mummified corpses to their proper places of respectful burial. Each week spent doing so relieves the demon of one note of dissonance.

Characters involving themselves in the ancient feud between Frex and Mitrach are asking for trouble – after all, it's very nearly driven Druiel mad – but then he had other problems to begin with.

HIPPIE HOLLOW

"Here we go, boys!" the angel yelled, twirling a towel over his head and blowing a whistle in time to the dance beat. Someone had pulled their car down, popped the hatchback and thrown on some tunes.

John smiled at all the happy naked folk arrayed before him. Even at Austin's premiere unofficial nude beach, there were usually some creeps wandering through the crowd, but not today. Some were splashing, some were swimming, most were laughing, all were happy.

And that's all the insight you need into why an angel spends his time there.

JOHN 'J.R.' REED, SENESCHAL OF HIPPIE HOLLOW

Mercurian of Flowers

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 10 Agility 10

Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12

Celestial Forces – 4 Will 9 Perception 8

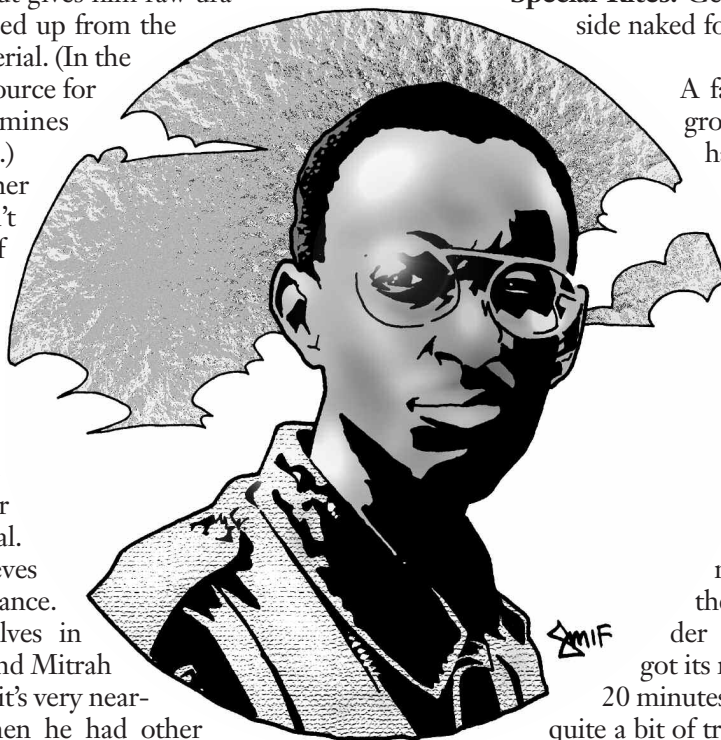
Vessel: Human/2 (adult male), Charisma +2 (both sexes)

Skills: Climbing/4, Dodge/5, Swimming/6

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/5), Charm (Corporeal/4), Form (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/6), Harmony (Corporeal/6), Healing (Ethereal/4), Projection (Corporeal/5)

Attunements: Mercurian of Flowers, Crown of Joy, Master of Peace, Mercurian of Creation

Special Rites: Get someone to go outside naked for the first time (+1)



A fairly new Tether, but growing, Hippie Hollow has long been a public park in Austin. It sits along Lake Travis, in a rocky cove where people have been skinny-dipping since anyone can remember. Austin was well known as a haven for hippies back in the '60s, when they were persecuted in much of the rest of the state, so it's no wonder how Hippie Hollow got its name. Since it's about 20 minutes from campus, it sees quite a bit of traffic.

Not everyone who goes out there is cool,

IN NOMINE AUSTIN

but that's why people like John exist. He started hanging out there in the late '30s, off and on. By the late '70s, the Tether's power had grown to the point where it emerged onto the celestial stage, and it remains today a small but significant Tether for good.

The establishment has been cracking down recently. Children under the age of 18 are no longer allowed into the park, preventing people from promoting nude bathing in their family and indoctrinating their children into the practice. This law hasn't been fought too strongly. After all, it's assumed that in a place like Austin, with great heat and lots of water, the kids'll figure it out on their own.

The two Splash Day parties thrown out there, one in the Spring and one in the Fall, tend to get a little rowdy – and, well, corporeal. It's known widely as a gay pride event, and it might not surprise you to hear that some factions in the city are against weekend-long events where large groups of gay men get drunk and naked in public.

John himself appears as an effeminate man who tries to act butch. He tries to keep the peace as best as he can. About every other day, he runs across someone who's uncontrollably belligerent, or cruising the park for his own pleasure. He doesn't like using Songs or attunements which alter people's perspectives if he doesn't have to, but he occasionally enjoys using his Song of Attraction to force the perv in question into a divine obsession with something absurd, like a rock, or a fish. Local angels are welcome to spend a week hanging out with John at Hippie Hollow, keeping the place clean and managing the crowds. Doing so relieves the celestial of one note of dissonance.

In general, John doesn't involve himself with the politics of the Austin clique. He's good friends with Zara, of course, and has been known to show up at her Wednesday-morning breakfasts, but he doesn't enjoy socializing with demons and he almost never hangs out with the other angels. Humans are what he enjoys, and while they're seldom as thankful as they should be, he's just grateful for the opportunity to help out.

THE HOUSE THAT PAIN BUILT

Hugo walked up to the house. It looked like an ordinary house, on an ordinary street. Sure, it's on the east side, and maybe it looked a little run down, but it's not that bad. He knocked three times on the door, then three times, then three times again. The door opened to its usual scene: a dimly lit, smoky room with black-light posters of fuzzy unicorns and hot-pink rainbows covering the walls. In the center of the room sat a large brass hookah, around which people were passed out. And not just a few people – the floor was covered with people.



Poor people, rich people, people from every walk of life. Someone was always showing up to give a little something to the House.

"Come on in," said Mackie, Hugo's boss. "Mind you step over the bodies."

"I see the bodies," said Hugo. "I see them every day."

"I know," said Mackie, "I just like saying that." Hugo carefully stepped his way around the room, nudging a few arms and legs out of the way so his feet could find the floor. He grabbed the remote from a limp hand and turned the TV on. It was fuzzy, but you could make out the image of two people having sex.

"You know, all the money you pull in here and you have to steal porn off the cable?"

Mackie laughed. "Hey, it's a habit. Why pay when you can rip it off? Besides, I have videotapes that don't look that good."

"Yeah," said Hugo, taking the opportunity to stock up. He dug through a nightstand, careful not to disturb its lava lamp, and came out with a small bag of pot and an unlabeled pill case. He shook the case; it sounded full, so he took it.

"Hey, hey," said Mackie, spreading his arms wide. "Why don't you just take the shirk off my back?"

"You're not wearing a shirt," Hugo said without looking.

"That's beside the point. I meant it metaphorically."

"I know you did."

"So why do you gotta be that way?"

Hugo ignored him, and continued digging through the bodies on the floor, opening purses and wallets and shaking them out for their money.

"I said why do you gotta be that way?" Mackie repeated.

"It's cool," said Hugo, dusting off his hands. "I'm taking off. See you later."

"Where do you think you're going? Hey!"

"I'll see you later," Hugo said, letting the door shut behind him.

Mackie walked around the room less carefully than Hugo,

lingering for a moment on the really good cracking noises. Plopping his great weight down on the couch, he decided to watch a bit more TV before ordering pizza.

MACKIE, SENESCHAL OF THE HOUSE THAT PAIN BUILT

Calabim Baron of Drugs

Corporeal Forces – 4	Strength 10	Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 3	Intelligence 5	Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4	Will 9	Perception 7

Vessel: Human/1 (adult male)

Skills: Emote/6, Fast Talk/5, Lying/3

Songs: Form (Corporeal/3), Harmony (Celestial/3), Horns/6, Light (Celestial/5), Shields (Celestial/3), Wings/3

Discord: Obese/5

Attunements: Calabite of Drugs, Baron of Good Trips, OD, Score

Special Rites: Get another person regularly donating to the Tether's hookah (+2)

THE HOOKAH OF PAIN

When that unnamed addict brought the Hookah of Pain back from Mexico, the large communal pipe seemed perfect for his group. But while it was a really cool hookah, it was also a celestial artifact, a very special kind of reliquary. It has six tubes coming off of it, meaning six people can use it at a time. When taking a hit off the hookah, the memory of the person's most recent moment of pain leaves the user's mind and enters the pipe. Later, the first time the target tries to recall the pain, make a Precision roll. If the roll isn't made, then the memory is gone forever, and a point of dark and painful Essence is generated in the bowl of the pipe. Unlike a normal, small reliquary, the Hookah of Pain can store 36 points of Essence. The hookah can only be used voluntarily. After a number of uses equal to the user's Soul points, he permanently loses 1 point of a random characteristic.

Since all the users were ordinary humans, they had no way to use the Essence that the reliquary began to stockpile. It overflowed rapidly, and the backlash of released pain killed everyone in the room. The small supernova of negativity created an infernal Tether, claimed and maintained by Fleurity. Its current Seneschal is Mackie. He has a small group of about 40 people who are regular contributors to the hookah's Essence reservoir, and who are rapidly losing memory of most of their lives.

Constructed in the 1930s, The House That Pain Built got started as a Tether by a group of heroin addicts and their friends in the 1950s. They used the place as a crash pad, and people were regularly carried out in the middle of the night and never seen again. One of them, on one of his frequent trips to Mexico to smuggle more smack across the border, brought back a large brass hookah (see box).

Mackie has been in charge of this Tether for only five years – and if he can't keep his mouth shut, he won't make it to six, making him the fifth Seneschal of the Tether in as many decades to get the axe.

Fleurity doesn't have too many Tethers, and the ones he has are under constant surveillance. Most of the Archangels assume that if you can destroy a Prince's Tethers, you go a long way toward crippling that

IN NOMINE AUSTIN

Prince's ability to do bad. Other Princes think this too, so there's generally some infighting as well. What this adds up to is a world of hurt for people who don't walk a fine line running Tethers of Drugs – and Mackie just ain't it.

Mackie is deathly afraid of Hugo, even though he outranks him. Hugo's a favored Servitor, and as such has their mutual Prince's ear, and so Mackie thinks Hugo's being groomed to take command of the Tether. Rather than worrying his corpulent self about bothering to actually verify this suspicion, he's made the bad move of purposely spiking the Ecstasy he gave to Hugo (knowing it was for Druiel) with a particularly obscure nerve toxin that's difficult to test for and takes a very long time killing its victims. It stimulates the pain center of the brain for several minutes before death, to the same extent that the pleasure centers of the brain are stimulated during an orgasm. He's hoping that Druiel will snap and kill Hugo, starting a serious conflict among the angels and demons in Austin. That way, he thinks, he can get some demonic reinforcements to protect the Tether, he'd end up



gaining more power and Fleurity would have to protect him since Mackie'd be the Prince's last Servitor in town.

What Mackie fails to consider is that, his being one of the weaker Tethers, if the angels wanted to cause a big enough scene they'd just burn the place to the ground, regardless of how many demons stood between them and their goal. But Mackie's not a smart demon, he's an obese fast-talker. If he weren't a drug dealer, he'd be a used-car salesman. Everyone agrees he's as bad as a Balseraph.

For the most part, Hugo is his only exposure to the Austin clique. He doesn't like any of the angels or demons in town, and he'll go to fairly extreme lengths to cause any trouble he can among them. For their part, the other Celestials agree that if Austin's peace is ever broken, something bad should happen to Mackie.

TREATY OAK

The Old Guy clapped Druiel on the shoulder as they stared up at the great gnarled tree before them, the Treaty Oak.

"Yep," he said, "there's one thing that'll still be around longer than most of the people who drive past every day, choking it with their exhaust."

Druiel nodded.

"So many things are long gone," the old angel continued, his eyebrows curving into pained arches of sorrow, his forehead wrinkling and knotting like the gray skin of the oak. Druiel took in a deep breath, feeling a story coming on.

"There're some things you just can't get from no storybook or painting. Nobody digging in the dirt's gonna tell you the things I've seen with my own eyes."

Druiel nodded, waiting for the Old Guy to continue.

"Like, dinosaurs."

"They've found dinosaurs," the younger angel interjected.

"No, no, no," he said, waving his hands. "I mean, lightning."

"Lightning," said Druiel.

"Dinosaurs and lightning," the Old Guy said, chuckling softly and slapping himself on the chest. "You know them dinosaurs, they were the biggest things around. Long, tall necks towering over most of the trees, connected to giant sacks of water, sloshing about on the land." He threw back his head and laughed until his eyes watered. "One good storm comes through, and crack! crack! crack! – next thing you know, path of least resistance and all, the whole countryside's covered in tons of roast dinosaur meat. That's why them dinosaurs are extinct. Too damn tall."

The Old Guy grew quiet for a moment, rolling his tongue around in his mouth, mulling over the phrasing of a question.

"I haven't heard anything," said Druiel, anticipating the old angel's question.

"Nothing?"

"If some demon jumped me," the angel of Teenage Death said gently, "you know I'd tell you first thing. You should be lucky we're not on the front of the War."

"You mean unlucky," he whispered, his shoulders sagging.

It was Druiel's turn to clap the Old Guy on the back before turning to leave. The ancient celestial was a Malakite – the only one in town, as far as anyone knew. Malakim are generally fine angels to have on your side because they'll never suffer a demon to live. In Austin, where angels and demons at least pretended to tolerate each other's presence, that was a problem. If the old man found out his city was practically swarming with demons, he'd have to saddle up. Luckily, the old angel rarely left his tree, having turned psychotically protective ever since some nut poured weed killer into its root system in the late '80s.

"You come back anytime, you hear?" the old angel shouted, waving his cowboy hat over his head as Druiel gunned his motorcycle engine. The younger angel waved back.



"Come back. I'll be here," the Old Guy whispered to himself as he patted the gray bark of the dying tree. He pulled the brim of his hat down to cover the wetness around his eyes, and the oldest guard in Texas settled in for a long evening's watch.

THE OLD GUY, SENE SCHAL OF TREATY OAK

Malakim Master of the Sword

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 6 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 11 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/1 (elderly adult male)

Skills: Acrobatics/3, Climbing/6, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/6, Fighting/6, Languages/5 (Spanish), Tracking/6 (Texas Plains)

Songs: Acid/6, Attraction (Celestial/6), Entropy (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6, Celestial/5), Form (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6), Harmony (Corporeal/3), Light (Corporeal/3, Celestial/6), Projection (Corporeal/6), Shields (Corporeal/3), Thunder/6, Wings/5

Attunements: Malakim of the Sword, Master of the Armies of God, Blade Blessing of Laurence, Mercurian of the Sword

Additional Malakim Oaths: Protect the tree at all costs; do not use combustion engines for transportation; and always, always be polite.

Special Rites: plant another tree in the memory of the Treaty Oak (+1); kill someone who physically threatens the tree (+3)

Five hundred years old, this great live-oak tree was a place of worship for Comanches and Tonkawas. The Treaty Oak gained its current name in the 1840s in memory of the treaty signed between the people of Texas and the local natives, who had bloodied up the landscape once or twice with the body parts of some of its newest settlers. The old oak was the site of the treaty's signing, and the subject of a famous painting on the matter. Among the natives, legend had it that the tree's acorns, when mixed with wild honey, could soothe the heartache of women who'd lost their lovers in battle. In a strange coincidence, someone who said he was performing a black magic ritual poisoned the tree in 1989. He wanted to reclaim a lost love.

Almost 70% of the tree, already dead, had to be pruned away in an attempt to save the rest, greatly reducing the power of this once grand Tether. It's hardly a Tether anymore – it generates only a trickle of power for Laurence, and no longer aids travel to the celestial realm. And the Old Guy, weakened greatly by the damage to the grand oak, has grown depressed over his failure to protect the landmark. While he's tried not to let on about how much his power's dwindled recently – once one of the strongest celestials in the region, today he's hardly any stronger than the average low-level angel – it's apparent to everyone. The mortal experts who've spent years trying to save the tree think they've stabilized what's left, but if they're wrong, the Old Guy will lose even more Forces as his Tether gets sicker and sicker.

He might seem like an easy target – a battered old

Virtue guarding a dying Tether. But the Old Guy knows lots of tricks from the old days, and has a vast repertoire of Songs and Attunements; and even though his reservoir of Essence isn't what it used to be, he could still mop up the floor with most of the demons in town, if he knew they were there. The rest either like and pity him, think he might be useful, or fear the consequences of taking him out. And with good reason – as the unofficial mascot of the Austin clique, he enjoys protection from both sides. Touch one feather on those grizzled wings, demon-boy, and you're history.

Though several Diabolicals claimed credit for the virtual destruction of the Tether, they don't know whether or not the oak is, technically, still a Tether – none has risked entering its once powerfully sacred grounds.

Since the damage has already been done, the Old Guy has finally let himself spend some time away from the Treaty Oak, meeting the other local celestials. Even when they can get him away from the tree, he won't stay away more than six hours, and every other hour he'll make an attempt to Project himself there to make sure everything's okay.

Still, his presence at mixed gatherings has created a bit of tension among the Austin celestials, as they've had to work harder to continue hiding the demons' presence from him. But it's a problem the locals think they can handle, and for now, everyone respects the Old Guy's position and the demons keep their distance.

The life of a Seneschal can be tough, as the Old Guy would readily tell you. Since he bound his destiny with that of the tree, he knew he wasn't going to live forever, but he never would've guessed it would be so easy for some random human to destroy the focus of his existence. Regardless, he knew what he was getting into when he accepted a tree as his charge. Some speculate that in the end, he got what he wanted: an honorable end to a life so long that even he claims not to know how old he is.

Nobody remembers the Old Guy's true name. As far back as anyone can recall, he's just been the Old Guy – or whatever cultural equivalent existed at the time. An ornery, bull-headed angel in his prime, today the Old Guy looks more like a laid-back, retired cowboy who hasn't yet gotten around to hanging up his boots. He knows his time left on Earth is short, so he's trying to be relaxed about it.

But what he wouldn't give for one more pass around the ranch, hooting and hollering and kicking up dust, about to wrap his beefy hands around the neck of a demon. As much as the Diabolicals in Austin are made nervous by his presence, they can't help thinking . . . if a demon comes to town that they want to get rid of, they might just give the Old Guy his wish.

THINGS TO DO IN AUSTIN WHEN YOU'RE CELESTIAL

Almost every major Superior has an agent in Austin, or holds some other power within its borders. In most cases, these are minor Servitors, Saints, Soldiers of various kinds or Undead. Unlike the player-characters, who are favored servants of their Superior, these other people are lesser servants who act within the elaborate hierarchy of each Archangel or Demon Prince's organization.

ARCHANGELS BLANDINE

Moses Austin, Dreaming Saint of Austin, is one of the most important dreamers in the area. His vision was responsible for America's cultural domination over Texas, and he continues to inspire grand visions in the minds of the capital's inhabitants. Even after all these years, he's still trying to sell Austin to outsiders, though he's also taken to protecting the city's children from the forces of Beleth, Princess of Nightmares. Moses has scoped out several parks where children tend to play, and spends his days making sure these parks are clear of diabolical forces. While he knows about the truce in Austin, he doesn't respect it; if he runs across a demon, he'll do whatever he can to chase it away, though he won't chase it back to its lair. As long as his parks are clear, he's cool.

Angels of Dreams who visit Austin will find a constant friend in old Moses, and though his relatively extreme views on morality and modern culture might be embarrassing from time to time, he's widely loved. Any demon who takes Moses out will be hunted to the ends of the Earth – and not necessarily just by the angels. Even people like Wrenchial (see p. 90) and Billy (see p. 108) have grown fond of Moses.

MOSES AUSTIN

Saint of Dreams

Corporeal Forces – 2	Strength 3	Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3	Intelligence 6	Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 2	Will 5	Perception 3

100

IN NOMINE AUSTIN



Vessel: Human/1 (older adult male)

Skills: Dodge/6, Language (Spanish/3)

Songs: Dreams (Ethereal/5, Celestial/4), Healing (Ethereal/5)

Attunements: Dream Walking, Healing Dream

Special Rites: Inspire someone to move to Austin (+1);

Chase a demon away from a playground (+1)

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher's angels will all know Druiel, though they may not like him. They'll initially be assigned to work with Moses Austin, above, and will eventually choose a park of their own to hang out in and protect.

While they won't be introduced to him right offhand, any angels of Children who walk down the Drag will recognize Reaux, an old Servitor of Children, and the large iguana he keeps draped over one shoulder. Reaux, a jolly older man covered in wild red hair, lives on the streets near campus, keeping an eye on the young runaways who pass through town. His preferred targets are the cretins who prey on the confusion of youth, though he's also single-handedly reduced the area's shoplifting by a factor of 10.

He wants his presence in Austin to be a secret from other celestials, and since he rarely spends Essence or disturbs the Symphony directly, he's stayed successfully hidden so far. But when he's needed, he won't hesitate to rise to the call of action.

REAUX

Mercurian Servitor of Children

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 3 Agility 3

Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8

Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/3 (adult male)

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/6, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/4

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Motion (Ethereal/5)

Attunements: Mercurian of Children, Master of Clowns

Special Rites: Spend 4 hours talking to a runaway kid on the streets (+1)

DAVID

Beyond his Tether, David doesn't spend much time or effort in Austin. The angels of Stone have bigger and better fish to fry on the West Coast. He does have a Soldier, George Santos, fighting the good fight on the east side of the city, trying to push out some of the crack houses and heroin dealers, but since most of his Soldier's followers spend a lot of time dealing marijuana themselves, it's slow-going.

GEORGE SANTOS

Soldier of Stone; Leader of Hombres con Huevos, a Hispanic street gang

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4

Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5

Celestial Forces – 2 Will 7 Perception 1

Skills: Dodge/6, Driving/5, Language (English/3), Small Weapon/4 (pistol)

Songs: Claws/3

Attunements: Deep Gaze, Hunt

Special Rites: Chase a rival gang member off Hombres turf (+1)



DOMINIC

Agents of Dominic in Austin will more than likely be pressed into service performing duties with the local justice system – court clerks, legal aides, etc. They will have access to court transcripts and all the criminal records of the past 50 years.

Two Seraphim of Dominic are stationed at St. Michael's (see p. 105) to keep tabs on celestial activities and make official reports. They almost never leave the hospital, and don't socialize with other angels. They seem to be pretty much in the dark about the nature of Austin and its strange truce, though it's certain Dominic knows about it, especially since the most powerful Tethers in the area belong to Archangels who don't generally cooperate with him.

BARTHOLEMEL AND KARADAEI

Seraphim Vassals of Judgment

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3

Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6

Celestial Forces – 5 Will 12 Perception 8

Vessels: Human/2 (adult males)

Roles: Policeman/3 (Texas Department of Public Safety Officers)

Skills: Language (Spanish/2), Small Weapon/4 (scalpels)

Songs: Light (Ethereal/4, Celestial/6), Shields (Ethereal/5), Thunder/6

Attunements: Seraphim of Judgment, Vassal of Conscience; also, Bartholemel has Incarnate Law, while Karadael has Heavenly Judgment

Angelic ID

Once a week, Bartholemel goes downtown to help out at the Department of Public Safety, where he's responsible for getting and maintaining legal IDs for angels stationed in Texas. Every four years, most angels in Texas pass through Austin for no other reason than to get their driver's licenses renewed. This has given Dominic a better perspective on the current angelic situation in Texas than most of the other Archangels, excluding Yves.

ELI

In slacker heaven, Servitors of Creation are granted +2 toward summoning Eli to Austin. Unfortunately for them, there aren't any Servitors of Creation stationed in Austin besides Tomas (p. 82), and he hasn't seen Eli in years.

Sturm und Drag

A previous angel of Creation has left his mark on the town, though. On the Drag, in a popular video game parlor, sits a derelict arcade game called "Sturm und Drag."

To most onlookers, it's an old, malfunctioning stand-up taking up space between the dimly flickering Galaga machine and the arcade's back wall. The machine occasionally appears to come to life and cycle through a quick demo before shutting back off. The arcade's denizens ignore it.

Actually, it's a celestial arcade game. It can only be used by players in their celestial form. While the game play is reminiscent of the early '90s flood of fighting games, you can actually damage your opponent with a carefully used joystick. Players make Precision rolls, with the check digit of a successful roll determining the amount of Soul damage done to a victim. Since it's so deadly, it's not used often, and players tend to bail after the first or second hit, but angels and demons in Austin tend to challenge one another with it when things get tense.

The video game can serve the place of a duel in celestial society, without the bad feelings that come with a real fight.

THE TANGLE-BEARDED MAN

Remnant of Creation

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 0 Will 0 Perception 0
Skills: Dodge/5, Language (Sumerian/4), Small Weapon/5 (bottle)
Attunements: Elohim of Creation, Transubstantiation
Special Rites: Make someone smile (+1)

First seen on p. 31 of *In Nomine*, this remnant of Creation haunts a Fourth Street coffee bar from time to time. He is also the one who crafted the celestial video game, above. If the demons were to discover this shattered angel in their midst, some of them would torment him mercilessly. Eli would greatly reward anyone who could tell him about his lost servant's whereabouts, however.

GABRIEL

Over and above the usual cruelty that humans exhibit in an urban setting, angels of Gabriel will find their work cut out for them on campus. The local fraternities delight in hazing their new members – which sometimes amounts to torturing them until they can't see straight. The fact that pledges die with great regularity hasn't stopped anyone, although occasionally a group gets kicked off campus. Gabriel, of course, requires more than just this slap on the wrist. Between the Greeks and the demons of Dark Humor (see "Kobal," below), there's plenty of cruelty for an angel of Fire to fight in Austin.

In addition, as long as Nicole's in town (see p. 84 of this book, as well as p. 194 of *In Nomine*), she'll attempt to coerce any other Servitors of Gabriel to help keep the local peace among the celestials, even if it means raising a little hell.

JANUS

A member of the Peace Corps, James Maloy, has just returned from a stint of service in a small, west African nation that's best left unnamed.

He's scared. He's holed up in his apartment, wringing his hands over whether he should go to the press with what he knows: genocide. On his way to the air strip, just prior to returning to the States, James was a witness to a slaughter that lasted almost two days. He'd pulled his Jeep off to the side of the road to relieve himself, and saw bands of government troops rounding up the local populace and gunning them down. At one point, he had to hide beneath a small pile of bodies, which the troops were setting on fire. He got out just after the black, acrid smoke grew thick enough to cloak his escape.

James doesn't care why they did it, nor does he care about which political faction was responsible. He's torn between fear for his life, and the burning urge to tell his story. If the story goes out, the nation will find itself alienated from the rest of the world, and its government will collapse into chaos. James is right to be afraid – there are two foreign-exchange students from the aforementioned small African land who would dutifully kill him if ordered to do so. Angels of Janus will find that if all they do is get this story out, and protect James from foreign assassins, they'll have done more than their share to bring about change on a global scale.

Of all the tiny dramas in Austin, this one might prove to be the most important.



JAMES MALOY

Terrorized Peace Corps volunteer

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2
Skills: Dodge/3, Driving/6, Fast-Talk/6, Language (various West African dialects/5)

JEAN

Two angels of Lightning are in town: Marius and Darius, an EloHITE and Ofanite. They live in a tiny apartment in west campus, with a high-bandwidth connection to the net. They're entrenched in the Austin hacker community, where they try to thwart the dark temptings of Vilson, a demon of Technology. They especially want to shut down Vapula's Tokamak reactor on campus, and have pressured Miles, an angel of Yves (see p. 106) to see that it happens. Angels of Jean will win big points if they can destroy the reactor without raising human suspicions or creating unrest in the celestial community.

DARIUS

Ofanite Servitor of Lightning

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 9 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/2 (young adult male)

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Dodge/5, Fighting/6

Songs: Shields (Corporeal/4, Celestial/6), Thunder/4

Attunements: Ofanim of Lightning, Generator

MARIUS

Elobite Servitor of Lightning

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 5 Perception 7

Vessel: Human/1 (young adult male)

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Dodge/5, Language (Geek/6), Small Weapon/3 (soldering iron)

Songs: Entropy (Corporeal/4), Light (Corporeal/5, Celestial/6)

Attunements: Elohim of Lightning

Special Rite: push a tech in the right direction to solve a computer problem (+1)

JORDI

The angels of Jordi are on the edge. They've been slaughtered at every turn, and seldom get backup from others of their kind. There are none stationed in Austin right now, though a few creep around the outlying areas. Still, there's room for a Servitor of Animals in a town with such a high population of horses, dogs, cats, squirrels, possums, armadillos and other wildlife just scampering about without anyone giving it a second thought.

Something that would make Jordi extremely happy would be to free the polar bear in the San Antonio Zoo. There's no real zoo in Austin, but the anguish felt by the polar bear just an hour and a half south is loud enough to deserve attention. Would you want to be a polar bear in Texas during the summer, free to do nothing but stare with thinly veiled contempt at the corpulent humans around your tiny wading pool?

Free the bear.

LAURENCE

Laurence has an agent within the Austin Police Department. If an angel needs help from the law, Trent can be called. Badge Number 777 of the APD, Officer Trent is almost always on call (while angels need no sleep, Trent would have difficulty staying on duty 24 hours a day without somebody noticing; still, by careful

WHEN YOU GOT A JOB TO DO

Few celestials in the field have a clear-cut job in the corporeal realm. More often, an angel or a demon is given general instructions, and not always how he is to accomplish his goals. He's expected to work it out.

Angels and demons are expected to come up with their own schemes. You're all big boys and girls – how're you going to steer the course of human history if you can't figure out a way to get the local garbage men to strike? Players should feel free to talk their schemes out with the GM, with the GM helping to fill in the details concerning what a character might know about the game-world's situation, until they come up with something that both agree would seem like a good idea to the character, and plausible within the scope of the game. Then you can introduce the plan into the game as another running subplot, building on what was already going on both in the game world by itself and among the other players and *their* schemes. Keeping a master plan with a suitably big goal running long enough may pay off, and win you the big rewards. So the next time your Superior muses about something he wants done in a vague or general way, listen carefully.

A Superior may very well tell you one thing and mean something else, however.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

Certainly, your Superior can tell you one thing and really be saying another just so that he can later deny having said anything of the sort. This is where things get tricky. While few Superiors are so socially clumsy as to resort to a wink or a nod, there can be an underlying tone to the communication of an Archangel or a Demon Prince that can only be interpreted one way – but generally only by his own servants.

A GM may allow a player to make an Intelligence roll when his character is communicating with his Superior, to see if he caught any subtext. Of course, a GM could just say so, or lead the player into asking the right questions. Still, reading too much between the lines can get you in trouble – and missing the whole message could get you killed.

manipulation of paperwork and moving from substation to substation, he's available surprisingly often), cruising the city, ready to act on behalf of the Lord. Trent is generally first on the scene of celestial conflicts, where he can help massage any witnesses' stories to fit a more mundane explanation.

Angels of the Sword will also have contacts in the governor's office, but the humans in the governor's office have gotten surprisingly inaccessible to Laurence's agents as of late. See *Saming* (p. 111), for clues as to the reason.

TRENT

Cherub Servitor of the Sword

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 6 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/5 (adult male)

Role: Police/4

Skills: Dodge/6, Driving/1, Large Weapon/5 (shot-gun), Small Weapon/4 (pistol)

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/5, Celestial/4), Light (Corporeal/5, Celestial/6), Wings/4

Attunements: Cherubim of the Sword, Blade Blessing of Laurence, Scabbard

Special Rites: Capture a criminal and let his victims (or their next of kin) know he's caught (+1) – this Essence doesn't "vanish" if the criminal escapes

MARC

Angels of Trade have a lot to do in Austin. Besides the contacts they'll have among chief lobbyists in the capital, they'll also be able to track the records of legal shipments coming through Austin. Since I-35, which passes through Austin, is a major conduit for trade from Mexico through the U.S. to Canada, all sorts of things can be learned by getting a bird's eye view of what's being moved.

Marc's most important venture here is NAFTA, the North American Free Trade Agreement, which has opened up commerce between the three countries to an unprecedented level. Anything which might block trade between Texas and Mexico is a threat to Marc's plans, and should be stopped as quickly as possible.

His newest scheme is to have I-35 declared the first international highway, running straight through the three countries. He hopes this will help stabilize and strengthen the Mexican economy, further pushing back the encroaching nightmares of the third world.

See *Baal* (p. 108) and *Belial* (p. 108) for more information on Mexico.

MICHAEL

Any new angel in town will want to meet Austin's two Servitors of War.

There are two angels of Michael in town, though they're too busy to meddle in the local politics. They're not warriors, they're healers – they run the celestial anti-Trauma unit at St. Michael's, a large, privately owned (read: Catholic) hospital bordering Hyde Park and the campus area. For travel purposes, (see the travel rules on p. 73) allow any characters on campus, the Drag, in the Capitol or in Hyde Park to move there as though it were in their region.

The angels, Doc Jo (Jo-Beth Franklin) and Nurse Run (Running Water Jones) will attempt to heal any angels injured in the line of duty. They don't have any ambulances at their disposal, as they have to operate with some modicum of discretion, but between the two of them, a patient will generally walk away under his own power, if not completely and miraculously recover. They've also been charged with disposing of any dead vessels from either side, for which they have access to a basement furnace – it's normally used to dispose of medical waste, but given enough time it can reduce any body to fine gray ash.

But even though they're healers, they're still loyal angels of War. Angels who've injured themselves on a fool's errand will be refused treatment. Demons, of course, know better than to show up looking for help. If the angels don't recognize a patient as a friendly celestial, they'll administer enough mundane medical care to stabilize their charge and ask questions later. After all, they're angels.

Working side by side with Dominic's Seraphim, they have to remain as non-partisan as possible. When they



can, they'll slip someone in under Bartholemel and Karadael's noses – mostly because they hate having to deal with the paperwork Dominic's angels force upon the healers – but it's very risky, so they don't chance it often.

prairies, and their ability to act as a loyal part of a team as well as powerful individuals make them perfect servants of Michael. Also, see *Baal* (p. 108) for more information on the struggles between the divine and the damned in the Southwest.



DOC JO (JO-BETH FRANKLIN)

Mercurian Vassal of War

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 9 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/1 (older adult female)

Role: Doctor/3

Skills: Dodge/5, Driving/1, Fighting/6, Medicine/5

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/4, Celestial/6),
 Shields (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/3, Celestial/6)

Attunements: Mercurian of War, Vassal of War

NURSE RUN

(RUNNING WATER JONES)

Ofanite Vassal of War

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 10 Agility 10
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/1 (adult male)

Role: Nurse/3

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Dodge/5, Driving/2,
 Medicine/6, Throwing/3 (knives)

Songs: Entropy (Corporeal/5), Light (Celestial/6)

Attunements: Ofanite of War, Vassal of War

Lone Rangers

Michael also has a few Soldiers among the Texas Rangers, the state's own elite law-enforcement agency. The Texas Rangers are sometimes the only law on the

NOVALIS

Angels of Flowers in Austin have Zara (p. 84) to initiate them into the mysteries of the local celestial culture; she's more than willing to show other angels the ropes. They also have J.R. at Novalis' Tether at Hippie Hollow (p. 95), where they can hang out to their hearts' content.

Novalis' goals in Austin are simple: keep the peace. Zara will expect all of Novalis' angels to help her out, and aid any angels of Fire who are helping keep the peace (see *Gabriel*, p. 103).

If a Servitor of Novalis proves especially helpful, Zara might share the secret of the healing mud.

YVES

Of course, Yves' power in Austin is centered around the university. He has one angel in the physics department, working closely with the local angels of Lightning to force Vapula's Tokamak reactor off-line.

Miles Foreman is a Mercurian of Knowledge. His Role has tenure at the school, so he can't be fired, but he's on the verge of retirement. The late '90s finds Miles re-evaluating his current Role, and deciding what to do when its usefulness has run out. Repetitive treatments with the Song of Entropy might be a good idea, reducing his age to that of a graduate student, but then he'd have to switch cities. You'd think he'd be used to it by now, but he's grown to love Austin. Any angels who can arrange a better solution for Miles will be rewarded with access to Yves' Library, a rare treat. Also, friends of Miles can convince him to give them access to the Harry Ransom Center, and its treasure trove of bright and dark archives. They may be allowed to "check out" any of the artifacts from p. 70 of *In Nomine*, but they must be returned after three days.

Late fees manifest in the form of the rest of Austin's angels snubbing you for weeks.

Surprisingly, angels of Destiny won't find their day-to-day actions concerned with taking on demons of Fate, though they do show up from time to time. Demons of Dark Humor are much more of a threat to the peace of campus life, as the snickering imps and gremlins serving Kobal make life a living Hell for the students.



DEMON PRINCES

ANDREALPHUS

As a youthful city, full of pumping hormones, Austin is certainly familiar with Lust.

Andre's only major Servitor in town is Lauren, the demon of Strippers, but he encourages all his servants to pass through if they get a chance and sample from the wide variety of college students and bored, bi-curious adults who make up a significant chunk of the city. And then there're the homeless teenage addicts who hustle under the Congress Street Bridge – what they lack in style they make up with enthusiasm.

It's a Grind Grind

Beyond the numerous strip bars in Austin, the most recent advancement for the Word of Lust has been the opening of a bathhouse on the east side. This is a small salon, frequented by men of all ages, including a sauna and private rooms. Basically, it's where homosexual men can go to get quick, anonymous sex without having to deal with anything but their own pleasure. AIDS literature is available at the front counter, as is a large jug of condoms, but for the Prince of Lust it's just not good enough.

He'd like to see a similar bath house on the west side, except swanked out a bit more so that the upper-class gays won't feel like they're slumming. Not only that, but if it could be established close enough to Hippie Hollow, there's a chance it could reduce the power of that divine Tether.

Who knows? Perhaps Andre could end up with his own personal gate to Hell in Austin.

ASMODEUS

Billy Bob Buford is Asmodeus' fiend on the ground in Austin. He holds a Role as a redneck deputy sheriff, often keeping the other deputies from being too brutal on their charges. This isn't hard, since the police in the Austin area are actually pretty laid back, competent and sympathetic – relative to the rest of Texas. But sometimes things get out of hand, and Asmodeus expects Billy Bob to maintain the status quo. It's important to note that Billy Bob Buford couldn't care less about seeing justice served – he just wants to uphold the law.

Three-B also manages legal issues for the local demonic contingent, when he has time. Also, while he won't think twice about making a Soldier of God's run-in with the law as unpleasant as possible, he'll be extremely cautious about doing anything permanent if he has reason to suspect the local Servitors of Dominic have been alerted.

He does have a small problem that could be very embarrassing down the line. His station is responsible for two dogs, a drug dog and a bomb dog, who help the cops by sniffing out contraband. Unfortunately, Three-B took them both out to search an inbound flight from Mexico and managed to forget which dog was which. He'd be grateful for a Shedim (or anyone with the Song of Possession, even a Kyriotate!) to help him out by taking over one of the dogs and seeing what substance the hound is most sensitive to. Hell, old Billy Bob might even bend a little law or two for you.

BILLY BOB BUFORD

Djinn Servitor of the Game

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 9 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 4 Perception 8

Vessel: Human/2 (adult male)

Role: Policeman/3

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/4, Fast-Talk/6, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol)

Songs: Feet/4, Light (Celestial/3), Thunder/4

Attunements: Djinn of the Game, Dissonance Binding, Humanity

Demonic ID

An old woman loyal to Asmodeus works at the Department of Public Safety, where she has access to the state's database of driving records, license photos, etc. For a favor, she'll tweak the system to produce valid ID for any people who can prove their demonic origins. She also keeps track of the small number of people who drive in from all ends of Texas to renew their licenses . . .



BAAL

Demonic Servitors of War will find the relative peace of Austin getting under their skin a little. They'll probably prefer to be back in Mexico, stirring things up between the rebels and the corrupt national government.

Still, even in the relatively peaceful city of Austin there's trouble to be gotten into. Stick your nose into the east side's troubles, for example. Those gangs keep the candle of War burning with the city limits. Then there're the angels of War who hang out at St. Michael's. If you were to pick a fight with one of the celestial healers at that hospital – and win – you'd look pretty good to the big guy. So sure, they're getting used to being jumped in the parking lot, but that's what makes it okay.

BELETH

Even though the city of Austin is a composite of contrasts, its inhabitants are just as human as any others. A primary general fear is crime, followed by natural disasters – especially tornadoes. Any child's dream that can be made to involve tornadoes will generate a point of Essence. A point of Essence is also generated any time a Servitor of Nightmares can make a promiscuous adult suffer through a "You have AIDS" dream.

BELIAL

Wanton destruction, as with War, doesn't really seem to have a place on the day-to-day face of Austin. That doesn't mean there aren't ways to have fun. Some of Belial's most promising human servants belong to a fraternity full of pyromaniacs, who perform a monthly ritual around a huge bonfire. They're promising, and their reckless use of flames turned a large private dorm into a smoldering crater only half a year ago, but they don't appear to be taking their obsessions much further unless they get some prodding – say, from a Servitor of Fire. Belial will greatly reward one of his demons for giving these folks the kick in the pants that they need to move their practices up to full-scale deviancy. Oh, but watch out for Gabriel's Servitors. Word has it she's getting tough on frat daddies and their lazy, hazing ways.

HAAGENTI

Even though Haagenti doesn't have any Servitors in Austin, there's plenty of room for Gluttony. In fact, that just means there's more to eat.

Austinites eat out more often than inhabitants of any other Texas city. Also, the city is well-known for its high-quality 24-hour restaurants, one in each section of Austin, so there's never any lack of midnight (or 4 a.m.) snacks.

There are some things Haagenti would appreciate, though. You see, with everyone in middle-class residential sections of Austin getting so uppity about the recycling thing, the whole trash ecology has been thrown out of whack. Anything that can be done to upset the garbage

collection – from inciting a strike among the sanitation workers to having it all brought to a central location and dumped in a big pile in a park to make some kind of political demonstration – would be appreciated.

KOBAL

Currently, there are no Servitors of Kobal stationed in Austin, although lots of his gremlins and imps are hopping about the countryside. Every college town has a great deal of tiny infernal spirits, doing the petty bads.

Jester

In Hell, Kobal runs the theaters. His agents in the corporeal world “record” the lives of humans and broadcast them to Shal-Mari, Hell’s entertainment pleasure pit. Endless corridors lead into countless theaters showing the wide range of comedic drama and irony present in the lives of human beings. The most popular rake in a ton of Essence over time, which goes to fuel the Principality’s economy and feed its Princes: Kobal, his brother Haagenti and their ally Andrealphus.

Unfortunately, one of Kobal’s more popular productions, a long-running comedic soap opera about the life of a young Texan boy and all the torture he took growing up as a young nerd in a small town, has fallen flat. He’s come to Austin and enrolled at the university, but all he’s doing is studying. Ever since he moved into his dorm room, everyone in Hell’s packed theaters has been assuming that something’s going to happen. After all, he’s living on campus in its largest dormitory – over 2,000 other fresh souls live in its arcology-like structure – and they even call the place Jester, for God’s sake! “Surely,” the critics raved, “this will be one of Kobal’s finest moments of irony in the modern world.” But no, the star of the show isn’t getting into uncomfortable social situations, he doesn’t have any friends who could die and he’s getting surprisingly good grades. The gremlins who’ve been “filming” his life, invisibly from the celestial plane, have already brought all his pets to cruel ends. So Kobal would greatly reward any Servitor who could step in and make this kid’s life a living Hell – maybe the show’s ratings will go back up.

KRONOS

Hell’s most powerful Prince has a man in Austin – Nikelodemus, a surveillance demon for the files of Fate. He spends most of his time following random people around and noting their activity, further fleshing out his master’s Archives.

Nik has voluminous files on many of the people who’ve lived in Austin over the past seven years, but not everyone. Other celestials (or, more specifically, other



demons) may arrange to see some of these files. At the GM’s convenience, roll a single die. If it comes up a 6, then he has a file on the target. If not, it cannot be rerolled. If the person seeking the information is in a position to trade favors, then Nik may take the time to gather a file – it takes him a number of weeks equal to the failed roll. He can most easily be persuaded through an exchange of information, and in fact this is the only way he can be convinced to share his files with any angels. His loyalty to Kronos is unshakable, and he will outright refuse to even speak to any Servitors of Yves.

Play that Funky Music, Evil Boy

As far as Kronos' political aspirations in Austin go, he's found the members of the town's live music community to have the widest variety of dark fates. Agents of Kronos who come to Austin will win extra points with their dark master for bringing about the downfall of local musical talents before they have the chance to make it big.

LILITH

Never has the value of human life been higher than it is today. Well, at least in some circles. The freedom fought for so strongly by the Lilith and many Lilim has created more problems than it's solved in today's world – more people feel they deserve help from the universe just for being alive than ever before. Lilim and Lilith's "temporary Servitors" are more than willing to help these poor souls, even if their soul is what it costs.

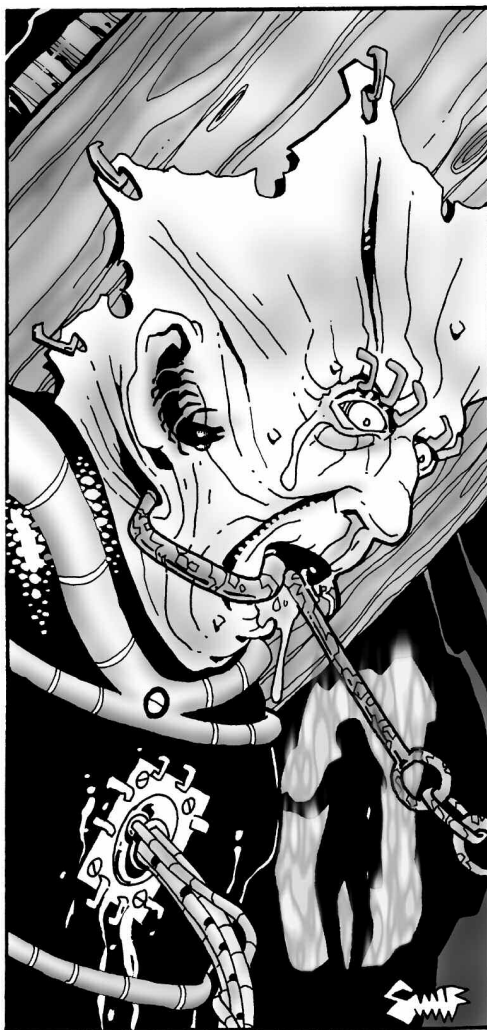
While Austin's art community is strong, some of its members are weak. Some of them are upper-class kids who think they deserve a canvas to paint on, even though they rarely ever actually create anything. They'll give just about anything for some regular money they don't have to work for – and it has to be tax-free, mind you. In exchange for a Geas, Lilith will give any Lilim in town a younger member of the art community as a servant. (The servant's level as a Resource will equal the level of the Geas given.) These servants will help the demon move into the art community, get her invited to all the great parties and give her a canvas of her own upon which to paint: a fresh human soul.

MALPHAS

The Texas Constitution says that the state's inhabitants "have at all times the inalienable right to alter, reform or abolish their government in such manner as they may think expedient."

A group taking up the name of the Republic of Texas took this to heart, much to Malphas' delight. They enacted several measures which the American public might find outrageous, from petitioning the United Nations for recognition as a sovereign land to filing a \$93,492,827,008,096 claim against the United States to pay for the time spent under occupation. The part making some people uneasy is that, technically, they're right.

In 1861, just over 15 years after Texas reached statehood, a majority vote was cast to return to an indepen-



dent Republic. Shortly thereafter, Texas joined the Confederate States in fighting off the incursion of northern armies (in a war that, of course, rarely really ranged as far south and west as Texas). When the South lost the Civil War, Texas was occupied by forces of the United States . . . but it never did officially return to the U.S.

Now, some people say that losing a war and having the winner take over your government, occupy your land with his armies and start making the moves on your women might count against your struggle for independence. The brave-hearted members of the Republic of Texas think otherwise. They want the U.S. out of Texas – now.

There'd be no uprooting a sufficiently

armed group, with a place the size of Texas to pick your battles from. Just remember that they caught David Koresh before he'd dug his heels in, and that took more than a month before ending in a crucible. Though a recent standoff with the Republic of Texas ended more quickly – and with fewer pyrotechnics – it left Republic factions that should have learned from these lessons . . .

Not that the Republic is going to take the government violently. Most of them are non-violent libertarian gun-toters, but there's a reason that the FBI has been targeting right-wing militia groups recently – the U.S. is afraid of such factionalizing, and if Texas leaves the Union, then other states will leave as well. If you can't even keep your own states from leaving – peacefully or not – then how are you going to control the world's banking system, or balance the trade deficit with China?

Obviously, demons of Factions have their work cut out for them. Start by getting the issue more coverage in the press, and then get the press coverage in the right faces. If you could pull this off, the sky's the limit.

NYBBAS

Like any other large city, Austin has several important media outlets. There are its five local television stations – okay, seven if you deign to count low-watt and public television – and its newspaper. Austin also has a weekly tabloid, targeted mostly at the artistically minded liberal intelligentsia of the town. Servitors of the Media in Austin will have a contact in at least one of these media sources.

Of greatest importance, media-wise, is that Austin has a ton of ones and zeros flowing in and out of town. The two servants of Nybbas who call Austin home spend most of their time watching the net, posting propaganda supporting various causes on Usenet and generally making digital nuisances of themselves.

POWERS LONG

Balseraph Servitor of the Media

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessel: Human/2 (young adult male)

Servant: TV Anchorwoman/3

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Dodge/5

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/3, Celestial/4)

Attunements: Balseraph of the Media, Subliminal

MARLENA D'ENFER

Impudite Servitor of the Media

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 6 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 10 Perception 2

Vessel: Human/2 (young adult female)

Servant: Musician/2

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Dodge/6, Fighting/3, Small Weapon/4 (Throwing Knives)

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Entropy (Celestial/4)

Attunements: Balseraph of the Media, Soundtrack

SAMINGA

Any demon of Death in Austin will have full run of the city's underground Tether as long as he keeps Frex happy, and may command a handful of its undead into combat situations.

Lacquered up by Frex's zombification process, they're pretty strong. These creatures come in almost limitless numbers, but Frex won't let anyone take more than four every week. Someone could easily stockpile them, except that they rot twice as fast as a normal zombi. Drag!

UNDEAD HEADLESS AND LEGLESS LACQUERED TORSOS

Servants of Darkness

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 1 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 0 Will 0 Perception 0

Skills: Fighting/6, Acrobatics/4

Songs: Claws/6 (permanent)

Quite proudly, Saminga claims responsibility for the actions of Charles Whitman, who in the 1960s went up to the top of the U.T. Tower with a high-powered rifle and went to town on all the ants beneath him. As he typed in a letter the night before, "... lately (I don't recall when it started) I have been a victim of many unusual and irrational thoughts." Signs of Shedim possession? Perhaps. Or maybe it was the large tumor pressing against the aggression center of his brain. Regardless, he deeply influenced the lives of several people that day by putting bullets through them (not counting his mother, whom he'd killed the day prior) before a group of men burst onto the tower rooftop and gunned him down at

point-blank range. They had to empty both a shotgun and a pistol into him in order to take him down – possibly yet another sign of celestial possession.

Saminga also claims to have a Shedim pulling strings for him in the governor's office, though no one knows who (or what) it could be. Most demons try to steer clear of the Capitol, mostly because of the star in its middle which can teleport a celestial to *Enchanted Rock* (see p. 91). Being suddenly



AUSTIN IN SUMMATION

Let's see: Tomas knows that Wrenchial's up to something, Lauren and Zara are bonding (though the demon of Strippers shows no sign of Redeeming herself), and Hugo suspects Mackie of framing him for lacing Druiel's drugs with an insidious neurotoxin. Then, between handling the Old Guy and walking a line between Mitrah and Frex – not to mention completely misinterpreting his job – Druiel's about to snap. That won't stop Mitrah from pressuring Drew for more uranium, which he gets from Frex, who doesn't imagine anyone could construct a plant to filter out the unstable uranium from its inert doppelganger. Frex also thinks he can push Druiel into Falling.

Frex might be right about Druiel, but he's wrong about the filtration. His age-old nemesis, Mitrah, has filtered out almost enough to make a small atomic bomb, which she plans to plant in the Edwards Aquifer, hoping the explosion will push tons of water up into Frex's Tether and flood the evil out. Unfortunately, it might disturb the delicate resonances of Enchanted Rock, her Tether, but she doesn't really care anymore. The aquifer, interestingly, lies parallel to the Balcones Fault, a meeting of tectonic plates. While seismic activity in Texas is fairly low, there have been a few earthquakes in Texas measuring over 6.0 on the Richter scale in the last 150 years, and one of their epicenters was just outside Austin.

This would not only cause a disturbance in the Symphony, it would also shake up local politics. If word got out about how it all went down, the demons would want Druiel's head – and perhaps most of the angels would too – and it would be hard to keep the peace for a long time into the future.

That's the setup; what do you do?

on the inside of a divine Tether that takes up a good square mile isn't any demon's idea of fun. Still, even if Saminga is just bragging, it sure would look good if some more evidence appeared that the demons of Death were spending time in Austin.

VALEFOR

Valefor doesn't have any particular goals in Austin . . . he just likes his servants to swing through town, rip a bunch of stuff off and then split for another coolsville. He has been upset that theft has really dropped off on the Drag, a place noted for its shoplifting (generally by the homeless, or students out of cash). Valefor would

love to hear about Reaux (see p. 101), especially if the angel had already been removed.

VAPULA

The primary activity of a demon of Technology in Austin will be babysitting the Tokamak reactor deep beneath the University of Texas. It was brought over from Russia after the collapse of the Soviet Union, where it had been pressed into service for some pretty dark experiments on human subjects to answer some questions for Vapula about the nature of physical reality.

Vilson is the caretaker of the Tokamak, a lab assistant in the physics department, where he tries to steer clear of Miles (see p. 106) and the local angels of Lightning. He operates out of a derelict warehouse, downtown. Vilson's also entrenched in the local tech community. Hackers show up at his door at all hours of the night, looking for information. If you're willing to pay the price, it's widely known Vilson can get what you want, whether it's the password to a secure system or unreleased beta software.

VILSON

Djinn Inspector of Technology

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/1 (young adult male)

Skills: Computer Operation/6, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/4, Electronics/3, Fast-Talk/6

Songs: Attraction (Corporeal/3), Charm (Corporeal/4), Harmony (Ethereal/4)

Attunements: Djinn of Technology, Inspector

MediLabs

In south Austin, a new Tether has been born. No one except Vilson knows it's there – in fact, even Vapula himself doesn't know about it – but its presence will surely upset the balance of power in the region.

It's inside the squat and sterile offices of a pharmaceutical testing company called MediLabs, in south Austin. They've been running various experiments on students, for which they pay surprisingly large amounts of money. "Get \$300 for a weekend of blood draws!" But the general air of fear and the continual, minor pains inflicted on MediLab's patients – not to mention the testosterone-pumped lab techs who prey on their young co-ed charges – has created a small gateway to Hell inside this testing facility. The newborn Tether has no Seneschal yet, but Vilson is hoping to get the position by making it look as though *he* planned the whole thing! He'd handsomely reward any demon who was willing to help him in his power struggle.



THE DEMON PRINCE OF ROCK AND ROLL

113

DEMON PRINCE

This is an adventure for one to six players. The player-characters may be angels or demons; mixed parties are also acceptable. In fact, this adventure lends itself to angels and demons working together.

The crux of the adventure is the scheme of Furfur, Baron of Fire and demon of Hardcore, to ascend to Princedom in such a spectacular and entirely undeserved fashion as to illustrate the absurdity of the current political system in Hell – at least, as Furfur sees it.

How he's going to go about it, and which forces take what side, drive the adventure. The GM should already be familiar with *In Nomine Austin* before reading this scenario. With only a little preparation, this can be a very dramatic adventure. It can be stretched out to last over several playing sessions, or if run fast and furious by people who're already comfortable with the game world, it can be stormed through in a single night.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU . . .

People are frightened of the idea of meeting the Devil himself. And well they should be. But the average demon is far *more* frightened. He *knows* that Lucifer is real, and he knows just what can happen if the Dark Lord is displeased with you . . . or if he's just having a bad day.

And Lucifer wants to be feared. But he likes to keep his troops on their toes with rewards as well as punishment. So he plays a little game with his demons. The very first time Lucifer meets a given demon – if he's not too busy, and if that demon isn't earning his wrath – the Dark Lord will usually offer to grant one simple wish.

Demons sit around and talk about what they'd ask for if they met Lucifer, in the same way that humans talk about what they'd do if they won the lottery. But many of those demons devoutly hope it never happens. The attention of the First Fallen is a chancy thing.

Some demons are brave, ambitious or just stupid enough to *want* a gift from Lucifer. Furfur is one of those demons, and this is his story. But it begins with a much older story . . . a legend in Hell. It goes like this . . .

There was once a minor demon who thought very highly of himself. He happened to encounter Lucifer just as he was about to start his first assignment on Earth.

"Oh darkest of dark, dark lords," the demon began, "I am but a minor servant. I know almost nothing of the corporeal realm, and thus I feel as though any favor I may ask of you would be wasted. What I'd like to do is postpone this meeting until some point in the future, when I would be in a better position to ask a favor that might actually serve to further our cause in the world."

Lucifer steepled his hands over his face and cracked a smile. The demon blanched.





"So what you're proposing," the lord of Hell intoned slowly, "is that I grant you the ability to – at any point in the future, at your whim – summon and force a boon out of me, Lucifer, Lord of Hell."

"No, no, no," the demon burred frantically. "That's not really how I imagined it, I –"

"Shh," Lucifer said, silencing the demon. He appeared serene. "Nothing is wrong. Here is a song – mark it well. You shouldn't have much trouble remembering it – it's a very catchy tune." He bent down and whispered in the demon's ear. "And that's it. Anyone who sings this song will attract my attention, but I entrust it only to you." The demon relaxed visibly.

"However," continued Lucifer, "I am a busy being. I'm here, there, I'm everywhere. So you may have to sing it a few times to attract my attention. Say, 10 million times."

Legend has it that the poor demon is still sitting in some dark corner of Hell, mumbling the song over and over to himself, safe in the knowledge that some day he'll reach the 10 millionth invocation . . . and bend Lucifer to his will. (And some say that this has already happened at least once. Lucifer appeared to the demon in a puff of brimstone, smiling. "Well," he said, "you got me fair and square. What is it you want?" The demon, out of touch with reality for so long, blinked several times and tried to shake his stupor. "Guh," he said, "buh." "Hmm," said Lucifer. "I thought you would've made up your mind by now. Well, you know how to get hold of me . . ." Poof.)

Here's where Furfur comes in. Not only has he managed to search out the origins of this story, but he's also succeeded in recording the song from the lips of the mumbling demon. He has pressed Wrenchial (see p. 90), a fellow demon of Fire, into helping him back a band at an Austin music festival. The band will perform the song, with Furfur's voice dubbed over that of the singer's. Of course, the show is being broadcast via satellite on MTV to well over 10 million homes. When Lucifer is summoned, Furfur will ask to be made the Demon Prince of Rock and Roll, rubbing the dark lord's nose in the absurdity of the Principality system. At least, that's the plan. In return for several celestials' help, he's promised them high rank in his new Principality.

GETTING STARTED

Wrenchial's been getting things set up, although he's trying to do so in such a way that Belial won't be able to trace anything back to him. Whether or not Furfur's plan works, the Prince of Fire will be burning mad. The band that Wrenchial has hooked up with, Stool, is just one of many other loser bands who make loud noises, even though their singer seems to be a true talent. With the tight schedule Furfur's demanding, there wasn't time to

WHAT IF THE PCs MEET LUCIFER?

It should be assumed that no beginning PC has ever met the Prince of Hell. Their “boon,” if they are ever to get one, is still in front of them, and they can dream, as demons do, of what they would ask for if they had the chance.

Assuming Lucifer offers a favor, here’s how he is likely to respond to various requests. (A demon who begs a boon before Lucifer offers it is taking his life in his clawed little hands.)

Minor requests – a bit of information, or any item or character improvement worth 5 or fewer character points – will be granted casually. Lucifer probably won’t even bother to put his own spin on the gift.

Larger requests – an added Force, a change of assignment or character improvements of 6 to 10 character points – are riskier. Make a reaction roll for Lucifer; on a bad reaction, the supplicant will get some Discord instead. The reaction roll can be modified if the demon has a glib and respectful story of how this favor will improve his ability to advance the cause of Hell on Earth.

Unreasonably large requests will earn Discord or worse, of course.

Really off-the-wall requests . . . “Please make me a Calabite,” or “Please afflict the Commissioner of Baseball with boils,” will intrigue Lucifer; he may or may not grant them, but unless his reaction is very bad he will do something good for the supplicant. Requests to help *other demons* fall into this category.

Finally, there’s the brass ring . . . a Word. A demon who asks Lucifer for a Word will get a hearing on the spot. He’d better have his story straight, because if he doesn’t get the Word he wants, Lucifer may give him a really bad Word, or may just send him to fry in Sheol.

And yes . . . Lucifer has been known to offer a boon to *angels* that he meets. The safest thing is to refuse it. Big requests will be met with a sneer . . . or filled in a way that the angel will come to regret. Small requests may be granted, but if an angel accepts Songs, Forces, skills and so on from Lucifer . . . well, his Archangel will be either horrified or enraged. Requests for intervention in the mortal world are fertile ground for the Prince of Lies to trick an angel. Occasionally, just occasionally, an angel asks a favor so straightforward it can’t be twisted and so small that Lucifer will be too proud to deny it. Rarely.

get anyone else – besides, Furfur’s going to be dubbing his vocals over the broadcast anyway.

Four Soldiers of Hell from out of town were recruited by Wrenchial to guard the band over the last week, but now they’ve gone missing. Wrenchial needs to replace them immediately and get this show on the road.

There are two basic ways to approach this adventure. Either the characters have already been living in Austin, and know its Servitors and their politics, or they have just arrived in town only to be pulled into a complicated web of storylines which they may not completely unravel until weeks later, as they’ve gotten to know the adventure’s survivors. They could be passing through town to check out the music festival, which is featuring more than a hundred bands from around the world, not to mention the film festival and all the Hollywood hangers-on who’ve shown up to schmooze.

If the characters are demons, it’s easier to hook them up with the plot: they cross paths with Wrenchial and he presses them into service as the new guards for the band. He more than likely won’t tell them what’s really going on, however, just that he needs some people who can do him a favor and be cool at the same time. In return, they should know that they’re bonding pretty tight with one of the most powerful movers and shakers in Austin’s celestial clique.

If the characters are angels, Wrench will show up at Zara’s Wednesday morning breakfast (see p. 79), where angels new to the scene are invited to make friends and get to know the local politics. Sure, he’s a demon, but Zara will vouch that Wrenchial would never put them in a situation they couldn’t handle. The peace in Austin is too important for that. If asked why he can’t get other demons to help, Wrench’ll say that with the whole media



festival going on, he can't find a single Diabolical who's both sober enough to pull the job off and doesn't already have other plans.

If you're running a mixed party, here's what you do. Have the player-character demons either assigned to Wrenchial at the last minute – Belial's getting suspicious so he's given his servant another ball to juggle – or have them be demons he might have some reason to trust. Perhaps he helped introduce them to Sixth Street originally. He lets them in on much of the story: that he's being forced to help out with this concert to repay an old favor, and he really needs their help. But he still won't spill a word about Furfur and his ultimate goals. He'll take the demon characters with him to breakfast when he tries to get angelic help in the matter. The angelic players should be convinced to hook up with the demonic players, and away they go. If the angels are hugely outnumbered by the demons, Zara will go along to help balance things out.

Most of the demon characters will have heard of Furfur, the rebel's rebel. There've been rumors that he's gone Renegade; make an Intelligence roll for each demon character to see who can recall that story. If you want to cut right to the chase, have Wrench tell the player-characters (or perhaps just the demons) the whole setup, and let them decide on their own what they want to do. Frankly, he won't be that upset if this whole plan blows up in Furfur's face, as long as it looks to Furfur as though Wrenchial played his part accurately and as long as Belial thinks he played no part.

In no situation will Wrenchial reveal that the previous guards mysteriously disappeared. In fact, until he finds out they're dead, he'll be afraid that they've betrayed him somehow, even though he didn't trust them with the details of the affair.

Wrench will tell them that all they're expected to do is protect the band for the next three days, and everything will be cool.

Of course, another way to play the game would be with the players as ordinary humans, but in it deep. If they make it to the end of this adventure, someone in the Austin clique will take them on as servants, or even Soldiers.

SUPERIOR OPINIONS

As they piece together the puzzle, the player characters are presented with opportunities to either help Furfur and his minions or hinder them. Either way, they don't have to tell their Superiors up front; they may win more brownie points by handling the situation before summoning their boss. Also, summoning your Superior after the fact makes it easier to rewrite history to make yourself look good.



The listings below show what a servant might *imagine* his Superior's reaction would be to the news of Furfur's scheme – which is to say, how they would've wanted you to act, after the fact. Actually, if told beforehand, some of the Superiors would have different reactions. See "It's All In the Timing," below.

Archangels

Blandine: "We don't need another Prince to fight. Stop Furfur."

Christopher: "Don't you see what this music is doing to the children? Stop Furfur."

David: "Observe the situation and make your own judgment. Whichever side you back, I trust your opinion; just make sure it serves in the end to strengthen humanity and not weaken it."

Dominic: "Stop the demon Furfur at all costs. The last thing we need is another Prince in Hell."

Eli: "This music is like *über* loud, you know?"

Gabriel: "Heh heh – I can see Belial sweating now. Sure, let Furfur succeed. The more that red bastard sees his power base crumbling, the easier it'll be to take his ass out."

Janus: "This is just what we need to pit the demons against one another. Surely some of the Princes think it's a good thing while others are against it. It's just a matter of manipulating their servants in such a way as to exploit this conflict and make them look ridiculous."

Jean: "If you have an ounce of sense between your ears, you'll get back in there and make sure this demon does not achieve his goals."

Jordi: "I have no concerns for the politics of Heaven or Hell. If you have friends you wish to aid, then do so – but do not ask for guidance from me on this matter."

Laurence: "What?! Need you ask?! *Stop him!*"

Marc: "Hmm . . . Well, if it looks like Furfur's going

to succeed, then help him on his way. The demons could use a little more chaos in their lives. But if you see a weakness, take advantage of it but let him think he was betrayed by his own kind."

Michael: "Another militaristic Demon Prince will increase their overall strength but further factionalize their forces. If you can, aid this Furfur in achieving his goals. If he's successful, we're one day closer to Armageddon and the end of the interminable stalemate."

Novalis: "This is totally wrong. I'm trusting you to do the right thing."

Yves: "If this change to the established order is destined, then let it be so."

Demon Princes

Andrealphus: "Another Belial in our ranks? Simply dreadful. I'm sure he dresses poorly as well. Stop him if you can, will you?"

Asmodeus: "If Lucifer allows it, then it's not against the rules. But if the dread lord is displeased by Furfur's show of disrespect, it would be convenient to have one of our agents on hand to take the Renegade into custody. Do you know who would like to volunteer for such a service?"

Baal: "Hmm. Surely Lucifer won't allow such a demon as Furfur to make an ass out of him. If the Son of Morning can be persuaded to add another military Prince to our ranks, we'll be one step closer to a clear victory when the final trumpet blows. Help this supplicant along, will you?"

Beleth: "Furfur certainly has generated a great deal of fear with his schemings. That earns him my respect. Help him any way you can."

Belial: "He's doing *what?! Stop him!*"

Fleurity: "Cool. When's this concert?"

Haagenti: "Haw, haw, haw – another upstart. Stoke the fires, Belial, you've got problems! Hey, let Furfur think you're helping him, but stop him if you can."

Kobal: "That almost made me laugh. Whatever you want to do is fine with me. Just let me know the punchline when it's over."

Kronos: "If Hell is fated to hold a new Prince, then so be it. But it would be inconvenient for it to happen now."

Malphas: "Hahahahah! Chaos, wonderful chaos. I certainly hope we can ring in the coming of the seasons with the crowning of a new Prince. See that it happens, yes?"

Nybbas: "Of course I knew about it – how do you think he's getting satellite coverage? Help him if you can."

Saminga: "Enemies of Saminga's friends are Saminga's enemies' friends. You know what I want you to do."

Valefor: "This is just what we need to pit the angels against one another. Surely some of the Archangels think it's a good thing while others are against it. It's just a matter of manipulating their servants in such a way as to exploit this conflict and make them look ridiculous."

Vapula: "He would certainly make a destructive Prince. Well, that would be one more regular customer for our weapon-development team . . ."



IT'S ALL IN THE TIMING

Sure, the PCs don't have to tell anyone about Furfur's plan. But if word gets out about Furfur's little shindig, then there'll be a few more faces in the crowd during the final scene.

If Belial finds out about it, he'll have two of his Shedite Captains attempt to possess members of the arena security. They'll position themselves in the crowd, near the front, ready for Furfur to make an appearance. The second he shows his face, they'll bolt up onto the stage and try to take him out, either by possessing him or by corporeally planting their hosts' fists in his gut. If they can drag him away, Belial will appear and lecture the surrounding celestials on the merits of loyalty before returning to Hell with his Renegade in tow.

If Gabriel finds out, she'll be there at the concert, in the crowd. Once Lucifer comes and goes, if Furfur doesn't walk out of the situation as a Prince, she'll wax his hide, take him back to the caldera of her volcano and bind his soul into the center gem on her favorite ring.

If Baal finds out, he'll show up personally at the concert, mingling in the crowd. The only person who might recognize him is Michael – they'll just smile, salute each other and get lost in the crowd. They won't try to follow each other, but they'll alert their Servitors to the presence of the enemy. If at any point Baal can aid the band

WHERE THE HELL IS TOMAS?

Tomas (see p. 82) is now the drummer for Stool. Sure, he's awful, but someone has to do it. After listening to the tape Wrenchial gave him, he realized he held in his hands the single catchiest tune he'd heard in years, and that he had to promote it to the top. After all, his Word is Catchy Tunes. So he went back to Wrenchial's for a quick visit, where he was jumped by the Soldiers of Hell who were supposed to be guarding the band. They had the drummer with them. He identified himself to them as, "Tomas, the angel of -" before they jumped him. Wrench told them not to mess with the local angels, but old habits die hard. So did they.

They didn't know about the Old Guy, whom Tomas left waiting in the car while he ran his "quick errand." Once the fur started flying, the Old Guy came barreling in. Their use of Songs led him to believe they were demons, and he killed them all, creating a hell of a bang in the Symphony. The pair beat a hasty retreat before anyone else showed up (a Malakite in full frontal assault can make pretty quick work of five mortals) and took the bodies with them. It's safe to say the two of them will be spending some time out at Hippie Hollow once this is all over.

Unfortunately, they also killed the drummer. Feeling incredibly guilty, Tomas been using multiple applications of the Song of Form, as well as a little help from Zara, to

make himself look like the dead drummer. Since the rest of the band spends most of their time drunk or high, they won't notice that their friend is acting strangely. If they notice he's not drinking, they'll just assume he's already drunk enough.

Anyone given the keys to Tomas' place will find the drummer's body in a closet. If confronted with the truth, Tomas will ask the player-characters to help him carry out his disguise until the show goes off. If told about Druiel, he won't be too surprised, but asks that Drew be told to see him the next time the PCs come across the angel of Teenage Death.

And the Soldier's bodies? The Old Guy volunteered to take care of them, and he's the one that took them back to Treaty Oak. The next day's news reports noted that the victims looked like they had been beaten to death by a street gang. Both the Old Guy and Tomas agreed to tell no one about what happened until after the current crisis.

At any point, the PCs might figure Tomas' charade out. After all, his actions disturb the Symphony. He never sleeps. He doesn't party like the other band members. He's a *bad* drummer. Also, allow anyone close by to make a Perception roll twice a day (whenever he can get away by himself) to detect Tomas reinforcing his slightly modified Song of Form.

by manipulating the surrounding throngs of humanity, he will. For example, if he sees someone on stage running at them with a knife, he will inspire the roughest people in the mosh pit to jump on stage and defend the band.

If Michael finds out, he'll be there at the show. Like Baal, he will act to protect the band by inspiring two or three humans near the stage to leap up and defend the musicians.

If Eli finds out, he'll be there, too. It's supposed to be a great show, right? He'll recognize by feel any other Superiors in the area, though he won't act as though he's noticed them. Gabriel is the only person likely to spot Eli, and she certainly won't want to be seen in public with him. Eli will let Tomas (as well as any other Servitors of Creation) know which Superiors he's spotted in the crowd. Also, before the show, he'll refill the Essence of any celestial who's willing to help Tomas get the song played. After all, it is a very catchy tune.

THE AUSTIN CLIQUE

Furfur isn't stupid. He's staging this thing in Austin for good reasons. He knows about most of the celestial activ-

ity in town, and he thinks he has a good feel for how things would come together among its inhabitants. Of course, he's not altogether correct.

You know what part Wrenchial is playing. Well, just days before the Friday night performance, the out-of-town Soldiers whom Wrenchial had guarding the band showed up dead, piled neatly by the Treaty Oak. This disturbed the Austin clique, since it seemed as though someone was trying to tip off the Old Guy to the presence of demons in town. Luckily, they've successfully maintained their charade so far, though things are tense. No one's admitting to killing the Soldiers - and Tomas and Druiel have disappeared, too. Wrenchial is very worried about his friend, but he won't spend much time looking for him. On the second night, he might give one of the PCs the key to Tomas' place and send them over to look for him. See *Where the Hell is Tomas*, above.

Druiel is stalking the band, hoping to knock them off very messily and very publicly, in order to support his Word of Teenage Death.

Zara will instantly bond with the lead singer of the band, Donna, if they're introduced. The angel will



immediately recognize the girl's heroin addiction and do whatever she can to help ease withdrawal.

Lauren is working publicity for Furfur, as only she can.

Hugo is still avoiding Druiel, but he's been pressed into service by Furfur to show up from time to time and deliver the band their heroin.

Then there's the loose cannon, the Old Guy. The moment he hears about Furfur's plot, he'll grin, walk himself down to the concert pavilion and wait for the show to start. Once inside, he'll barrel through anyone in his way to get to where some demons are and start smashing some heads. (Pointing him at Furfur might be a good start.)

And by all means, the GM should include as many of Austin's other celestials as possible, in as convoluted a fashion as can be managed.

THE SHOOT

If the player-characters accept the job, they'll be told to show up in a few hours downtown, where a video is being shot. Wrenchial will give the party a cellular phone that can be used to contact him, but no phone number. Its keypad contains only sixes.

Wednesday afternoon, part of Sixth Street will be blocked off so that they can shoot the band's video. Furfur is afraid that less than 10 million people are going to tune in, so he wants to get a video into high rotation in all the usual media.

THE BAND

The band consists of four members: Phil, the guitar player; Marty, the drummer; Chad, the bassist; and Donna Moore, the singer (see p. 124). Out of all of them, she's the only one who seems to have any sort of real talent. In fact, she's quite entrancing.

During the shoot, the song will be playing over the loudspeaker, but so distorted that no one can tell what it's supposed to sound like. The band is moving in slow motion, so hungover and strung out from the previous night that they can hardly even pretend to perform.

The director is a film student from the university, known to anyone who spends any time on campus. He's

renowned for putting together garbage at the last minute, and that's what he's doing here today, shooting in two hours with a four-man team what would take a whole crew more than a day to get right. Still, he's attracted quite a crowd.

If they ask any questions about who's running the show, they'll be told that Frankie, the producer, is in charge, but that he isn't around much. This is, of course, Furfur, who's bankrolling the whole thing.

While the video's being shot, let any player-characters who're scanning the crowd make Perception rolls. If they succeed, one figure will stand out: an older boy in a black leather jacket, Druiel (see p. 80). If they know who he is, they'll think he looks haggard. If they've never met him before, he'll just look dangerous. Druiel will not identify himself. If they attempt to grab him, he'll run far enough away to get to a place where they can talk privately, where he'll warn them that they need to give up what they're doing before they get hurt. Then he'll escape by taking his celestial form. The security guards don't need to chase him; they need to watch over the band. After all, there's the main plot to worry about.

THE FIRST NIGHT

Furfur has rented the better part of a floor in a downtown hotel. All the band members have their own rooms, and their own groupies hanging around, except for the drummer. In fact, the drummer will remain separate from most of the debaucheries; he'll sit on the end of his bed throwing cards into a hat for as long as someone will leave him alone, all night if he can. Occasionally, he'll practice against a table with drumsticks; the rest of the band might suck, but he's *horrible*.

After getting back to the hotel, the other band members will want to start drinking. Some of them will sneak into the bathroom to smoke, while others will light up in their non-smoking rooms without a second thought.

Hugo will drop by at some point and slip the band members their evening's heroin. The band will drift off to their rooms and slip away to their own personal heavens, if given the chance. If harassed, Hugo won't fight anyone, but he won't rat on anyone either.

If they get no alcohol or heroin, the band will be quite lackluster the next day, except for Marty, the drummer, who will be chipper (though he'll still be horrible).

THE SESSION

The next day, the band will be expected to show up for a recording session. The downtown studio is booked solid, so they need to be on time. This should be the first occasion the characters actually get to hear the song, so they should be impressed. It's a very catchy tune. Unfortunately, Donna enunciates about as well as Michael Stipe, so no one can tell what she's saying. But she's a very charismatic performer, and everyone will be taken with her.

In the middle of recording the song, the lights will go out. All the celestials are allowed Perception rolls at +4. Anyone who makes it will pick up in the Symphony some minor destruction coming from behind the building.

It's Druiel, taking a hammer to the fuse box. This time, though, he's willing to identify himself. If the characters who caught him are angels, he'll tell them the whole story – at least, the background (under *Pleased to Meet You*, p. 114) concerning the song, its origins and its purpose. He'll fill them in on Furfur, if they didn't know already. He'll turn on anyone who approaches him, warning them to stay away. He looks more than a little crazy. If pressed, he'll fight back, but if it looks like he's going to lose he'll take to his celestial form and attempt an escape. Regardless, he'll leave with a warning that he *must* kill the band to support his Word, and that they'd better get out of his way or they'll get hurt. He won't admit to killing the previous guards – and he'll refer to the player-characters as “demons” unless Zara's there, too – but he will confess to having put a scare into them once or twice.

If Druiel is killed before the final scene, Mitrah (see p. 91) and the Old Guy (see p. 99) will hunt his killers.

After chasing Druiel off, and flipping the breakers, the recording can continue. Two more takes of the song will get it onto tape. The sound engineers will hand over a tape with just the music on it, a tape with just Donna's vocals, and a tape recorded several days prior with “alternate vocals.” If they try to listen to it, they'll hear a recording of a man's distorted voice shouting out the song's lyrics. They still can't tell what the lyrics are.

Someone will be instructed to courier the tapes to a CD-pressing facility on the west side, meeting up there with the band's publicist. Someone else will have to be responsible for getting the band back to the hotel, and keeping them there under wraps through the rest of the evening.

Lauren (see p. 86), the band's publicist, will meet the

couriers at the pressing facility, where she'll ensure that the correct dubbing occurs. She'll act as hard as nails – there's only one thing that can break her. If any of the agents are Servitors of the Game, or can otherwise convince her that they're demons working for Asmodeus, she'll break down and admit that she's not a very powerful demon, and that all she wanted was to get away from Andrealphus. Since Furfur seemed to be on a straight shot for Princedom, she went along with her friend Wrenchial (who, she may imply, isn't really that fond of Furfur, either). If the characters are desperate for information, or a friend, let Lauren collapse under her own insecurities and assume that the players are agents of Asmodeus – even if they're really angels. The party should play along if they know what's good for them.

She won't allow the PCs to do any dirty work at the CD-pressing place while she's there. After all, Furfur's going to listen to the CD before it goes out. But she will offer to help distract the sound crew at the concert while someone else switches the tapes out, replacing Furfur's voice with Donna's.

THE SECOND NIGHT

During the second night, the players should be putting their plans in place. Any chaos they're going to cause at the CD-pressing facility should be happening, whether or not they convinced Lauren to help them later, and any



121

DEMON PRINCE

other information they hope to get together had better be obtained that evening. The local Servitors of Fate and Destiny will be up late and available for counseling.

Allow a Perception roll for someone to notice that Marty, the drummer, hasn't slept in days, though he still seems to be awake and aware.

Whether or not Donna's gotten her heroin for the evening, she'll be in bad shape. Already at the end of her rope, she's so depressed that it doesn't look like anything could get her on stage tomorrow – and since she's the key to the whole mess, she'd better be ready.

If Zara isn't part of the "security team," she'll rush over at a moment's notice, eager to help put Donna back together. This is what she's lived for. She'll have other people help her transport several gallons of her healing mud up to Donna's hotel room and fill a bathtub most of the way up. Donna won't be completely submerged, but it'll be enough to remove all the detrimental effects of her heroin withdrawal.

As long as Donna's left alone with Zara all night, she'll be in peak form the next day.

THE SHOW

Then there's the show. People will be in line all morning to see this concert. If the PCs are still serving as bodyguards, let them get the band up early and give them a couple hours to arrange anything they need to get in place for the climax of the adventure.

GETTING IN

No one should have a hard time getting into the concert. Even if the players have somehow managed to avoid the adventure's plot at every turn, they should be able to rely on the local Servitors of the Media to get them in (though they'll owe a return favor at a later date).

It's important to note that there's a chance that at least one Superior will be present in the crowd (see, *It's All In The Timing*, p. 118), perhaps more. If they choose to act, make it spectacular. Superiors don't converge on a place to play shuffleboard. They won't seem to care about any other celestials except their own favored Servitors and each other, to whom they'll show some degree of respect, however grudging. Except perhaps for Eli, the Superiors who are likely to show up are there for a reason, and it's not to buddy up with some grunts in the trenches.

THE GREEN ROOM

Characters who're working security are allowed into the green room, where the band waits backstage.

If the PCs have uncovered his disguise, Tomas may suggest that someone go check the electrical room, directly beneath the stage, just in case Druiel decides to

pop in. Furfur will make a quick pass through the green room to shake hands with his band before he and his entourage whirls up to wait in the wings. Furfur's people won't let anyone on their side backstage.

When Furfur makes his pass through the green room, this is the characters' last chance to figure everything out. If they don't do it now, they deserve whatever happens to them.

DRUIEL SNAPS

True to suspicion, Druiel will pop in and try to fry the band as they're playing. If this happens, they'll end up being fantastically popular, though dead, and he won't have to worry about supporting his Word for some time; death will be firmly entrenched in the minds of that decade's teenagers. Give any characters watching the concert a Perception roll (difficulty -1) to see the water as it creeps across the stage toward the live wires.

When encountered, he'll be gibberingly insane. (Perhaps some dissonance – which he ignored and his friends failed to notice – has turned into a Discord.) He can be talked down by Lauren or Zara, or by any other character who can convince him that his friend Tomas is playing the part of the drummer. He doesn't want to fry his friend, does he?

However this works out, it should be a sideline to the real show, the band's performance. When Stool comes out on stage, they'll play two or three songs, giving everyone time to get in place, before getting around to their hit. Again, Furfur will position himself to be on the opposite side of the stage from any player-characters who choose to wait in the wings, putting the band between himself and them.

THE SONG

If they're allowed to, the band will play magnificently (except the drummer, who is still horrible). The crowd's mania will build in intensity to the point that security guards grow afraid that the place might get trashed. And no one will deny that it's a very, very catchy tune.

While the song's being played, Furfur will merely smile and rock back and forth with the tune, mouthing the lyrics to himself. At one point, about two-thirds of the way through the song, he'll pull the headphones off one of the sound people just to hear what the broadcast sounds like. If it's not his voice being shot across the world, he'll be pretty damned upset. His first reaction will be to throttle the woman he got the headphones from, and if it takes him more than two turns to kill her then he won't get a chance to walk out onstage and try to wrap his hands around Donna's neck before Lucifer shows up.



LUCIFER

If Lucifer is successfully summoned, most of the celestials will be frozen in place – especially all the demons, and any Superiors present. Those angels who aren't Word-Bound may choose to take action, since they may not actually comprehend how inauspicious the occurrence is. But just about everyone else will hold their breath and hope not to attract his attention, except for Gabriel, Belial, Michael and Baal, who stare down the dark lord, smiling broadly.

No one will be able to do anything that disturbs the conversation between Lucifer and his summoner. Anyone attempting to interfere will suddenly reconsider, or (if it's a player who isn't happy with his character "reconsidering" something) be frozen in place until Lucifer leaves. If the person to whom Lucifer wishes to speak is possessed, or in some other state of consciousness, he will resolve the problem before speaking.

Lucifer will appear quietly, out of nowhere, as a comfortable middle-aged man in a dark suit. His tie is red. "Pardon me," he will say politely, with just a hint of irony, "is there anything I can do for you?" The darkest of dark, dark lords will give his summoner undivided attention.

If Donna summons Lucifer, she will point at Furfur, who's likely to be foaming at the mouth by now, and bark, "Why? Can you get this asshole out of my life?" Lucifer will, in an eyeblink, strip Furfur of any Essence he may have and, if Gabriel or Belial are there, let either of them take him. Otherwise, it'll be up to the PCs to try and pummel the demon of Hardcore senseless before delivering him to a Servitor of Asmodeus.

If Furfur ends up summoning Lucifer, then he will gesture grandly at the huge crowd of humans enjoying his music, satellite transmitters beaming the song around the world, the band bent to his will and ask Lucifer to be named the Demon Prince of Rock and Roll. (He may, in his arrogance, actually ask to be named the "Ayatollah of Rock-n-Rolla.") Lucifer will think for a few seconds, the longest seconds in Furfur's possibly not much longer life. Lucifer will look at Furfur and quietly say, "No."

If anyone moves against Furfur at this point, or if Furfur himself takes any action, Lucifer will raise his hand and stop them cold. Lucifer continues, "Your Word was Hardcore, and so it shall remain. Henceforth you shall be the Demon Prince of Hardcore."

Furfur will look at Lucifer, stunned. Slowly, Furfur's demonic brain begins to work. Hardcore. That's a tiny Word. What could Lucifer be thinking? Hardcore. Wait, this word is *expandable*. Hardcore could be so much more than the music. Sure, when Rock and Roll gains the power to incite violence, that's Hardcore. But whenever ordinary Lust become abusive, that's Hardcore, too. Whenever humans take things to absurd lengths, when-

ever any average sin crosses the border into the truly Hellish, Furfur could be there. He smiles. Whether Lucifer understands what he has just done or not, Furfur decides it's better to quit while he's ahead. Furfur nods quietly. Lucifer walks away and vanishes.

Furfur quite obviously embodies his Word on several levels, and there's nothing wrong with giving a young badass the chance to prove himself. As a test, Furfur will be made a Prince, with all the power that entails. Furfur still has the hardest part of the rise to Princedom ahead of him. He doesn't yet have a Principality, he may not yet consecrate any Tethers, and his vessel must remain alive in the corporeal realm. If he makes it, then Hell has a new Prince. If not, then Furfur's opinion of himself has been proven wrong, and he'll be stripped of his Princedom (and, more than likely, his existence). But for now, he's a Prince, of both less and more than he asked for.

As soon as the Dark Lord leaves, everyone is free to act. Furfur looks out at the crowd and, indicating Lucifer's retreating back, calls out, "The chairman of Burning Sea Records, ladies and gentlemen!" The crowd goes wild. As they cheer and churn and dance in the mosh pit, any celestial can feel Furfur's waxing power. This is what happens in the official *In Nomine* continuity, and though you won't be missing anything if this doesn't happen in your game, future supplements may have additional twists to them if the presence of demons serving Hardcore must be considered.

If any of the PCs summon Lucifer, they deserve his scrutiny. Give it to them, in spades. Afterward, he will still have a chat with the person he knows was actually trying to contact him, Furfur, and make the offer above.

If Lauren is present when Lucifer is summoned, he will bow to her, and allow her to ask a small boon of him, since he forced his favors upon her before. If any of the central Austin clique was killed in the adventure, she'll ask him to restore their existence. As long as they were killed by demons, this will be within Lucifer's power.

If the PCs manage to keep the song from being broadcast at all, it'll still become a hit. The CDs will work their way into circulation, either from the show or through pirated tapes. As long as one copy exists, it'll eventually work its way into radio play and eventually reach the 10 millionth airing, though it may take a few weeks. This is a less dramatic climax, but an inevitable one unless the PCs can destroy every single copy in human hands, and keep the band from performing it in the future.

Then there's the copy that Wrenchial gave to Tomas. If the PCs didn't find it in his apartment, he's likely to pass it to Eli, who's likely to give it to Yves. The Archangels might work some mischief with a song that can summon Lucifer, although different factions would have different ideas of what to do.

Once Lucifer has been summoned with this song, he is free of its hold. He does not *have* to grant the summoner's request!

WRAPPING IT UP

Each player-character's Superior is going to want to know what the hell happened, and reward or punish those responsible. Since the demons in Austin tend to get together at the Fourth Street coffeehouse on Friday nights, the adventure's survivors should be allowed to wash up there and resolve any questions that still lingered. After that, the crowd will head a couple of blocks over to Tomas' where they can party the night away in private. (The body of the drummer in the closet will be ignored; it won't smell too bad yet, though Tomas will be grateful to anyone who can get rid of it for him.)

SUPPORTING CAST

DONNA MOORE

Human Vocalist

Corporeal Forces – 1	Strength 2	Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2	Intelligence 3	Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 3	Will 8	Perception 4

Charisma +2 (both sexes)

Skills: Dodge/3, Fast-Talk/6, Singing/6

Discord: Addiction/5 (Heroin)

A runaway from the small Texas town of Dime Box, Donna came to Austin with stars in her eyes. But the big city has its own share of problems. After eking out a living on the street, she stumbled up on a stage one night and started singing along with the band – and her animal charisma captured the house and won the musicians more applause than they'd gotten all night. With success, however minor, came a whole new level of temptation. The band was heavily addicted to heroin, and in joining them she picked up their habit.

There's really something special about her; you can see it in her eyes, though it's not just her looks. Sure, Donna's very beautiful in a raw sort of way. Girls want to be her and boys just want her. She's a little shy when she's not singing; she stands with her arms behind her back and her shoulders slouched, brooding and withdrawn. But when she sings, she's alive.

She has a monstrous Will for a human, which makes her almost impossible to control. Few celestials will be able to get her to do what they want, unless she's in withdrawal. Then, she won't care about much of anything.

All she really wants is to sing. If she can be nursed back to health, and if she can get her own voice out across the airwaves singing the catchiest tune this millennium, she just might turn into the star she deserves to be.

FURFUR

Calabite Baron of Fire, demon of Hardcore

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 14 Agility 10
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 13 Perception 7

Vessel: Human/4 (smarmy adult male)

Skills: Dodge/5, Fast-Talk/6, Fighting/5, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol)

Songs: Claws/6, Entropy (Ethereal/6), Fangs/6, Light (Celestial/3), Tail/6, Thunder/5

Attunements: Calabite of Fire, Baron of the Demonic Brazier, Firewalking, Incendiary

Furfur is a demon's demon, a rebel's rebel. Most of the demons will have heard of him, and some of the angels, too. He's rude, crude and obnoxious. He has a skill for saying the most obvious and hurtful thing in the world at the absolute worst time. This hasn't made him Belial's most popular servant, but as Furfur's grown in power he's also risen steadily through the ranks. To handicap him, Belial talked Furfur into becoming an embodiment of his favorite music, hardcore. The Prince of Fire hopes that hardcore will wane in popularity, and take Furfur with it.

During the adventure, Furfur will be strapped into a suit that looks two sizes too small for him, in some attempt to appear genteel and respectable among the recording execs he's having to buddy up to. After working a deal with Nybbas to get this band on MTV, he's gotten a taste for the political game. If he survives this adventure, he might just make a good Prince after all.

FURFUR

DEMON PRINCE OF HARDCORE

The world is hardcore, man.

In the official *In Nomine* continuity, after summoning Lucifer, Furfur asked to be made the Demon Prince of Rock and Roll. Lucifer satisfied Furfur with a place in the demonic hierarchy, and saved the integrity of the Prince system by elevating a minor Word describing an underground music scene into a powerful infernal force. Never has the musical motif been so appropriate.

Hardcore music is uncompromising, unyielding and unlike any other kind of screeching noise ever created by human hands. Furfur is like the music from which he took his Word: brutal, though not without irony. He is violent to the extreme, loud and forceful, never pretentious, and always insultingly honest. He's dead serious;



the Prince of Hardcore does not screw around. Furfur often appears on Earth looking like a rock star, of the unpolished variety.

DISSONANCE

It is dissonant for Servitors of Hardcore to back down from a violent situation in order to solve a problem intellectually or through diplomacy. They will always answer violence with violence. It is also dissonant to lie to protect someone's feelings or to keep the peace; lying in general is fine, but if the truth will cause more trouble, followers of Hardcore must do so.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs

Hardcore Balseraphs can add their Celestial Forces toward any attempt to crush a human's hope with the brutal truth.

Djinn

Djinn who serve Furfur may harm the objects of their attunement as much as they like without dissonance.

Calabim

Furfur *loves* his Calabim. Those in his service may *triple* their Corporeal Forces when adding them to the check digit of a successful resonance roll, but only when loud music is playing.

Habbalah

Habbalah of Hardcore may add their total number of Forces to the successful check digit of a resonance roll when used to instill any emotion except Love.

Lilim

Furfur's Lilim may only use a victim's Geas toward a violent action, and may only perform violent favors, but they may add their Ethereal Forces to any resonance roll.

Shedim

Hardcore Shedim add their Celestial Forces toward any attempt to urge their hosts into violent action.

Impudites

Furfur's Impudites need not charm a victim who's listening to music so loud that they can't hear their surroundings. They especially enjoy preying on kids who've spent more on their car audio system than the car itself.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Overdrive

This attunement only works on ordinary humans, not celestials or any other being with more than five Forces.

With this attunement, a demon can push the envelope of a person's reactions, taking whatever he might naturally do under intense circumstances and amplifying it to another level – essentially, make someone temporarily more Hardcore.

A person under the influence of Overdrive will not go nuts at the slightest provocation – it takes the same things to generate a reaction as it did before. What changes is the intensity of the reaction. If a man normally only yells at his wife for burning dinner, this time he'll hit her. If a child normally runs to her room and slams the door when she doesn't get what she wants, this time she'll run to her room and trash everything in it.

Overdrive affects any sort of reaction to a strong emotion or desire, not just violence. If a mogul planned to buy a company on a particular day and came to work under the influence of Overdrive, he'd buy three. If a bored housewife's normal reaction to a crying child is to sneak a quick drink, she'll down the whole bottle.

It only costs 1 Essence to put a person into Overdrive. The victim gets a Will roll to resist, minus 2 for every additional point of Essence the demon spends. If the roll succeeds, there is no effect; but if it fails, the victim will be in Overdrive for a full day (24 hours).

Note that if nothing happens to a person in Overdrive that would normally cause a strong reaction, then the attunement will be pretty much wasted. It's best used against people in high-stress situations, or perhaps someone has something special planned for them . . .

DISTINCTIONS

Note that at the time of Furfur's ascension to Princedom, he doesn't have many Servitors. At the end of an adventure, he's likely to favor his demons with titles, to better flesh out his hierarchy, over Songs or other rewards.

Knight of Rock

This distinction allows a demon to communicate clearly with another person in a loud place without having to shout – very useful at concerts. Demons with this distinction can also boost, alter and remix electronic music as it's being played.

Captain of the Mosh Pit

To those with this distinction, the Symphony itself becomes hardcore. While the demon and his victim are moving to hardcore, no harm the demon does to his victim, short of actual death, will create a disturbance in the Symphony. Even outside the mosh pit, a demon with this attunement may be able to safely raise a certain amount of Hell with victims who are listening to "his" music, but the amount by which any particular disturbance is



reduced is up to the GM, and the disturbance caused by a death is never reduced.

Baron of Hardcore

This rank gives a demon the ability to fill a human with hate for the establishment, “The Man,” and society in general. The target may resist with a Will roll, but a failed roll means the victim will be unable to act as though he cares about much of anything for a number of days equal to the demon’s Celestial Forces. Also, the victim must make a Will roll while under the influence of a Baron of Hardcore to avoid breaking something or hitting someone when in stressful situations.

RELATIONS

Furfur can be pretty puerile, enjoying the unrest his presence has created among the other Princes, particularly those he considers to be “the establishment.” The other Princes, naturally, don’t like him.

He owes Lilith a huge favor, for helping him find the demon who knew the song that could summon Lucifer. Until she calls in her favor, he’s ordered his Servitors to aid her’s whenever they can, at whatever cost – maybe she won’t make his task a nasty one if she hears his boys have been playing nice with her girls. Nybbas helped him in his scheme, arranging the media coverage, so he’s indebted to the Prince of the Media, but everyone else will be

up against the wall when the revolution comes if Furfur has anything to say about it. That most especially applies to his old master, the Prince of Fire.

Allied: *Lilith*

Associated: *Nybbas*

Hostile: *Everyone else except . . .*

Enemy: *Belial*

BASIC RITES

- Manipulate a concert crowd to riot. (+1 Essence per person injured, +5 per fatality)
- Spend four hours listening to hardcore music.

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 2

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 An album, a cassette or a CD
- +2 Shout out the lyrics to a song
- +3 An amp that goes to 11
- +4 A small concert (death/speed metal only, attended by more than 50 people)
- +5 A large concert (+10,000 people; any kind of music)
- +6 A mega-concert (+100,000 people; any kind of music)

INDEX

360 (section of Austin), 78.
 Addicted, *discord*, 65.
 Al-Badawi, Fadil, 39.
 Alcohol, 67.
 All-Soldiers campaign, 34.
 Andrealphus, 23, 107, 118.
 Angelic ID, 102.
 Artifacts, 97; *of Soldiers*, 32.
 Asmodeus, 23, 107, 118.
 Attunements, *of Soldiers*, 31.
 Austin, 70; *and weapons*, 73; *bands*, 110; *climate*, 72; *culture*, 73; *disturbing the Symphony*, 83; *history*, 71; *police*, 105; *regions*, 75-78; *servitors*, 79; *tethers*, 79; *travel*, 74.
 Austin map, 73, 74.
 Austin, Moses, 100.
 Avery, 25.
 Baal, 23, 108, 118.
 Balseraphs, 24, 88, 111; *attunement*, 27.
 Band attunements, *of Fleurity*, 27; *of Furfur*, 126.
 Bands, *and their Soldiers*, 52.
 Barker, Mal, 61.
 Bartholem, 102.
 Basic rites, *of Christopher*, 18; *of Fleurity*, 28; *of Furfur*, 127.
 Beleth, 23, 108, 118; *Midnight Screammers*, 55.
 Belial, 23, 108, 118.
 Big lie, 49.
 Blandine, 11, 100, 117.
 Bodhisattva, 14, 44.
 Body points, 31.
 Brooks, Taylor, 55.
 Buford, Billy Bob, 108.
 Buknarzik, Ladislav, 40.
 Calabim, 90, 97, 125; *attunement*, 27.
 Caffeine, 68.
 Campaign ideas, 58.
 Chapel of St. Joseph, 12.
 Character, *saintly*, 45.
 Characteristics, *of Soldiers*, 31.
 Cerubim, 84, 105; *attunement*, 17.
 Choir attunements, *of Christopher*, 17.
 Christopher, *Archangel of Children*, 16, 101, 117.
 Church of Rome, *and Laurence*, 10.
 Church, Will, 41.
 Climate, *Austin*, 72.
 Cocaine, 68.
 Constantine Society, 55.
 Darius, 104.
 Darkest Army, 52.
 Darning, Moss, 56.
 David, 11, 101, 117.
 Darling, Amanda, 56.
 Demon hunters, 35.

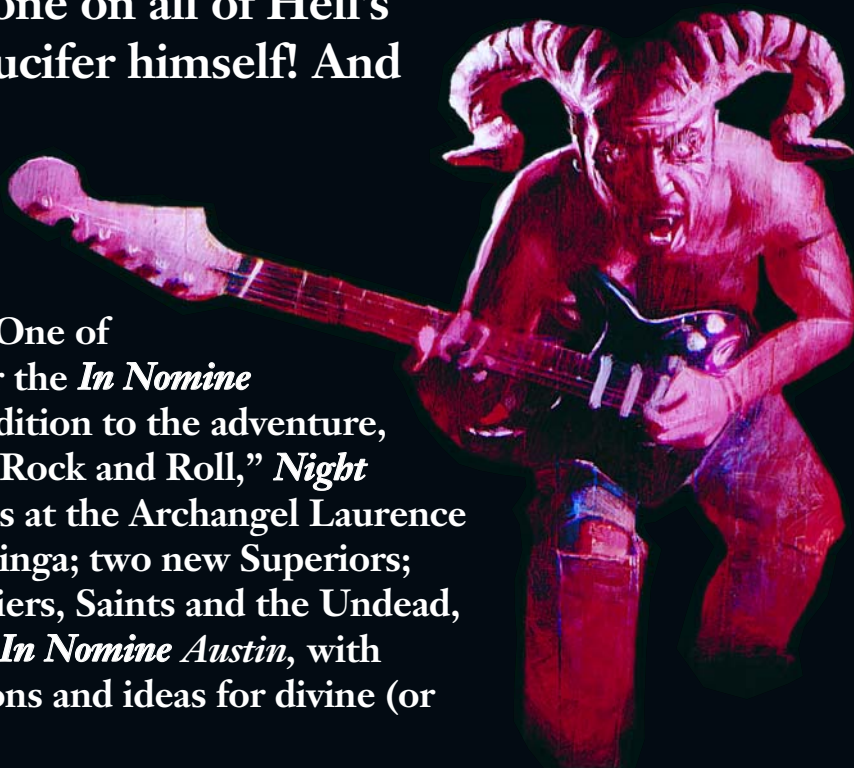
Demon Prince of Rock and Roll, 113.
 Demonic ID, 108.
 Discord, 65; *and Soldiers*, 33.
 Disease, 67.
 Dissonance, *and Christopher*, 17; *and Fleurity*, 27; *and Furfur*, 126; *and Soldiers*, 33.
 Distinctions, *of Christopher*, 18; *of Fleurity*, 28; *of Furfur*, 126.
 Divine Silence, *attunement*, 13.
 Djinn, 93, 108, 112; *attunement*, 27.
 Doc Jo, 106.
 Dominic, 11, 102, 117.
 Double agents, 56.
 Downtown Austin, 76.
 Drag, 75.
 Drugs, 67.
 Druel, 4, 80, 122.
 D'Enfer, Marlana, 111.
 East Austin, 77.
 Eli, 11, 102, 117.
 Elohim, 104; *attunement*, 17.
 Enchanted Rock, 91.
 Eternal City, 10.
 Eyebiter, 62.
 Fleurity, *Demon Prince of Drugs*, 26, 118.
 Forces, *of Soldiers*, 31.
 Franklin, Jo-Beth, 106.
 Frexindetious, 93.
 Furfur, *Demon Prince of Hardcore*, 125.
 Gabriel, 11, 103, 117.
 Genocide, *and Saminga*, 22.
 Grind Grind, 107.
 Guadalupe, 75.
 Guilt, *discord*, 65.
 Haagenti, 23, 108, 118.
 Habbalah, 25; *attunement*, 27.
 Halls of Worship, 10.
 Hatred, *discord*, 65.
 Hejazi, Aisha, 42.
 Hellfire Productions, 54.
 Hellforce, 53.
 Heroin, 68.
 Hidden agendas, 33.
 Hill country catcombs, 93.
 Hippie Hollow, 95.
 Holy Fortitude, *attunement*, 13.
 Hookah of Pain, 97.
 House That Pain Built, 96.
 Huasco, Miguel, 40.
 Hugo, 4, 88.
 Hyde Park, 76.
 ID, *angelic*, 102; *demonic*, 108.
 Impudites, 86, 111; *attunement*, 28.
 It's a Grind Grind, 107.
 Jaded, *discord*, 65.
 Janus, 11, 103, 117.
 Jean, 12, 103, 117.
 Jester, 109.
 Jones, Running Water, 106.
 Jordi, 12, 104, 117.
 Joshua, 15.
 Kahn, Miriam, 42.
 Karadael, 102.
 Kobal, 23, 109, 118.
 Kronos, 23, 109, 118.
 Kyriotates, 91; *attunement*, 17.
 Lauren, 4, 86.
 Laurence, 7, 104, 117; *and politics*, 11; *sample servitor*, 14, 15; *servitor attunements*, 12.
 LBJ Library, 75.
 Levy, Morris, 42.
 Life of a Soldier of God, 35.
 Lilim, *attunement*, 27.
 Lilith, 23, 108.
 Long, Powers, 111.
 LSD, 69.
 Lucifer, 114, 116, 123.
 Luck, *attunement*, 18.
 Mackie, 97.
 Malakim, 99; *attunement*, 17.
 Maloy, James, 103.
 Malphas, 23, 110, 118.
 Marc, 12, 105, 117.
 Marijuana, 69.
 Marius, 104.
 MediLabs, 112.
 Meeting and greeting, 79.
 Memories of Youth, *attunement*, 17.
 Mercurians, 15, 82, 95, 101, 106; *attunement*, 17.
 Michael, 12, 105, 118.
 Midnight Screammers, 55.
 Minion hunters, 34.
 Mitrah, 91.
 Moore, Donna, 124.
 Moreau, Jessica, 57.
 Mortals, 29; *body points*, 31.
 Mother Wilkinson, 14.
 Mulgrew, Dwight, 63.
 Mummy, 60.
 Muradi Sufis, 38.
 Myers, David, 43.
 Natural Causes, *attunement*, 24.
 Newcastle, Maxine, 91.
 North Austin, 78.
 Northeast Austin, 78.
 Northwest Austin, 78.
 Novalis, 12, 106, 118.
 Nurse Run, 106.
 Nybbas, 23, 111, 118.
 Obsessed, *discord*, 66.
 OD, *attunement*, 28.
 Ofanim, 104, 106; *attunement*, 17.
 Old Guy, 4, 99.
 Organizations, 38, 53.
 Overdrive, *attunement*, 126.
 Paine, Suite, 54.
 PCs, *undead*, 59.
 Petition, *saintly*, 44.
 Poison, 66.
 Politics, *and Laurence*, 11; *and Saminga*, 23.
 Purifiers, 39.
 Purity of Purpose, *attunement*, 13.
 Reaux, 101.
 Redemption, 57.
 Reed, John, 95.
 Relics, *of the Vatican*, 39.
 Remnant, 103.
 Renegades, 56.
 Resources, 64; *of Soldiers*, 31.
 Rock and Roll, *demon prince of*, 113.
 Rotting Curse, *attunement*, 24.

Rusty, 43.
 Saints, 44; *and Superiors*, 46; *sample*, 14, 100.
 Saminga, 19, 111, 118; *and politics*, 23; *sample servitor*, 24, 25.
 Sanctuary of the Dead, *attunement*, 23.
 Santos, George, 102.
 Scabbard, *attunement*, 12.
 Score, *attunement*, 28.
 Seagull Society, 40.
 Seneschals, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99.
 Sereno, Angela, 43.
 Seraphim, 80, 102; *attunement*, 17.
 Servitor attunements, *of Christopher*, 17; *of Fleurity*, 28; *of Furfur*, 126; *of Laurence*, 12; *of Saminga*, 23.
 Shedim, *attunement*, 27.
 Sidekicks, 34.
 Simonson Group, 56.
 Soldiers, 30, 48; *and Bands*, 52; *and Celestials*, 36; *and Choirs*, 38; *and Tethers*, 37; *as adversaries*, 33; *as NPCs*, 33; *as PCs*, 34; *as servants*, 33; *in the world*, 37; *lone*, 56; *samples*, 39-43, 54-57, 102; *of God*, 30; *of Hell*, 48.
 Songs, *of Soldiers*, 32.
 South Austin, 77.
 Southeast Austin, 77.
 Southwest Austin, 77.
 Speed, 69.
 Stink, *discord*, 65.
 Stool, 115.
 Storytime Land, 20.
 Stroud, J. Whitney, 55.
 Sturm und Drag, 102.
 Superiors, 6; *and Saints*, 46, *opinions of Furfur*, 117.
 Supporting cast, 124.
 Tangle-Bearded Man, 103.
 Tania, 24.
 Tether, 12, 20, 91; *and Soldiers*, 37.
 Texas, 71.
 Texas State Capitol, 75.
 Tobacco, 69.
 Tomas, 119.
 Tomas, 4, 82.
 Torsos, *undead beadless and legless lacquered*, 111.
 Treaty Oak, 98.
 Trent, 105.
 Turncoats, 56.
 Undead, 59, 111; *and Saminga*, 22; *samples*, 61-63.
 University of Texas, 75.
 Valefor, 23, 112, 118.
 Vampire, 63.
 Vapula, 23, 112, 118.
 Vatican, *relics of*, 39.
 Vilson, 112.
 Warden, John, 41.
 Weapons, 73.
 West Austin, 78.
 Wrenchial, 90.
 Yves, 12, 106, 118.
 Zara, 4, 84.
 Zombi, 61.

HAIL! HAIL! ROCK AND ROLL!

It's a powerful Word, and Furfur wants to be its Demon Prince. But to get that coveted title, Furfur is going to have to pull a fast one on all of Hell's elite – including Lucifer himself! And to do *that*, he'll need all the help he can get . . .

Night Music is Book One of *The Revelations Cycle* for the *In Nomine* roleplaying game. In addition to the adventure, "The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll," *Night Music* has in-depth looks at the Archangel Laurence and Demon Prince Saminga; two new Superiors; expanded rules for Soldiers, Saints and the Undead, and a complete setting: *In Nomine Austin*, with dozens of NPCs, locations and ideas for divine (or infernal) adventures.



First Edition – Published July 1997. You will need the *In Nomine* basic rulebook to play.



By Derek Percy, James Cambias,
Sam Chupp, S. John Ross and
John Tynes

Edited by Scott Haring
Cover by Rogério Vilela
Illustrated by Dan Smith

ISBN 1-55634-289-6



SJG01795 3303

Printed in the
U.S.A.

WARNING:
This book is intended for mature
readers. It contains
interpretations of religious
themes which some readers may
find unsettling.

